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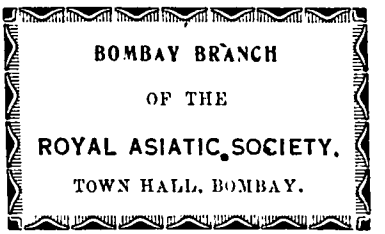

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BIOGRAPHIES

OF

EMINENT SOLDIERS

OF THE LAST FOUR CENTURIES

BY

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN MITCHELL

AUTHOR OF

'LIFE OF WALLENSTEIN,' 'THE FALL OF NAPOLEON,' ETC.

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EDITED, WITH A MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR

BY

LEONHARD SCHMITZ, LL.D.

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MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR.

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN MITCHELL was born in Stirlingshire on the 11th of June 1785, in the house of his maternal grandfather, Mr George Potter. His father, Mr John Mitchell, was a man of unusual intellectual powers, and occupied most influential positions abroad during the latter part of last century. Early in life he had entered upon a diplomatic career as attaché to the British legation under Mr Elliot, afterwards the Earl of Minto. His ability and sagacity soon attracted the attention of the Government; and as, during the American war and the early revolutionary movements in France, the commerce and trade of the nations in northern Europe were greatly disturbed, Mr Mitchell in 1787, being then Consul-General in Norway, was instructed by the Duke of Leeds, who was then Foreign Secretary, to investigate and report on the actual and prospective state of the maritime trade and other branches of the national industry, revenue, and naval and military forces of the northern monarchies. When his report was read at a meeting of the Board of Trade, of which Lord Hawkesbury was president, Mr Mitchell was much complimented by their Lordships for his ability and the fulness of the information he had collected. Some years later Mr Mitchell was engaged on missions to the courts of Stockholm and Copenhagen, and in 1797 he was sent to Berlin, where King Frederick William III. had just ascended

the throne. On the special invitation of the King, Mr Mitchell spent several months in the Prussian capital, and on his return placed his son John, then a boy of about twelve years of age, in the Ritter Academie at Lüneburg, which then enjoyed a very great reputation, and was open only to the sons of the nobility, and officers holding British Government appointments. Mr Mitchell died in Edinburgh on the 17th of October 1826, leaving behind him the reputation of a most able and accomplished diplomatist.

Young Mitchell, the subject of this memoir, greatly distinguished himself during his stay at the Ritter Academie, and showed a decided taste for the study of languages, geography, and history, and it was specially remarked that for one so young he displayed a most unusual love of order. In 1801 he was transferred to the mathematical academy of Mr Nicholson in London, a man who in his day had acquired some reputation as a writer on scientific subjects, and seems to have exercised no inconsiderable influence on his pupil, who throughout his life cherished a pleasing recollection of this instructor of his youth.

Well prepared for his profession, Mitchell in 1803 obtained his commission in the 57th Regiment, and in the year following his lieutenancy in the Royals. The Duke of Kent, father of her Majesty Queen Victoria, who then commanded the regiment, took great interest in young Mitchell, and had, in fact, expressed a wish to have him in the regiment. Soon after this he was sent to the West Indies. In 1807 he was promoted to the rank of captain in the same regiment, and served with it, at first in the West Indies, and afterwards in the disastrous expedition to Walcheren, and in the siege of Flushing. During the years from 1810 to 1812 he served in the Peninsula, and took part in the battles of Busaco and Fuentes d'Onor, in the action of Sabugal, and in those of the retreat of Massena. In recognition of his services in the battles of Busaco and Fuentes d'Onor, he received the war medal with two clasps. He afterwards accompanied the expedition to Germany under General Gibbs in 1813, and in the same year he was placed on the Quartermaster-General's

Staff, in which capacity he served in the campaigns of 1814 in Holland and Flanders, and went to Paris with the army of occupation. At this time Mitchell, who was acquainted with almost all the European languages, was frequently employed by the Duke of Wellington in his transactions with the Allied Powers.

After the evacuation of Paris by the Allied troops, Mitchell remained with the army in Flanders. Thousands of civil and military employés of the Empire were then returning to France from all quarters full of despair and hatred of the restored Government of the Bourbons. Mitchell himself tells us, how, in the course of duty, he was called upon to superintend the march of these men through some of the British cantonments in Flanders.* As it was his duty to conciliate them rather than to discuss political points, he always comforted the men by expressing his conviction that the army would be well treated, and that the truly French heart of the King, the pride he was known to take in the glory of the national arms, and his sense of what was due to the interest of the country, would make him cherish men who had performed so many brilliant actions, &c. &c. On several occasions parties of these men, evidently deputed by the rest, called upon Mitchell to ask what he thought would be done with them, and whether they would not be sent to St Domingo. These questions Mitchell generally answered by expressing his firm belief that they would be treated as brave soldiers deserved to be; and that instead of making war on their neighbours, they would only have to make love to *les jolies Françaises*.

When the din of war had ceased, and the work of the sword was done, the disturber of the peace of Europe having been safely lodged at St Helena, Mitchell applied himself with all the vigour and earnestness of his well-cultivated mind to the pursuit of literature, in which he acquired more lasting laurels even than in the practical career of his profession. In the year 1835 he was raised to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, accepting the "unattached" about the same time, and in 1854 to that of

* See Mitchell's 'Fall of Napoleon,' vol. iii. p. 22.

major-general. During the long period of peace after the battle of Waterloo, Mitchell always spent a considerable portion of every year on the Continent, partly visiting old friends, and partly collecting materials for his historical works; but after 1848, when he was attacked by a serious illness, he passed most of his time in the house of his sisters at Edinburgh, devoting himself almost exclusively to literature. He died at Edinburgh on the 9th of July 1859, and his remains were buried in the family vault in the Canongate Churchyard. Both the General and his father belonged to the Episcopal Church, to which they remained attached throughout their lives.

Such is the meagre outline of the life of one of the most remarkable men that Scotland has produced within the last century; for the career of a soldier usually presents little that is of general interest, unless he be in a high and commanding position. During the early period of his military life he kept a diary, of which, however, unfortunately only a few scraps appear to have been preserved; but from these it seems that the loftiest sentiments of chivalrous generosity at all times characterised his conduct, and that amid the deafening roar of war his humanity and sympathy with the sufferings of others were never blunted.

On the field of Busaco, September 27, 1810, Mitchell writes, contemplating the scene after the battle:—

"The exultation of victory is soon checked by the dreadful and heartrending sight which a field of battle presents immediately after the action. 2000 French lay dead on that fatal hill, and the sight of them was the least horrible—the wounded and the dying dreadful. What though most of them were enemies? Their enmity ceased with their power, and humanity could not but shudder at their sufferings. And how many of them, though foes, cursed in their hearts the cause for which they so bravely fell? But the sorrows of a field of battle are perhaps less felt on the field than elsewhere. The distressed widow-mother or orphan, who have to lament a husband or father, and whose hopes of happiness are for ever closed on this side of the grave——

"September 30.—A day I shall ever remember. The afflicting sight of a whole people leaving their homes, and flying with the little property they could carry with them, was a spectacle so affecting that even the rudest soldier in our army could not behold it unmoved: they wept.

"The nuns of St Clair are all flying on the road to Lisbon—two of them, overcome by fatigue, lay prostrate in the wood. I walked between them, one on each arm, into our camp. They were conveyed to Lisbon, and when they left the camp they said all they had to give me in return was their prayers, but the youngest of the two made me a present of her rosary."

"16th of December.—I returned to Lisbon with a degree of respect for the people of this country which I certainly had not on my leaving it last summer. It originated from the superiority of the lower orders of peasantry in the interior, as well as from the pity their sufferings naturally excite, particularly as they have borne them hitherto with a degree of firmness highly honourable to them. The people of Lisbon are still the same under all the distresses of their country. They neither feel for others' woes nor do they take any kind of measures to avert the iron yoke which threatens them, but, on the contrary, seem prepared to bear it with sullen apathy. The character of Portugal has been held in contempt by the rest of the Continental nations. The people of the capital would justify this belief; and, oppressed by the vices of their government, the inhabitants of the country would seem, from their habitual indolence, not to belie it. They have, however, when roused, shown themselves far superior to any Continental nation which has hitherto started against France, and their conduct is a bitter reproof against the once warlike nations of the north, who have, both in point of numbers and civilisation, so much the advantage over them.

"17th of December.—The people of this capital imbibe the vices of age from their infancy, and they who have arrived at maturity retain the triflings and follies of children. 'The sports of children gratify the child.' It is not uncommon to see men, whose situations in life ought to hold them up as

bright examples to their countrymen in danger's hours, seriously occupied in the same pursuits with children of eight or ten years old. Even under this consideration, it is singular that not one man of talent should have sprung up either in Spain or Portugal during this revolution. The fact is, I believe that whatever has been done has been effected by the lower orders in the field, and that the doors of preferment have been shut against them by the higher orders, who have done nothing. Much has been said about Portuguese superstition and the power of the clergy. There can be no doubt but the power originated in the superstition of the people; but of late years the power of the clergy has undoubtedly kept the people in ignorance and superstition, or at least in the semblance of it; for in the country the priestly power seems to have been broken without even a struggle, and all appearance of superstition to have vanished with it."

Another slip, of a much later date, in which he is speaking of Berenhorst,* contains the following remarks:—

"Had so enlightened a military critic lived to review the wars of our time, the crown of laurel had not so often been placed upon brows for which the cap and bells, entwined with cypress, were a fitter ornament. Sir Walter Scott writes on military affairs as few ever did, or ever will write; but he labours under the great disadvantage of never having seen war, a disadvantage that even his mighty genius cannot altogether overcome. We confess that, forgetful of the dangers a life so valuable would have been exposed to, we sometimes amuse ourselves in speculating on what might have been the result had chance made Sir Walter a military man, and placed him in a situation favourable for the display of his genius, which is evidently of a military cast. What sort of battles and what sort of books should we have had? We should, of course, have had both, and both very different from those we have. But though he was not with us in the hour of danger, yet his spirit accompanied us, and his genius cheered us. We recollect being

* Comp. below, p. 318.

one of a party who passed a stormy night while encamped on the heights above Siñacova, in reading the 'Lady of the Lake,' then just published. As a special favour it had been lent to us for that night *only;* and though our cloaks were scarcely able, in addition to the rickety walls of our tent, to protect our single luminary, we did not break up till every word of the book, notes and all, had been read and discussed. In the fields of Victoria and Pampeluna the grass now waves over two whose hearts then beat high at the recital of that delightful tale. The gallant owner of the volume lies buried in the churchyard of St Etienne, which it was his dying order to defend to the last. The third of the party has found a happy home to soothe the sufferings which severe and complicated wounds have entailed upon him; while the last, after years of absence, a stranger in his native land, with nothing but the recollections of the past to dwell upon, traces these sketches, because, as Sir James Turner says, 'he knew not how to pass away his solitary and retired hours with a more harmless divertisement.'"

It is to be regretted that these records of his active life and his varied experiences during the campaigns in which he was engaged are so utterly lost; for, as it is, we do not really become acquainted with the man, his character, and talents, until the time when he began to attract public attention by his published writings; and General Mitchell, therefore, engages our interest principally as a writer, which is, perhaps, the less to be regretted, as his works, being chiefly of a professional character, show us what he must have been as a practical soldier, and still more, what he would have been if he had been placed in a commanding position in the British army. For few men have left behind them in their writings so clear and distinct a picture of their own mind and character as General Mitchell. He was never married, though a very handsome man, and welcome everywhere on account of his great conversational powers and the vast extent of his information. He preserved his youthful buoyancy of spirits—a great virtue in a military man—to the end of his life, though during the last

ten years he lived very retired, seeing only few friends, and devoting most of his time to studying and writing about the subjects nearest his heart—the improvement of the British army, and the promotion of the happiness and comfort of the British soldier.

It is a singular fact that, although the British army shows no lack of men with literary tastes, few have applied themselves to a scientific study of their profession and its requirements: one of these few was General Mitchell. During the period of his active service he must have been indefatigable in studying the principles of his profession, the history of military operations, and the requirements, not only of captains and leaders, but of armies and their component parts; for his writings furnish most abundant evidence that he was as intimately acquainted with the strategic movements and plans of an Alexander the Great, a Hannibal, and a Cæsar, as with those of any modern general; and although in politics a stanch Conservative, he saw more clearly than any of his contemporaries the necessity of reforming many of the time-honoured abuses and defects of the British army. To point these out and to suggest improvements in almost every branch of the service was one of the great objects to which he applied his well-stored mind and his great intellectual powers.

General Mitchell appears to have commenced giving to the world the results of his studies about the year 1830, when he had attained the age of forty-five. His earliest productions, so far as they can be identified, appeared in 1833 in a series of articles in 'Fraser's Magazine,' consisting partly of military sketches and biographies, and partly of light and humorous essays on manners, fashions, and things in general. The military sketches are fifteen in number, and the papers on manners, &c., seventeen. All of them were published as the productions of Bombardino or Captain Orlando Sabertash. They extend over the period from 1833 to 1844; and some of the military sketches contained in the present volume were first published in 'Fraser's Magazine,' the proprietors of which have kindly

permitted them to be republished in the present collection. All these papers, and especially the military sketches, attracted considerable attention at the time, and gave rise to animated controversies. From the year 1841 to 1855, General Mitchell was a regular contributor to the 'United Service Journal,' furnishing papers on a variety of subjects of a military nature, *e. g.*, on the arms of the British troops, on promotion by purchase, &c. During the years 1841-42 he wrote a series of seven letters to the 'Times' newspaper on promotion by purchase, in which he endeavoured to maintain the doctrine that this system, not to mention other evil consequences, was utterly destructive of military science.

His ability and power as a writer on military subjects were already fully recognised and appreciated, when he resolved to devote his pen to the production of some great historical composition. His first work of this kind was 'The Life of Wallenstein, Duke of Friedland' (London, Bosworth, 1837), in one 8vo volume, of which a second edition appeared in 1853. This work, based upon the careful and extensive researches of Frederick Förster, published in Raumer's 'Historisches Taschenbuch,' and in a separate work in 1834, is a masterpiece of historical composition. In order to do justice to his subject, Mitchell not only studied all the accessible sources of information, but with indefatigable zeal, rare in our days, he more than once visited the scenes of the great captain's exploits. The object which both Förster and Mitchell had in view was to relieve the memory of Wallenstein from the heavy imputations by which the Court of Vienna had always endeavoured to justify his assassination, and which Schiller, in his history of the Thirty Years' War, and in his dramas, and an endless variety of popular tales and romances, had joined in accumulating upon his name. Mitchell does not indeed consider it possible altogether to tear away the veil of darkness which had so long concealed from view the full portraiture of his hero, but he clearly shows that the charge of high treason brought against him has never been, and probably never will be, substantiated.

The year after the first publication of his 'Life of Wallenstein,' Mitchell gave to the world, in a moderate volume, his 'Thoughts on Tactics and Military Organisation, together with an Enquiry into the Power and Position of Russia' (London, Longman, 1838). Most of the essays contained in this volume had previously appeared in the 'United Service Journal,' where they had produced no small impression on the public mind, and called forth some animated discussions. All Mitchell's suggestions, whatever we may think of their practicability in the circumstances of the country, are worthy of the deep and earnest meditation of the politician, as well as of the soldier. We believe that this work has done excellent service, and many of the reforms introduced of late years may be traced to the influence exercised by the arguments advanced by General Mitchell.

In 1845, another important work, 'The Fall of Napoleon,' a historical memoir in three volumes (London, G. W. Nickisson), was published, which seems to have produced such a sensation that a second edition was required in the very next year. In this work the author, with marvellous skill and sagacity, examines the great events in the life of Napoleon, from the commencement of the Russian campaign down to his final overthrow. The conclusion at which he arrives is, that the French conqueror was the very embodiment of the spirit of daring audacity, overweening self-confidence, insatiable selfishness, vanity, and unblushing mendacity. He further points out that Napoleon's great successes were due more to the valour and skill of his soldiers, and to the faults and mistakes of his opponents, than to any military genius of his own. These examinations, based as they are upon the author's thorough military knowledge, and a profound acquaintance with the localities of all the great actions, as well as with a thorough insight into human nature, cannot fail, in the majority of cases, to produce a strong conviction that, on the whole, Mitchell is right in his estimate of the man who made all Europe tremble for a period of nearly fifteen years. But at the same time there can be no doubt that Mitchell, in not a few cases, was led too far by his moral

indignation at the heartlessness and faithlessness so glaringly manifested in all Napoleon's actions.

Both this work and his 'Life of Wallenstein' were well received by the public; and we know that Varnhagen von Ense, himself one of the ablest historians and critics of the day, and the late Sir Robert Peel, expressed great admiration of them. The former, in a letter of the 18th of October 1853, addressed to Mitchell, says :—"Your work on Wallenstein has sufficiently established your powers as an historian and historical investigator, and the one on Napoleon again proves this in the most brilliant manner. It, at the same time, and at the first glance, shows the great advantage which arises when military subjects are described by the hand of a soldier. I hope, and I am sure every friend of true and impartial history does so with me, that you may yet have many opportunities of writing on similar subjects."

Sir Robert Peel wrote to the author in reference to 'The Fall of Napoleon' :—"I think it very important to the cause of truth that there should be some severer and more impartial scrutiny into the real merits of military achievements than it is usual to institute. It was in this work that I first read the facts stated with respect to the battle of Marengo, and to the authorised history of that battle. I am not aware whether they have been contradicted or questioned by French military writers, admirers of Napoleon. If not, they naturally provoke inquiry into every other achievement, for which he has the credit of signal success." We may also mention here, that soon after the publication of 'The Fall of Napoleon,' Mitchell, one morning, quite unexpectedly received a very flattering letter from the private secretary of the late King Augustus of Hanover, accompanying a costly diamond brooch, as a token of his Majesty's appreciation of the light he had thrown on the history of Napoleon.

In the year after the first edition of 'The Fall of Napoleon,' General Mitchell again appeared in 'Fraser's Magazine' as the author of a series of nine essays 'On the Principal Campaigns

in the Rise of Napoleon,' which are written with the same critical sagacity and skill, and the same knowledge of every detail of every campaign and battle, as 'The Fall of Napoleon,' to which in fact they form a kind of introduction.

The work which we shall mention last, though it was not the last in point of time, was published in 1842, under the title of 'The Art of Conversation, with Remarks on Fashion and Address, by Captain Orlando Sabertash' (London, G. W. Nickisson). This book, written in a sprightly and graceful manner, shows the great versatility of our author's mind, and at the same time brings him before us as a type of the true English gentleman, who is as opposed to all that is low and vulgar as he is to what is called the *morgue aristocratique.*

During the latter period of his life General Mitchell had made considerable preparations for a life of the Duke of Alba, but the difficulty, and in some instances the utter impossibility, of obtaining access to authentic documents, discouraged him; the design was given up, and all that he ever wrote on the Duke of Alba is the short memoir in the present collection.

In order to advocate his views of the necessity of reforms in the British army—a subject ever present to his mind—he at one time formed the project of editing a military journal, each number of which was to contain a biographical sketch of some distinguished soldier. Many of those presented to the reader in the present collection were written by him for that purpose. But declining years and enfeebled health prevented his carrying out this design. They, together with several others, are now published in the hope that they will assist in keeping alive the remembrance of one who was animated by the noblest patriotic spirit, and whose whole life was devoted to earnest endeavours to make the soldiers of his native land models for all nations, not only in acts of valour and chivalrous generosity—for these they have shown at all times—but in intellectual culture, scientific skill, and efficiency, and in their personal comfort and happiness.

BIOGRAPHIES

OF

EMINENT SOLDIERS.

I.

ZISCA THE HUSSITE.

JOHN ZISCA, of Trocznow, was born on his father's estate of Trocznow, in the kingdom of Bohemia, about the year 1353. He first saw the light under the sheltering boughs of an oak, his mother having been seized in labour when returning from directing some harvest work then in progress. Of his early life nothing is known; even the year of his birth is uncertain. His family, though noble, were not wealthy; and it appears that Zisca long remained under the paternal roof, assisting his father in the administration of the moderate, though unencumbered, domain they possessed. An accident in boyhood deprived him of the use of his right eye; but it is a mistake to suppose, as is frequently asserted, that he derived the name of Zisca, or the one-eyed, from this misfortune. Zisca is a name not unusual in Bohemia, but means in no language one-eyed.

Though married at an early age, Zisca seems to have been turned of forty before he took any share in public life; and then only, it appears, as a military adventurer. The brother-kings of Hungary and Bohemia having befriended the Teutonic order when attacked by the Poles, Lithuanians, and Russians, Zisca was one of a numerous band of nobles and volunteers who hastened to the assistance of the Knights. He was present in the fatal battle of Tannenberg, in which the Grand Master, Ulrich of Jüngingen, fell on the field with three hundred knight-commanders and forty thousand private men—an overthrow from which the order never again recovered.

We next find Zisca in Hungary, contending under its banner against the Turks. He is still on the losing side, learning to conquer in the school of defeat; and it is only at Agincourt, when ranged under the banner of England, that the bright beams of victory seem first to have flashed upon him.

Still it is evident that he held no rank or post of trust in the English army, for he was living tranquilly at the Bohemian Court as Chamberlain to Wenzeslaus IV., when the Hussite tempest, which he was so long destined to direct, first rose in black and threatening clouds over the land of the Czechs.

It will be right, before proceeding, to give a brief account here of the origin of the fierce contest of which we have to speak.

Bohemia, though forming part of Germany, and surrounded on all sides by German provinces, was inhabited at the period of which we are treating, as it still is to a considerable extent, by a branch of the great Slavonic nation, rejoicing in the not very musical name of Czechs. When Charlemagne and his successors drove the Slavonian tribes who had penetrated into Germany back beyond the Oder, these Czechs maintained their ground in Bohemia, partly by offering ready submission and paying tribute,

but, above all, by fighting stoutly in defence of the lands they possessed. They long remained heathens; the few attempts made by their western neighbours to convert them to Christianity failed completely; and it was not till the arrival of two monks, Cyrillus and Methodius, sent from Constantinople by the Empress Theodora, that the good work made any progress. It then advanced so rapidly that we already find a bishopric erected at Prague in 791. As these missionaries and their successors came from the East, they preached the doctrine of the Greek, and not of the Roman Church; and said nothing of the supremacy of the Pope, and of withholding the chalice in administering the Holy Sacrament; so that, when Bohemia came gradually, as part of the German empire, in contact with Rome, and under the influence of the Roman clergy, a new doctrine had to be taught. It was not easily established; the people long remained attached to their earlier creed, and it required all the skill, and some of the power also, of the Roman clergy to reduce the kingdom to absolute conformity.

While this half-forcible conversion was in progress, the fierce and fiery persecution to which the Waldenses were exposed in France and Savoy drove many of that unhappy sect into Bohemia, where they enjoyed not only greater religious freedom, but, from the mountainous nature of the country, found better means of concealment also. It is not therefore surprising that open adversaries of the Church of Rome should have appeared in the country before Huss, and the time of which we are speaking. The most distinguished of these were Conrad of Austin, John Miliez, and Mathias Tannow. But of infinitely greater influence than the efforts of these men were the works of Wycliffe, which about this period found their way into Bohemia, and from which Huss himself first derived inspiration.

This man, a secular priest, born on the lordship of

Hussinatz, was, at the time of which we are speaking, Rector of the University of Prague. He was distinguished for learning, piety, for his unblemished life, and great pulpit eloquence. And as he added to these advantages a tall, spare form, a long pale face, and extremely mild and friendly manners, he was almost revered as a saint by the lower orders. He had first attracted notice by preaching against the general depravity of the age; but encouraged by success, and fired by the writings of Wycliffe, he assailed the disorders of the Church, questioned many of its doctrines, denied the supremacy of the Pope, and denounced the irregularities of the clergy in severe terms. Persecution augmented his popularity; and as Wenzeslaus IV., the then reigning King, was at variance with the Court of Rome, the proceedings of the reformer were not altogether displeasing to him.

When the General Council of the Church assembled at Constance in 1414, Huss was invited to appear before them, and justify the doctrine he had preached. Provided with a safe-conduct from Sigismund, King of the Romans, he appeared accordingly; but the spiritual power having denied the King's right to protect a heretic against the authority of the Church, he was thrown into prison; and after a trial, during which he evinced great firmness, but little ability, he was declared guilty of heresy, and condemned accordingly. And as he refused to abjure his previous doctrine, or make the slightest concession, he was sentenced to the stake, and suffered martyrdom with heroic firmness on the 6th July 1415. Jerome of Prague, his pupil, friend, and countryman, shared the same fate shortly afterwards.

The death of their revered countryman excited in the people of Bohemia a keen spirit of enmity against Sigismund and the Council of Constance, which, as a natural consequence, extended to the Catholic clergy and the Church of Rome. It was in vain that Pope Martin V.,

King Sigismund, and the Council of Constance, sent a legate to Wenzeslaus, urging him to extirpate the Wycliffe heresy—as the doctrine of Huss was still called—from his dominions. The monarch had neither the inclination nor indeed the power to comply, and every day saw the new doctrine gaining additional proselytes.

On Zisca, who had been appointed the King's chamberlain, these events made a deep impression. The new doctrine had taken a firm hold on his stern and gloomy mind; and private wrongs augmented, it is said, the deadly hatred he entertained against the Catholic clergy. The story goes, that a monk had seduced his sister, who was a nun, and had afterwards abandoned her to the dreadful fate consequent on her breach of vows. The well-guarded walls of his convent had hitherto sheltered the seducer from the wrath of the indignant brother, and from that vengeance which was ultimately to fall so heavily on the whole order to which the offender belonged. It is also said that Zisca obtained from Wenzeslaus a commission empowering him to demand redress for the death of Huss; a document which the King, who knew his chamberlain's want of means, is said to have signed as a jest: if it was so, the King, though he might know his chamberlain's want of fortune, knew not what a mind of such power, vigour, and daring was capable of effecting.

Treated leniently, almost with favour, by Wenzeslaus, the Hussites spread rapidly: and Jacobel, a secular priest of Miess, no sooner set the example of administering the sacrament in both forms, than he was imitated in Prague, and in every part of the kingdom. Meetings were held in the open air, at which thousands attended, to hear the new doctrine preached, and to receive the sacrament in both forms. In many places the Catholic clergy were insulted and ill-used; in some instances they were slain for refusing to administer the sacrament in the form demanded. And though Huss himself had never advocated the use of the

chalice, it now became the main point claimed by those who termed themselves Hussites, and his followers.

Though the country still continued tranquil, yet agitation continued; and it was plainly seen that a storm was gathering. And some intrigues carried on at Prague by a powerful noble, Nicolas of Hussinatz, the early protector of Huss, and who was supposed to aspire to the crown, having alarmed Wenzeslaus, he commanded the citizens to deliver up their arms, and deposit them in the Castle of Wisserhad. The magistrates and burghers were terrified; they dreaded the King's resentment should they disobey his orders, and feared, on the other hand, to disarm while dark and threatening times were impending. While they were deliberating on the part to be taken, Zisca, whose time had now arrived, appeared among them. "Your weakness," he said, "surprises me. I know the King better than you do. Arm yourselves, and carry your arms to the Wisserhad. The King will be very glad to see you thus arrayed, and will be very certain to send you back with the arms you bring in such a manner. Place me at your head and I will speak for you at this moment, which is of greater consequence than you are aware of." A shout of approbation decided the case in his favour, and all, hurrying on their arms, proceeded under his command to the royal palace.

Wenzeslaus, who had at first been alarmed by the threatening advance of this armed multitude, seeing their peaceful demeanour, appeared on the balcony, when Zisca addressed him in the name of the citizens: "Your Highness has demanded the arms of your faithful citizens and subjects. Here we bring them ourselves, ready to shed every drop of our blood in contending against your enemies, whoever they may be or wherever they may be found." "You say well," replied the King; "lead these people back as quietly as they have come, and let every one return to his home and occupation."

This incident became the foundation of Zisca's power and influence, and from this day he may be looked upon as the avowed leader of the Hussites. He was soon called upon by events to justify his fitness for the dangerous post.

On the 30th of July 1419, the Hussite party, now from the general use of the chalice termed the Utraquists, held a procession in Prague. A priest of the Church of St Stephen, having by some means roused their displeasure, was instantly slain, and his blood-streaming head placed on the point of a lance. As they afterwards passed the Senate-House, a stone thrown at them unfortunately struck the bearer of the chalice standard; and the wild multitude, already excited by their previous act of brutality, instantly turned against the building, burst open the gates, butchered all who resisted, and hurled thirteen senators out of the windows, to perish on the pikes of the infuriated mob below. A royal officer having, at the head of 300 horsemen, attempted to restore order, was repulsed by Zisca, who with a party of his wild band took up a position which enabled him to foil the efforts of the royal troops.

The unexpected tidings of this savage and sanguinary massacre proved fatal to Wenzeslaus; he was struck by apoplexy on hearing the account, and died on the 10th August following.

The King's death gave the signal for the bursting of the storm which had been so long gathering over the land. On the very day after his decease had become known in Prague, the Hussites already attacked convents and churches, destroyed pictures and images, and murdered on their very altars priests who refused to administer the sacrament in both forms. The example of the capital was too readily followed; and as the excesses extended, so they also rose in atrocity, till every part of the kingdom witnessed deeds of fiendlike enormity. Nor was the commission of such horrors confined to one party. The Catholics assailed took fierce vengeance wherever they had power. Every Utra-

quist priest who fell into their hands perished at the stake; and the miners of Kuttenberg who remained attached to their own faith hurled every unfortunate Hussite whom they captured into the dark abyss of their mines. Sixteen hundred Hussites are said to have perished in these frightful caverns in the course of one year.

Immediately on the breaking out of the troubles, Zisca had summoned all the friends of the cause to arm, combine, and take the field against the enemies of God and the cause. As the Catholics naturally opposed this union, a civil war broke out in the very capital, and was only terminated by the exertions of the widowed Queen, a princess universally esteemed for her virtues, and who contrived to negotiate a six months' truce between the parties. In consequence of this arrangement Zisca left Prague, and established his headquarters at Pilsen.

And where now was Sigismund, the heir to the Bohemian crown? Destroying, we are forced to confess, his own bright prospects by that inconsistency and want of character which is too easily traced through the whole of his long and eventful reign. In December following his brother's death, the King of Hungary and of the Romans advanced to Brünn, in Moravia, where on his summons he was met by deputies from Prague and from the rest of the kingdom. Everything promised a happy and peaceful termination to the troubles, when, in the midst of the negotiation, the inconsistent monarch suddenly issued the most sanguinary decrees against the Hussites, and so far forgot what was due to his station, dignity, to humanity itself, as actually to be present at the execution of some Utraquists at Breslau. This vile and unkingly action was a declaration of war even to the knife. Hussite priests proclaimed it from every pulpit, and at every meeting thousands of brave and resolute men vowed to forfeit life and fortune rather than suffer Sigismund to ascend the Bohemian throne.

Zisca, who had probably foreseen the turn affairs would take, and who at all events knew how necessary a strong place of arms would be to his party, had for some months been actively employed in fortifying a mountain of some height called Kadrestie. The post, surrounded on three sides by the river Lauzenick, and crowned by the remains of an old fortress, is almost of impregnable strength, and, as the headquarters of the new sect, it soon grew into a town, which the Hussites called Tabor, and from whence the fanatical followers of Zisca derived the name of Taborites. The renewal of the contest soon proved how valuable the precaution taken in the construction of this post had been.

A royalist army having laid siege to Pilsen, and Zisca not thinking himself strong enough to defend the place, he consented to withdraw his troops on condition of being allowed a free passage to Tabor. The terms were acceded to, but broken by the enemy, who no sooner saw the Taborites in open field and beyond the protection of the ramparts, than they instantly prepared to attack them. Zisca, however, was fully equal to the danger that threatened him. Covering the front and flanks of his small force by the numerous waggons that seem always to have accompanied these Slavonic armies, and placing his rear against a lake, he awaited the onset of the foe, who after a long and stubborn contest were completely repulsed, and forced to leave the retreat of the Taborites unmolested.

The short interval of repose that followed on this action was employed by the Hussite leader, who had hitherto fought with infantry only, in forming a corps of cavalry, and in collecting, during some minor expeditions, as many bombards and culverins as he could lay his hands upon.

Nor were these precautions needless. From every part of Germany, from his hereditary kingdom of Hungary, Sigismund had collected forces, which were now marching against Prague. Fifty princes, counts, and prelates of the

Empire were arrayed beneath his banner, and his army exceeded, by the best accounts, 150,000 men. The assailed capital was defended only by its armed citizens, assisted by 4000 Taborites; while the royalists, in addition to their numerical superiority, had the advantage of possessing the Castle of Wisserhad on the right, and the royal castle on the left bank of the Moldau. The city, indeed, seemed lost; but Zisca fought in its defence, and with him the wild convulsive weight of religious enthusiasm which scorns as naught every ordinary species of force.

On the 14th July 1420 the great attack was made. The combat was long and sanguinary. The trained and mail-clad soldiers of Germany and Hungary long refused to give way before untrained citizens and half-armed peasants. But Zisca, sallying suddenly from his redoubts on the Wittkow hills, and following fiercely on the steps of the troops whose onset he had repulsed, inflicted so complete an overthrow on the main body of the King's army opposed to him, that the whole of the swarming host was forced to retire in confusion from the sanguinary contest. It is from this battle that the Wittkow hill derives the name of the Zisca-berg, which it bears to this day.

Left by the flight of the royalists in possession of the capital, the Hussites proceeded to besiege the Castle of Wisserhad. It made a stout resistance, and only surrendered on the 1st of November, after Sigismund had been again defeated in attempting to relieve it. Zisca's fame and influence augmented with every blow he dealt.

Victory followed victory. The great battle of Deachbrod, in which his army was completely routed, having obliged Sigismund to evacuate the kingdom, Zisca ruled it with almost absolute sway, the mass of the people being naturally inclined to join the only power that could exercise authority and give safety and protection. It was in the course of this bright career that sudden darkness struck Zisca. He was besieging Raby, and observing the pro-

gress of the attack, when the bolt of a crossbow shattered the bough of a tree beneath which he was standing, and drove a splinter of the wood into his left eye, and completely deprived him of sight. But neither the excruciating pain which he suffered from his wound, nor the utter blindness which it occasioned, could subdue his dauntless energy. He never left the camp; and the Saxons having at this moment invaded the northern provinces of the kingdom, he instantly marched against them, defeated them, and drove them back into their own country.

Our narrow limits prevent us, of course, from attempting any account of the war, and of the frightful scenes of carnage which marked its progress. Every town, castle, or stronghold captured, was given over to the fury of the victors, who rarely spared either age or sex. Pardon, however rarely granted, never extended to the clergy, and every monk or secular priest that fell into Hussite hands was immediately consigned to the flames.

Nor were the Catholics the only foes that felt the wrath of Zisca. The lawless time had given scope to every species of extravagance, and two sects professing what we would now call socialist principles, and terming themselves Adamites and Piccards, had sprung up under shelter of troubles that could alone conceal their worthlessness. Their frightful and licentious tenets shocked the dark religious fervour of Zisca: he marched against them and exterminated them to the last, retaining only one old man as a captive, who was ordered to explain the doctrine of the sect. This explanation the Taborite leader caused to be carefully noted down and sent to the Uraquist clergy at Prague.

Victory still attended the Hussites. Sigismund had again invaded the country at the head of a powerful German army, and had again been defeated. His son-in-law, the Archduke of Austria, had been repulsed, and Moravia invaded and ravaged; but difficulties still augmented, and

a civil war was now to be added to the foreign and religious wars which Zisca had already to maintain with his small and insufficient band.

Zisca and the people of Prague had invited Corybut, Prince of Lithuania, to ascend the throne of Bohemia. The invitation had been accepted, and the young prince had been well received on his first arrival. As his means were not, however, considerable, and as he was unsuccessful in his first and only military undertaking, an attack on the Castle of Carlstein, he declined rapidly in public favour, and was soon totally neglected by the citizens of the capital.

Such treatment of one whom he befriended excited the displeasure of Zisca. He wrote in terms of threat and reproof to the people of Prague, who, confiding in their influence and superior numbers, replied in a tone of scorn and defiance.

But none ever defied Zisca with impunity; and though engaged at this time in an expedition against the Archduke of Austria, he immediately turned against these new adversaries. Having vanquished them in three general actions, he was on his march to Prague, fully resolved to destroy the capital, when for the first time a spirit of opposition displayed itself in his army. An eloquent speech from their blind and never conquered leader quickly suppressed every appearance of insubordination, and the advance was resumed. But deputies from the city who came to solicit terms, and Zisca's own reluctance, perhaps, to destroy the capital of the kingdom, for once induced him to relent. A treaty was concluded between the parties, and the Taborites held their triumphant entrance into Prague. The procession was marked by the stern and silent character of the leader. Zisca was on horseback, plainly dressed as usual, a short scimitar hung by his side, and in his hand he carried an iron-studded war-mace. Priests marching silently before him held on high the chalice, the emblem of his faith; not a human voice was

heard, and the sound of bells alone broke the silence of the hour. The people, who had assembled in thousands, were on their knees, and contemplated in awe, terror, and admiration, the blind and dreaded victor of so many fields.

This was the last of Zisca's triumphs. He was on his march into Moravia, the conquest of which he was resolved to complete, and was besieging the small town of Przibislaw, when he received a private embassy from the King. Sigismund offered him the administration of Bohemia, the command of all the forces of the kingdom, and a large revenue, provided he would unite with the royal party and obtain his, King Sigismund's, acknowledgment by the States. Dr Aschberg, our last and best authority on the subject, is confident that Zisca rejected the proposal, though the particulars of the negotiation are not known; nor were they of long duration, for on the 6th of October Zisca was seized with a fever which terminated his extraordinary life on the 12th of the same month, 1424, when he was already, as the best historians admit, more than seventy years of age. His followers thinking that victory would be acceptable to him even in death, instantly assaulted and carried the walls of Przibislaw. The town was as usual given to the flames, and the inhabitants to the sword; and to testify their grief for the loss of their conquering leader, they assumed thenceforward the name of the Orphans. The story so frequently told, that on his deathbed Zisca desired a drum to be covered with his skin in order that he might frighten the enemy even to the last, is a mere fiction without the slightest foundation in truth.

Zisca was buried with all honours in the Church of St Paul's at Czaslaw, where a monument, with a Latin and Bohemian inscription, was erected to his memory. His iron-studded war-mace was suspended above the tomb. A century afterwards the Emperor Ferdinand I., wishing to say a prayer in this church, inquired to whom the mace had belonged, and on Zisca's name being mentioned, in

stantly left the church, exclaiming, "Bestia mortua post centum annos terret vivos." The monument was destroyed during the Thirty Years' War, and Ferdinand II. ordered even the bones of the Taborite leader to be taken up and buried beneath the gibbet. The loss, after the battle of Prague, of so many valuable documents respecting himself and his time, has, however, been far more injurious to the memory of Zisca than the little-minded act of Ferdinand. The greater part of our knowledge respecting his extraordinary career has been handed down to us by writers who flourished not only after the fall of the Hussites, but after the suppression of the Reformation, in the very age of persecution therefore; and like that of Hannibal, has only reached us through the medium of inveterate enemies.

Zisca was of middle stature, but strongly and firmly built; his head was large, and bent slightly forward; he had black hair, black eyebrows and mustache, and a dark complexion. His remaining letters seem to show that he had received a good education for the period in which he lived. His gifts for action were of a high order, and he possessed in an eminent degree the qualities that bring men forward in troubled times. He was bold, prompt, and decided—

"Of passions fiery, and of judgment cold"—

and was endowed with a deep insight into character. Ambition, in the ordinary acceptation of the word, seems to have been foreign to him. He had but one object in view, the establishment of the Utraquist doctrine, and this he believed himself called upon to fix on a firm and permanent foundation.

Wielding almost absolute power in Bohemia after the death of Wenzeslaus, he could at any time have placed the crown upon his head, but never made the slightest attempt to do so.

His military genius was evidently of the highest order.

He fought thirteen general actions and nearly a hundred minor combats, and never sustained a single defeat. And these triumphs were achieved with armies composed, not of warlike nobles and their well-trained and well-armed followers, but of rude peasants gathered from the fields, and as ignorant of the use of arms as of those principles of subordination and discipline which can alone render weapons formidable in the hands of the many. And it is in the method of tactics so well suited to the character of his men, and in the strict system of discipline to which he reduced them, and which rendered rude boors, armed principally with spears, clubs, and iron-shod thrashing-flails, superior in every battle to the best trained soldiers of the Continent, that the wonderful skill and sagacity of Zisca is displayed. In one respect he may be said to have introduced an entirely new method of war, and, in the numerous waggons that accompanied his army, to have carried movable fortresses along with him. These he afterwards turned to excellent account, and though such a manner of intrenching armies was not unknown in earlier times, we never find it reduced to system till under the Hussite leader. We must add that these cumbrous trains of waggons render the extraordinary rapidity of Zisca's movements, and the ability with which he evaded the blows of armies too numerous to be met in battle, more admirable even than they would otherwise appear.

Every reader of history will lament that a man so highly gifted should have stained his name and fame by the appalling succession of sanguinary deeds perpetrated under his command, and too often by his direct orders. Some still remaining documents seem indeed to show that he frequently conducted the acts of cruelty to which he was forced to resort. What may have been the impelling influence that drove him from better thoughts to darker actions we pretend not to say; nor shall we attempt to account for the melancholy discrepancy between the few

words and many deeds: it is enough for our purpose to remind the reader of the character of the time in which our tale is laid. Indiscriminate carnage and the destruction of towns and dwellings too often marked even the progress of the ordinary wars of the period, and to this fatal and everyday cruelty the Hussite war added all the fierce incentives to acts of barbarism derived from civil discord and religious fanaticism. Anarchy had swept established authority from the land; men and societies were thrown back for security on their own strength, on the arms they could wield, and on the terror they could inspire; and even these sources of security had often to be maintained by the extermination of all who might be disposed to doubt or dispute their reality. We know, unfortunately too well, how many crimes and excesses have been committed under the influence of civil discord and religious enmities, even in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, in times far more civilised and enlightened than those of which we have been speaking, and need not be surprised, therefore, if in a darker age we find similar deeds more darkly shaded. This can neither justify nor palliate the conduct of the Hussites, but it tends at least to make their conduct more intelligible.

We may mention, in conclusion, that for four centuries superstitious veneration protected the oak under which Zisca was born. The farriers and blacksmiths of the surrounding country, fancying that the slightest splinter of the Zisca oak fixed to a hammer added strength to its blows, resorted to the tree for the purpose of obtaining some pieces of the valuable wood. It was cut down by authority at the commencement of the eighteenth century, and a small chapel dedicated to St John the Baptist erected on the spot where it grew.

II.

SCANDERBEG.

If fortune is often capricious in bestowing fame, the shape and form in which it is bestowed is at times equally singular. Of this the fame and history of Scanderbeg seems to form a singular example, for the Albanian Prince is generally known only for his great personal strength, prowess, and skill as a swordsman. We hear of the "arm of Scanderbeg," and we appeal to the "sword of Scanderbeg" when tardy or slothful conduct is to be reproached; but we seldom mention the genius of the leader and the talents of the ruler which, for so many years, enabled a mere Albanian chieftain to hold at bay the whole of the Ottoman power, then the terror of Christian Europe. However indispensable personal prowess and gallantry were to the part which Scanderbeg acted with so much success, it is still evident that they must have been accompanied by mental qualities of a high and brilliant order, which alone could place and retain him during so long a period of wild turmoil in a station of power and command. What that genius was it must in a great measure be left for the reader himself to judge; we can only state very generally what were the effects produced by the exertions of our hero; the manner in, and too often the means also by, which great actions

were achieved, are lost amidst the clouds of darkness that ignorance, credulity, and party zeal have cast over the records of the period, and disfigured the portraiture of so many eminent men.

George Castriota, on whom history has conferred the honourable name of Scanderbeg, properly Iskander Beg, meaning in Turkish the Lord Alexander, was born at Croia in Albania, in 1414.* He was the son of John Castriota, Prince of Epirus, and the youngest of nine children. Already, in early boyhood, he was the admiration of his family and of the country, and distinguished for personal beauty, activity, and quickness. He had hardly attained his ninth year when Sultan Amurath II., who had already subdued part of Greece, turned his arms against Albania. Prince John resisted for a time, but finding himself unequal to the contest was forced to submit, acknowledge himself vassal to the Sultan, and surrender his four sons as hostages to the conqueror. The captive Princes were conducted to Adrianople, then the principal seat of the Ottoman power in Europe.

The Byzantian Empire was at this time drawing rapidly to its end, owing as much to civic discord and moral abasement as to the rising power of the Osmanli. The Turks had already, about the year 1357, obtained a footing in Europe, though the exact time and manner of their arrival has hardly been settled by historians, interesting as the point may be. It was long asserted that the Genoese factory of Pera transported the soldiers of Solyman across the strait for a fixed price, and these republican traders continued for years to labour under the stigma of having sold Christianity to the infidels for some thousands of gold byzants. The probability is, however, that they first appeared as mercenary allies of the Greek Emperors, and afterwards retained possession of Gallipoli, where they happened to be stationed. In 1359 Achmet I. established

* According to others he was born ten years earlier, in 1404.

the capital of the Moslem power at Adrianople, and his son Bayazid, surnamed by the Turks Ildirim, or the Lightning, already extended his conquests to the walls of Belgrad. The advance of Timour, the conqueror of Persia, India, and Central Asia, into Anatolia, gave a respite to the Christians. Called away from his conquests in Europe, the Sultan hastened to confront the Tartars; but here fortune failed him; he was defeated and captured in the great battle of Angora in 1401, and the disputes for the succession, which followed on his captivity, gave the Byzantian Empire a few years of additional security; and it was not till Amurath II. again reunited the Turkish forces that the previous career of Moslem conquest was resumed, and the capital of the once mighty Roman Empire brought to the verge of ruin, and was for a time even besieged. It was under circumstances so unpromising to the Christian cause in the East, that the star of Scanderbeg arose.

The young Princes of Albania—conveyed, as we have seen, as hostages to Adrianople—were forced to embrace the Mohammedan faith, but were educated with every possible care, even in the palace of the Sultan himself. Here George Castriota was soon distinguished above all the youths of his age, not only by his personal beauty, but by his rapid progress in martial exercises, and in the Turkish and Slavonian languages. These brilliant qualities and attainments attracted the attention of Amurath, and gained the Sultan's friendship for the young Epirot, who, at a very early age, obtained the command of a body of 500 horse, with which he greatly distinguished himself.

It also happened, if we believe the chronicles of the times, that during an interval of peace, and while the Court of Adrianople were engaged in jousts and festivities, a gigantic Scythian presented himself before the Sultan, and challenged the best of the Turkish warriors. The champions to be protected by neither mail nor cuirass, and to be

armed with the scimitar alone. Scanderbeg accepted this bold defiance, and, to the admiration of the whole Court, vanquished the presumptuous challenger in open lists.

The frequent wars in which the Turks were engaged at this period, gave Scanderbeg "ample room and verge enough" to display his gallantry as a soldier, and skill as a leader. He fought under the banner of the Crescent in Greece and Hungary, distinguished himself on every occasion, and always, if we believe historians, treated Christian captives with Christian lenity. Ordinary humanity may account for the fact; and without believing, with so many chroniclers, that he remained a Christian at heart during the whole time of his wearing the turban, we can easily, notwithstanding Gibbon's sneer, understand that the recollection of his early faith may have called that humanity more readily into action.

Scanderbeg was about thirty years of age when his father, John Castriota, who had continued to exercise a nominal sovereignty over Epirus, died at Croïa. The Sultan on receiving the intelligence immediately caused the whole country to be occupied by his troops, and the brothers of our hero to be poisoned. In the statement of mere facts we are bound to follow the authorities before us, imperfect as they may too often appear; but we confess that it is not easy to believe this act of needless barbarity on the part of a sovereign never reported cruel, and who twice resigned a throne, and only resumed regal power at the solicitation of his subjects and soldiers. If the life of Scanderbeg was spared on this occasion, it was owing, as we are told, to the services he had rendered, and still more to those he was expected to render. Nor was even this sort of mercy shown without being accompanied by evidence of intended treachery.

The Sultan having informed Scanderbeg of the death of his father and of his brothers, promised, immediately after the pending campaign, to restore the whole of the family

inheritance to him; but the Epirot saw through the artifice, better than we do indeed, and declared at once that he would not leave the side of Amurath, and the latter fell, we are assured, into the snare he had himself laid. The reader will, of course, recollect that we are here obliged to follow writers who take every opportunity to indulge in the most extravagant attacks against the infidels, even as they lavish praise on the champion of their own faith.

Whether deceiver or deceived in this case, it is certain that the Turkish Emperor was for a considerable time a gainer by the result. Scanderbeg was one of the most popular and successful soldiers in his army; troops gathered rapidly round his victorious standard.

> "There was not an arm in Moslem war,
> Could lure the Delhies half so far."

But continued success, and the splendid rewards by which it was followed, failed not to excite the bitter enmity invariably flowing from poison-hearted envy. Calumniators instilled into the mind of Amurath suspicions of the fidelity of his Albanian favourite. In the breast of a victorious Sultan hatred soon followed suspected ingratitude, and the ruin of Scanderbeg was resolved upon. Not wishing, however, to proceed at once to extremities, and desirous, in fact, of avoiding an open execution, the Emperor resolved to temporise, and to trust to chance or the fortune of battle to rid him of his hated enemy; and the sanguinary contest which the Turks then waged against Buschowitz, Prince of Servia, offered the best prospect of terminating the career of Scanderbeg; but the latter returned safe and successful from every encounter.

It is hardly necessary for us to observe how much this statement of Amurath's duplicity and hesitation to strike a hated and suspected adversary is at variance with the Turkish practice of the period, and the resolute though not sanguinary character of the Sultan himself. The whole

has more the appearance of being a device of the monkish writers of the time, anxious to exalt a Christian warrior at the expense of a Mohammedan foe; and above all, perhaps, to justify the conduct we have now to relate, and which might otherwise, perhaps, look very much like treachery and apostasy.

It is not to be supposed that Scanderbeg remained altogether ignorant of his danger, and of the altered sentiments of the Sultan towards him. Far from it, he saw the precipice on the brink of which he was standing, and resolved to fly in consequence, and, if possible, to recover his hereditary dominions also. How long this resolution was formed before it was acted upon, we have no means of knowing; it was carefully confined to his own breast; and even his countrymen who came to urge him to place himself at their head and free his native land from bondage, were all advised to trust rather to the generosity of the Sultan than to the dangerous fortune of war.

While these doubts and enmities were fomenting, Prince Buschowitz had again gathered head, and was endeavouring to recover his Servian dominions. Amurath, as active and more powerful than his enemy, soon collected a force to meet him, and despatched the Pasha of Roumania and Scanderbeg with an army of 20,000 men in the first instance, promising to follow in person at the head of a still greater power. Arrived on the banks of the Morava, they found themselves in presence of the Servians, aided by Hungarian forces under the command of the celebrated John Hunyades, Ladislaus, King of Hungary and Poland, being himself present with the army. This seemed to Scanderbeg the proper time for effecting his long-cherished project. He accordingly placed himself in communication with Hunyades, arranged a plan of operations with him, and indicated the points on which the Hungarians would meet with little or no resistance. He kept his word, and no sooner was the battle engaged than he fled with all the

troops intrusted to his charge; and the rest of the army, witnessing the flight of their bravest leader, soon followed the fatal example. The Pasha of Roumania was slain in the fray; but Scanderbeg contrived to secure and carry off his secretary, who, as soon as the fugitives were in security, was, under a threat of instant death, forced to write an order, directing the Governor of Croia, the capital of Epirus, to deliver that fortress to the Albanian Prince. Compliance with the demand did not, however, save the unhappy functionary's life; for no sooner was the deed signed and sealed, than he was ruthlessly slain by the Albanians, who continued their flight through the mountains towards their native land.

Arrived in the vicinity of Croia, Scanderbeg assembled a small band of patriots, and concealed them in the woods near the city. He then presented the official order which named him governor of the place; and the unsuspecting Turk having readily submitted to his authority, he found means during the night to admit his followers, attacked and easily routed the unprepared garrison. This success became the signal for a universal rising through the country; the dispersed Turks were assailed on all points, and massacred without pity; it was to the very few who chose to embrace Christianity that mercy was extended.

The Moslem troops still holding different fortresses, terrified by the late events, capitulated and surrendered their posts, though they had probably little to dread from mere insurgent peasants, unprovided with artillery. Sfetigrad alone held out. An old soldier whose name has unfortunately not reached us, seeing his comrades and commanders preparing to surrender their post, addressed them in bold and gallant style, told them how discreditable it would be to yield to assailants who had no means of destroying the rampart, and would soon be forced to raise the siege by the rapid approach of winter. The result of this harangue proved how much one bold spirit may, at

times, effect in war. Sfetigrad refused to yield, and the inclemency of the weather soon obliged Scanderbeg to raise the siege, leaving, however, 3000 men to blockade the place.

The garrisons of the captured fortresses having been collected in Macedonia, and reinforced by some additional troops, again prepared to invade Albania and avenge their late defeat. Scanderbeg was, however, too prompt for them; at the head of a few hundred horse he surprised and dispersed the Moslem gathering, and having then plundered the country again, retired to his mountains.

Amurath, exasperated at having been deceived by one of his own captains, regretting deeply that he had too long spared his life, determined, in the spring, to send a force against the rebels capable of bearing down all opposition, and of punishing defection in a signal manner. To have greater liberty of action, he concluded a peace with Hungary.

Scanderbeg knew the Sultan's character too well to be surprised at this resolution. He immediately collected troops, and, acquainted with the Turkish mode of warfare, instructed them accordingly, and trained them further by constant inroads into the enemy's territory. He also called an assembly of the chiefs and magnates together at Alessi, told them what they had to expect in case of defeat and inspired them all with the firm resolution to risk everything for liberty and national independence.

At the head of 40,000 men, Ali Pasha, spreading havoc around, entered Albania in the spring of the year. Though unable, in the first instance, to meet so superior a force in the open field, Scanderbeg was not unprepared for the struggle. Thirty thousand men, the flower of the Albanian population, were assembled at Croia, but from these the Prince only selected 7000 horse and as many foot, and then, to the surprise of all, dismissed the rest to their own homes.

Arrived on the banks of the Dibra, in front of the Turk-

ish camp, Scanderbeg placed 3000 men in ambuscade behind some wooded hills on his right, desired his troops to make few fires, and thus to deceive the enemy regarding their strength. The Turks, seeing so weak a force before them, crossed the stream in small parties, and in their usual manner began to harass the camp; but Scanderbeg gave strict orders for his troops to remain perfectly quiet, and be prepared for battle on the following morning.

The details of the action that followed are not very clear, —not very intelligible perhaps. The Albanians, we are told, allowed the Turks to penetrate the centre of their army, while the wings held their ground firmly. In the heat of the combat the ambushed detachment broke from their concealment and decided the fate of the day against the infidels, who were completely routed. The vanquished lost 20,000 men in the action, and the victors, following their success, entered the Turkish camp along with the fugitives, and made themselves masters of all the wealth and stores it contained.

The news of this defeat affected Amurath deeply, and he resolved to march in person against the Albanians. But Ladislaus, King of Poland and Hungary, was no sooner informed of the success of Scanderbeg, than he resolved to profit by it. He accordingly broke the truce and invaded the Turkish possessions, and thus obliged the Sultan to turn his arms against the new and more formidable adversary. An alliance was also concluded between the King and the Albanian Prince, who urged his countrymen to join in a general effort against the infidels. Chiefs and people entered zealously into his views, and an army of 30,000 men was assembled. Their intention was to join the Hungarians on the Lower Danube, but their progress was slow; for Buschowitz, Prince of Servia, was now the friend of Amurath, who had even given him his daughter in marriage, and refused to allow the Albanian army to pass through his country. Scanderbeg endeavoured to

obtain by force what was refused to entreaty. This led to a mountain war which cost both men and time, and had not been brought to a satisfactory termination when the great battle of Varna, in which the flower of the Polish and Hungarian chivalry perished along with their King, was fought on the 10th November 1444. Scanderbeg, now left alone in the arena, retired into Epirus, after ravaging Servia according to the general practice of the period; though the unchristian conduct was, on this occasion, described as due retribution for the Prince's abandonment of the Christian cause.

Exasperated by the devastation of his country, Prince Buschowitz complained to the Sultan, calling for punishment on the offenders, and for compensation to the sufferers. But Amurath had suffered too much during his last campaign to enter immediately into a new contest. He made proposals to Scanderbeg, and offered to leave him in possession of Albania, on condition that he should rebuild the Servian villages, and restore the plundered property, reminding him also of their former friendship, of the favours he had received at his, the Sultan's, hands, as well as of the great disparity of force between them. The negotiation, however, led to nothing; and to the Sultan's taunts and charge of ingratitude, Scanderbeg replied, that if he had formerly received favour, it was at the expense of the lives of his brothers, and the ruin of his country; and as to the superior power of the Turks, he trusted that the courage and constancy of his few Albanians would compensate for their inferiority in number.

A fierce inroad by a corps of 9000 Turks was the reply to this bold defiance; it proved not very successful, however, as the whole body was defeated and dispersed in a mountain pass of Mocria. Another corps of 11,000 men fared little better. Mustapha Pasha, their commander, took up, indeed, a strong position, from which he ravaged the surrounding country for a time with considerable im-

punity; but Scanderbeg, watching the opportunity when a great proportion of the soldiers were detached on plundering expeditions, attacked the camp and routed the remainder, and thus completely cleared the country of enemies.

Intimidated by so many reverses and the still threatening aspect of affairs in Hungary, Amurath remained for a time entirely on the defensive towards Albania, and the country would have enjoyed some respite from suffering, had not a sanguinary civil war and a contest against Venice still left the sword unsheathed.

Prince Ducharia, one of the chiefs of the country, had caused his neighbour, Prince Zacharias of Scodrensy, to be assassinated, in the hopes, as the murdered man had no family, of succeeding to his dominions. Scanderbeg, informed of the transaction, claimed the inheritance for himself, on the ground of an engagement formerly entered into between himself and the deceased, to the effect that the survivor of the two should inherit the property of the other. While the dispute was in progress, the mother of Prince Zacharias had sought shelter at Venice, and now requested the Signoria to take possession of her son's dominions. The grasping Republic readily granted her request; they denied the validity of Scanderbeg's claim, occupied Dagno, the principal town in dispute, and, joined by many native chiefs, flung wide the torch of civil discord.

Scanderbeg marched immediately against Dagno, but found it already in the possession of the Venetians. It had therefore to be reduced by force, and as he did not wish to ruin a town he already looked upon as part of his own property, he resolved to blockade and not to besiege it. The slow progress of such an operation enabled the Venetians to raise an army, and advance to the relief of their friends. But fortune did not smile upon them; they were defeated in a general action, which again left the beleaguered town to its fate.

It was equally vain that Mustapha Pasha of Macedonia strove to avenge his former defeats, and profit by the troubles in Albania. He obtained indeed Amurath's permission to invade the country; but fared no better than in his former expeditions, and was totally defeated on the banks of the Dibra. Fortunately for the wrecks of the Turkish army, they could not be pursued. On the very battle-field, tidings reached Scanderbeg that the people of Scodrensy had revolted against his authority, destroyed the forts he had raised, and defeated the garrisons. He instantly countermarched, therefore, reduced Scodra, punished the people, and laid waste the country; and the Venetians, observing that nothing was to be gained against so able and active an adversary, proposed terms which led to a peace satisfactory to both parties. Scanderbeg became an adopted citizen of Venice, was named commander of all the Venetian troops in Albania, and both parties engaged to lend each mutual assistance against the infidels.

Sultan Amurath had expected that, the civil war in Albania would have been of longer duration, and would have tended more to weaken his enemies. But as it had produced little effect, he resolved at last to place himself at the head, and crush the rebels in person. A powerful army was assembled at Adrianople, which wild rumour described as so formidable that not only the Albanians, but all the nations bordering on the Turkish possessions—Hungarians, Poles, Greeks—flew rapidly to arms.

The reduction of Epirus was soon known to be the object of this formidable armament; and as none could hope to oppose so numerous an enemy in the open field, all who were unable to carry arms sought shelter in the fortresses. Women, children, the aged and the young, fled before the approaching storm, driving their herds and carrying their most precious movables along with them. And need there was, for 140,000 men, led by the redoubted Sultan himself, now poured upon the devoted land. In

order to secure every part of the country, Amurath resolved, instead of seeking open field-battles, to reduce the fortresses, and commenced operations accordingly by the siege of Sfetigrad. But the place, though badly provided with firearms of any kind, was bravely defended; and, in the course of the ten weeks' siege, the garrison repulsed no fewer than nine assaults; while Scanderbeg, keeping the open country at the head of his troops, harassed the besiegers on all sides. When the fortress was at last surrendered, the season was so far advanced, and the losses sustained by the invaders were found to be so great, that Amurath desisted from further hostilities, and immediately led back his army to Adrianople.

The respite gained was only, however, for the winter, and with the return of spring the Sultan again took the field. Operations were commenced by the siege of Croia, and the attack carried on with all the vigour that distinguished the military enterprises of this great sovereign. The defence was worthy of the noble foe, and of the cause in which it was maintained. And the Epirots, fighting for freedom and the independence of their native land, foiled all the efforts of the assailants: force, art, courage, and cunning were employed in vain—the brave garrison resisted every attack, and repulsed an endless number of fierce assaults; while Scanderbeg, keeping, as before, the open country, harassed the besiegers night and day.

The Sultan, long accustomed to victory, and now enfeebled by age and toil, was deeply affected by these continued reverses. They threw him on a bed of sickness, whence he never rose again; he raised the siege of Croia, and led his army back to Adrianople, where he died soon after his arrival. His successor, Mahomet II., the Conqueror, as he is styled, was no sooner fixed on his throne than he despatched two armies against the Albanians, but only, as it seems, to augment the glory of Scanderbeg, by whom they were both defeated.

It was about this time that Scanderbeg, following the advice of friends, espoused the daughter of the Albanian chief, or Prince Herriani; but though the Princess is described as a lady of great beauty and merit, it does not appear that the marriage led to much domestic happiness. At all events, it never slackened our hero's military exertions, which after so long a course of prosperity were now to be tried in adversity also.

The siege of a fortress, of even the most ordinary strength, is a difficult operation for an undisciplined army, and was doubly so at the period of which we are speaking. Artillery was in its infancy, and unfortunately not strangled in the cradle; the construction and conveyance of heavy guns was attended with great difficulty, and an enormous expense; and the war-engines of the ancients, where still known, could not be worked against the fire of the besieged, however slight that fire might be considered in our time. It required great efforts, skill, and exertion, therefore, to enable the wild, half-barbarous tribes of Albania to collect the means of besieging a regular fortress. These Scanderbeg made, however; and having received some pieces of artillery from Alphonso, King of Naples, proceeded to invest the place accordingly. But though the attack was made with vigour, little skill was shown in the conduct of the operation. Time was lost in consequence; and what was lost to the besiegers, was gain to their adversaries. Mahomet II. assembled an army for the relief of the fortress, and the Turks, led by Seabolge Pasha, advanced so rapidly and so secretly to the attack, as completely to surprise the Christians, who were defeated, with the loss of five thousand men, and obliged to fly with all haste, and seek shelter in their mountain fastnesses.

Misfortunes, we are told, never come singly; the proverb may be true, and, placed as Scanderbeg was, a single misfortune was more than likely to prove the source of

many. Prince or sovereign of a wild mountain country, inhabited by fierce, warlike, and half-civilised clans, yielding little or no direct obedience to the head of the State, and uncertain obedience only to their own immediate chieftains, success was evidently one of the main elements of his power. Thousands are always ready to gather round a victorious leader, but the standard on which fortune refuses to smile will be rapidly deserted by such followers. And so it proved on this occasion; the terrible reverse experienced before Berngrad shook not only the ties of discipline, but those of friendship also. Prince Phases, one of the most powerful chiefs, and the trusted friend of Scanderbeg, deserted to the enemy. But his treachery did not prosper. The Turks were defeated in the first action in which they fought by his side, and, other reverses following, the Sultan's suspicion was awakened, and the Albanian, dreading the consequences, not venturing to wait for the many brilliant rewards promised him, deemed himself fortunate to escape by flight. He threw himself on the mercy of Scanderbeg, who, it seems, generously forgave him.

The evil example set by Phases was soon, notwithstanding its unfortunate result, followed by others. Prince Amissa, another Albanian chief, and friend of Scanderbeg's, deserted to the Turks with his whole family. He was well received by Mahomet, who promised him the crown of Albania, and furnished him even with an army for the purpose of conquering his kingdom. But Amissa was not more fortunate than Phases had been. He was defeated, and taken, and detained in prison, notwithstanding the large sum offered for his ransom.

The ill-success of his arms on the side of Albania and the higher objects he had in view, induced Sultan Mahomet to grant a peace to Scanderbeg, by which the possession of Epirus and Albania was, in 1458, ceded to the latter. It was during the truce which followed that our hero undertook his well-known expedition into Italy.

Charles VIII. of France, claiming the crown of Naples, had overrun and subdued that kingdom, when the reigning King Ferdinand, successor of Alphonso, applied to his father's friend and ally for aid and assistance. Scanderbeg responded to the call, and appeared in Apulia with a considerable force; and though we have no certain accounts of the share he took in the war, it is certain that his aid and conduct were highly valued, for he was rewarded by the gift of several districts in Calabria that remained in possession of his family long after his native Albania had sunk into a Turkish Pashalic.

The unfortunate counsels of the Archbishop of Durazzo induced Scanderberg, in 1464, to break the truce concluded with the Turks. He became the aggressor, and invaded Macedonia; but was, after some slight success, defeated in the plain of Vashalia with great loss by Balaban Bardera, the very soldier who had been the first to plant the standard of the Crescent on the walls of Constantinople. In the following year, indeed, Scanderbeg repaid this blow with interest; but the parties were no longer equally matched. The Grecian Empire had fallen; the Osmanli were at the zenith of their power, while Albania, weakened by intestine feuds and foreign wars, could no longer resist such formidable adversaries. And when Mahomet II., the Conqueror, as he was called, invaded the country at the head of a hundred thousand men, nothing but a speedy flight to the mountains saved the Christian host from ruin. Before Croia, however, the Sultan was not more successful than his predecessor had been. The place was again bravely defended, and Scanderbeg, issuing from the mountains, harassed the besiegers by constant attacks. And when the Sultan himself withdrew with part of his army, leaving Barlaban to continue the siege, he issued from his fastnesses, defeated the Turks, and again cleared Albania and Epirus of the enemy.

This was the last action in the deed and fame crowned

life of Scanderbeg. He died at Alessio in 1467, in the sixty-fifth year of his age, at the very time when Sultan Mahomet was preparing for the renewed invasion of the country. He left only one son, John Castriota, who possessed neither the genius nor energy of his father, and who ended his days in Italy after his country had been subdued by the infidels.

In his essay on Heroic Virtue, Sir William Temple ranks Scanderbeg among the seven chiefs* who deserved without wearing a crown; and there is much in the life of the Albanian Prince to merit the flattering opinion. But in the obscure monkish records of the period, Scanderbeg is unfortunately presented to us only as a successful soldier, performing actions that the religious zeal of the writers, admiration of the Christian champion, and hatred of the infidels, too often induced them to exaggerate even to extravagance. How a prince, reared in the Mohammedan faith, and who, till nearly his fortieth year, had fought under the standard of the Crescent, and was almost a stranger in his native land, immediately acquired on his escape from the Turks so much influence over the wild mountain tribes of Albania, and over their turbulent and ambitious chieftains, we are not shown.

As little do our informants tell us by what skill, what high persuasive power and genius as a statesman, he was enabled to unite and sway the elements of discord natural to the country and state of society at the period, and bring armies into the field capable of contending against the most formidable military power of the age. Whence were the means derived? how were the actions performed? and what was the system of tactics so successfully followed? are points on which we are left in total ignorance. The broad outline of facts, the many victories achieved, the

* They are Belisarius; Narses; Gonsalvo of Cordova; William I., Prince of Orange; Alexander, Duke of Parma; John Hunyades; and George Castriota.

long defence of his native land against the infidels, stands fast. We know that the skill and gallantry of a soldier, the genius of a statesman, were requisite to the performance of these noble deeds; but we do not see the head and hand engaged in the mighty work. History may be satisfied with the general results; but for biography, the materials are scanty, and almost wanting.

Handsome in person, and endowed with extraordinary strength and good fortune, Scanderbeg appears before us as the most perfect soldier of his age. Unmatched in single combat, having, as we are told, slain no less than 3000 Turks with his own hand, he was as fertile in resources as he was daring, and as generous as stern and unforgiving when the cause of discipline required severity. As a hostage in early life, he gained the admiration of his very enemies; and when he escaped, it was not to conceal himself, but to conquer a kingdom, the inheritance of his fathers. At the head of the Albanians, he was for twenty-four years the terror of the Osmanli, and the support of Christian Greece. The shortlived freedom of Albania vanished at his death, and the fatherland of Pyrrhus and Alexander has ever since remained a land of bondage.

III.

THE CHEVALIER BAYARD.

THERE is hardly a name in history that has so gallant a sound as that of Bayard. In England it is familiar to us almost from infancy; but with the noble deeds and chivalrous bearing which rendered it illustrious, which obtained for a gentleman of humble rank, who filled no high station, and never held any command, the honoured title of "the knight without fear or reproach," we are comparatively unacquainted. We have no popular history of Bayard in our language, nor is there any work of the kind in French deserving even the slightest praise; and though our narrow limits will easily exonerate us from the presumptuous intention of wishing to fill the biographical vacuum, we shall yet, as far as our space permits, give an outline of the noble knight's career.

Pierre du Terrail de Bayard was born in 1476 at the Castle of Bayard, in the county of Dauphiné. He was descended from a noble, martial, but greatly-reduced family. His great-grandfather was killed at the battle of Poitiers, his grandfather at Agincourt, and his father so severely wounded at Guingette as to be rendered unfit for further military service. As the young Pierre was a second son, and had little to expect, he was, at the age

of fourteen, placed under the care of his maternal uncle, Bishop of Grenoble. This was perhaps a fortunate circumstance, for the churchman did not confine his nephew's education to the martial exercises that usually formed the sole pursuits of the young nobles of the period. Bayard, though he soon became an expert swordsman and distinguished horseman, also obtained an insight into polite letters. And it is more than probable that this mental cultivation, imperfect as it may have been, tended to soften the military manners of the age, and to call forth and strengthen that generosity of feeling for which he was so eminently distinguished in after years.

As the young man's slender means rendered it not advisable to send him, in the first instance, to the Court of France, the Bishop placed him as page with the Duke of Savoy, who then resided at Chambery. But this Prince having some time afterwards held a meeting at Lyons with Charles VIII. of France, the King was so much pleased with Bayard, whose gallant horsemanship attracted particular attention, and obtained for him the appellation of "Picquet," that he took him into his service, and soon afterwards placed him in the company of gendarmes, commanded by the Count de Ligny.

On a second meeting at Lyons between Charles VIII. and the Duke of Savoy, Bayard, though hardly eighteen years of age, distinguished himself in a tournament against a Burgundian knight of the name of Vaudray, famous for his prowess. As the combatants had to pass uncovered down the lists after every course, the spectators were surprised to behold so pale and slender a champion; and the ladies, pleased with the bravery he had displayed in the jousts, cheered him loudly, exclaiming, "See how thin and pale he looks, and yet he has done better than any one else."

Bayard's next station was Aix, in Picardy, where the Count de Ligny's company of gendarmes was in garrison.

Here also our young soldier displayed his skill in the lists; and at a tournament which he proclaimed in honour of the ladies he gained the principal prizes himself, but immediately bestowed them on the next successful champions.

The time for jousts and games was now, however, at an end, and Charles VIII. having declared war against Naples, the Count de Ligny's chivalry accompanied the King into Italy. The conquest of the kingdom proved an easy task; the return of the army was more difficult, and at Fornovo the French had to force their way through an Italian army greatly their superior in number. The victory, however, remained with them, and here Bayard, whose bravery had been conspicuous during the battle, gained his spurs of knighthood.

The period of repose that followed on the return of the troops to France was not of long duration; and though Charles VIII. died when preparing for a second expedition against Naples, which had revolted in favour of King Ferdinand, the monarch's death proved no sign of truce. His successor, Louis XII., had claims to the Duchy of Milan, and in 1499 already crossed the Alps to assert them by force of arms. The first conquest of Lombardy was as easily effected as that of Naples had been; but in both cases the ultimate result proved equally disastrous to France.

A rapid change from the stern work to gaiety and gallantry was one of the characteristics of the period of which we are speaking, and the French were no sooner settled in their new conquest than Bayard hastened to Carignano to pay his respects to the Princess Blanche, the widow of his first patron, the Duke of Savoy. He was received as one of the family; and though he was yet only a simple man-at-arms, his arrival was celebrated by balls, feasts, and festivals. In a tournament which he gave on the occasion, he carried away the principal prizes as usual.

But while the French were thus amusing themselves in their new conquest, Ludovico Sforza, the usurper of Milan, was preparing other work for them. He had fled into Germany, and having collected a band of Landsknechte and Reiters, together with some Burgundian men-at-arms, passed into Italy, and in the absence of Louis XII., who had returned to France, recovered a great part of the Duchy almost as rapidly as he had lost it. He was not, however, allowed to retain it long or to enjoy it long or even in peace while he held it. A party of French gendarmes, of whom Bayard was one, maintained a post about twenty miles from Milan. Urged by our young knight, who, though he held no command, already exercised great influence over his comrades, they resolved to surprise a body of three hundred Italian men-at-arms, quartered at Binasco, within two miles of the capital. The Italian commander, Bernardin Cajazzo, informed of their intention, resolved to give them the meeting. A sharp action was the consequence, in which the Italians, after bravely disputing the ground, were completely overthrown. A wild chase followed, and, carried away by his ardour, Bayard did not perceive that he was rapidly outstripping his comrades. Calling on Cajazzo to turn and fight, he still hurried forward, and actually alone of all his party entered the city with the fugitives. Finding himself surrounded by multitudes of soldiers, citizens, and even infuriated women, he was forced to surrender, and give himself up to the very commander whom he had so lately defeated.

His youth and gallant bearing induced Ludovico Sforza to liberate him without ransom—an act of very unusual generosity on the part of the usurper. After the surrender of Novara, when Ludovico fell into the hands of the Frank, Bayard repaid this courtesy by obtaining for him all the indulgence that circumstances permitted.

The boundless liberality that was a leading trait in

Bayard's character, displayed itself in a striking manner at this time. The people of Tortona and Voghera having presented the Count de Ligny, who had been detached for the purpose of punishing their revolt, with a service of silver valued three hundred marks, the latter transferred the gift to our young knight, who immediately distributed it, piece by piece, amongst his own and his chieftain's followers.

Tranquil possessor of the Duchy of Milan, the King despatched an army, under Marshal D'Aubigné, to recover the kingdom of Naples, which was now, however, to be shared with Ferdinand, King of Aragon. The conquest was achieved with little difficulty; but the division of the spoil led to an immediate rupture between the conquerors. Bayard, who was in this expedition, was, soon after the capture of Canossa, appointed commandant of Moneverino, with half a company of gendarmes. As the strength of the place secured him from all danger of surprise, he made frequent sallies into the surrounding country, and on one occasion defeated a party of Spanish men-at-arms, and captured their chief, Alonzo of Sotomajor, a relation of Gonsalvo de Cordova, the great captain.

The Spaniard paid a thousand crowns for his ransom, a sum which Bayard divided among the officers and soldiers of the garrison. But as the prisoner had endeavoured to escape before the arrival of the money, he was for some time closely confined; and, on rejoining his friends, complained of having been ungenerously treated. Bayard, deeming his honour hurt by such a report, called upon Don Alonzo to retract his words, and, on the latter refusing this satisfaction, challenged him to single combat.

The parties met accordingly, each attended by two hundred horsemen. They fought with sword and dagger, on foot, in full armour. The battle was sternly contested for some time, and seemed even to turn against Bayard, whose

strength, as he had long suffered from intermittent fever, was declining, when he dealt his adversary so severe a thrust, that the sword pierced the gorget and wounded him in the neck. Undismayed, Don Alonzo flung away his sword, drew his dagger, and closed in fierce grasp with his enemy. In the struggle both went down and rolled upon the ground, till Bayard, seeing an opportunity, placed his dagger against the aperture of the Spaniard's helmet, exclaiming, "Yield thee, Sotomajor, or thou art a dead man!" But Sotomajor was already dead; he had expired in the struggle from the wound in his neck.

Our Knight's next exploit was the capture of a Spanish detachment conveying seven thousand ducats to the army. A young officer of the name of Tardieu, who had long been on the most friendly terms with Bayard, thought proper to claim half the sum as his right, and appealed, as the latter denied the justice of the demand, to the military tribunals on the subject. The case was, without a dissenting voice, decided in Bayard's favour; and even Tardieu himself acknowledged that he had been wrong, and regretted extremely having ever advanced such claim against one from whom he had experienced so much friendship. "But the sight of the glittering coin misled me, as I well knew that half the sum would have made a man of me for ever." "In that case," said Bayard, "it is fully at your service," and immediately divided the money, giving one half to young Tardieu, and distributing the rest among the officers and soldiers of the garrison. There is a pleasure in merely recording such acts of disinterested liberality in an age of mammon-worship, and when we have all so often seen ungenerous selfishness, not only rejoicing over its hoards, but exulting even over the distresses of the generous and deserving.

Of the challenge of Berlette, and the combat of thirteen French against an equal number of Spanish knights, we shall not speak here, as we may, at a future time, perhaps,

give a better account of this passage of arms than is furnished by Bayard's biographers.

Into the details of the operations which ended in the expulsion of the French from the kingdom of Naples, we cannot enter. It is enough for our purpose to say that Bayard's conduct and gallantry were conspicuous on every occasion. After the battle of Serignola, in which the French were defeated by Gonsalvo of Cordova,* he collected the fugitives and covered the retreat of the army. At the equally unfortunate combat of the Garigliano, he defended, like Horatius Cocles, the bridge, for a time, single-handed against two hundred Spanish horsemen, and enabled his routed countrymen to withdraw with comparative safety. With part of the fugitives he threw himself into Venosa, and maintained that town to the very last, surrendering it only on the signature of the peace, and at the command of his sovereign.

Genoa having revolted against France, Bayard, though still suffering severely from his intermitting fever, was present at its reduction. And having soon afterwards been promoted to the command of a company of gendarmes, a high distinction at this period, he again accompanied Louis XII., when that sovereign, who had joined the League of Cambray, took the field against the Venetians. In the great battle of Agnadelle, fought on the 14th of May 1509, and in which the Venetians were completely defeated, he bore, as usual, a conspicuous part. This battle, which brought the Republic of St Mark to the very brink of fate, would have sealed its doom, had the allies acted with vigour; but the Emperor Maximilian was not ready in

* Gonsalvo of Cordova, surnamed the Great Captain. We should feel highly gratified if any of our historians would favour us with a good account of this distinguished soldier, who is, of course, harshly treated by Bayard's biographers. We confess we are not prepared to indicate any very trustworthy sources of information respecting him. Quintana's 'Life of Gonsalvo' is not much to our liking; Dupoucet's work, now rather scarce, is already old, and Brantwine's still worse.

time, Ferdinand of Aragon attended only to his own interest, and the Pope, Julius II., the instigator of the war, followed, it seems, the same laudable example. The Venetians thus obtained a fortunate respite, which, it must be confessed, they turned to excellent account.

After the French had retired into the Milanese, the Emperor advanced, on his side, with a large army, and aided by five hundred French men-at-arms laid siege to Padua. The place was strong, well garrisoned, and resolutely defended, and it required great toil and exertion before a breach was rendered practicable. At last a wide one was opened, and the Emperor wrote to M. De Pollise, requesting that he would make the French gendarmes dismount, and aid the German infantry in the proposed assault. This rather startled the French commander, who assembled his captains to consult on the answer that should be given. Most were ready to mount the breach; but when Bayard was questioned, he replied that though no one could well have less to lose in the world than he had, he was still a nobleman, as all the French gendarmes were—many of them indeed were men of high rank and great possessions—and he did not think it consistent with their honour to mount the breach along with the German infantry, composed of tailors, shoemakers, bakers, and men of the humblest calling. "If the Emperor," he concluded, "wishes us to attack the breach, let him dismount his German chivalry, and we shall be happy to show them the way; the infantry may then follow as they think proper."

Intimation to this effect having been sent to the Emperor, he immediately assembled the principal officers of the cavalry, and submitted the French proposal to them, and ordered them to prepare for the assault. The nobles declared, however, that their duty only called upon them to fight on horseback, and refused point-blank to dismount; and Maxmilian, indignant, "enflé de courroux et de fascherie," as the old biographer expresses it, to find his commands thus

disregarded, immediately raised the siege, and departed for Germany. "Ung grant mal y eut que les lansquenets missent le feu en tous leurs logis et par tout ou ilz passoient," continues our old historian: ample proof that the discipline of the period was at the lowest ebb, and that it was impossible to found any political or strategical calculation on the conduct of such armies.

Bayard, with the humanity which distinguished him, remonstrated strongly against the excesses, and when the Prince of Anhalt, the commander of landsknechte, told him that everything was allowed in war, declared at once the maxim to be false. "The strength of arms," he said, "should never be employed unless to establish right and equity; every war is undertaken on the plea of justice; and surely the cause of justice can never be forwarded by deeds of ruthless cruelty." The Prince admired Bayard's reply, but was little able to check the misconduct of the troops, and even in the French army our knight long stood alone in the conduct he pursued.

After the siege of Padua, we find Bayard stationed for some time at Verona with three hundred men-at-arms, and a corresponding body of infantry. From this place he made various excursions against the enemy, and was engaged in far more actions, skirmishes, and ambuscades than our limits permit us to enumerate. When Ferdinand of Aragon and the Pope, alarmed at the progress of the French, turned against their late ally, and already, in 1511, formed, with Venice and other states, what was called the Holy League, Bayard was sent with French forces to the aid of the Duke of Ferrara, whose possessions were assailed by the forces of Julius II. Though the French were victorious in many combats, they could not prevent the Pope from reducing Mirandolla, which the warlike Pontiff besieged in person.

His Holiness had, however, a narrow escape when proceeding to join his army. Bayard, informed of his move-

ments, contrived to arrive with a hundred lances, which he placed in ambush, an hour before daybreak, in the court of a deserted country-house, within two miles of St Felice, where the Pontiff had passed the night. Julius was stirring early in the morning, but had already sent forward part of his attendants before he followed in his litter. He had hardly left the gates of the castle, when it commenced snowing so heavily as greatly to retard his progress, and induce many of the party to remonstrate against the attempt to proceed. This circumstance saved him; for the French, perceiving the attendants advancing along the road, thought the Pontiff himself must be near, and sallied from their concealment. There was racing and chasing along the St Felice road—the alarm sped even faster than the French; and the Pope, leaping from his litter, fled through the snow, and lent a lusty hand in personally pulling up the drawbridge to arrest the pursuing enemy. Nor was there time for delay or ceremony, for Bayard almost reached the gate along with the flying Pontiff; and though he took a number of priests, prelates, and attendants, they could not console him, good Catholic as he was, for having so nearly missed the main object of his enterprise.

Passing over the expedition under Marshal Trivulzio and the march into Friuli, we must now speak of Bayard's brief campaign under the Duke of Nemours, Gaston de Foix, who had been appointed commander-in-chief of the army in Italy.

The Venetians had recovered the town of Brescia; but as they had not obtained possession of the castle, the Duke of Nemours hastened to attack them, before they could complete and secure their conquest. The enemy had thrown up strong works between the city and the castle, and were only dislodged from their position after a fierce and obstinate combat. The victorious French threw themselves into the town, slew the inhabitants, twenty thousand

of whom are said to have fallen, with unsparing sword, and sacked the unfortunate city in the most merciless manner. Bayard, who received a severe wound from a lance in the early part of the action, was carried fainting into one of the best houses of the ill-fated city.

The door being forced and the knight placed in a couch, in a magnificently-furnished apartment, a lady threw herself on her knees before him, saying, "This house and everything in it belongs to you; I only entreat you in return to spare the life of my husband and the honour of two virtuous daughters, whom, as a careful mother, I have endeavoured to conceal." "Compose yourself," replied Bayard: "I know not whether I shall ever recover from my wound; but rest assured that while I live no harm shall befall any of your family." He was as good as his word, and the Duke of Nemours having, in admiration of his conduct, sent him 800 crowns, he instantly divided the money between the archers who had guarded his quarters.

When the good knight was sufficiently restored to prepare for his departure, his hostess, alarmed by the grievous extortions the French officers had practised, entered his apartment, and throwing herself at his feet, tendered him a casket, which she requested him to accept as a present, not as a reward for his generosity, which was above all reward. Bayard looked at the gift, and smilingly asked what it contained. The lady, abashed, confessed that it only contained two thousand five hundred ducats, far below what he deserved at their hands; but they would endeavour, she said, to augment the sum. "No, my good lady," replied the knight, "I ask no money from you, and only solicit your friendship and that of your family. I came here as an enemy, and you have treated me with all the kindness of a friend, and contributed greatly to my recovery. And as that is enough, you must take back your ducats."

As the lady insisted, he sent for the daughters, gave each of them a thousand ducats, to augment, as he said, their dowry, and desired them to distribute the remaining five hundred among the nuns who had suffered most in the sack of the town. For himself he accepted nothing but a bracelet and a purse, which the young ladies had worked for him during his illness. If, unlike his brother-officers, Bayard left Brescia as poor as he entered it, he at least carried with him the blessings of his hosts, and the admiration of its citizens.

Bayard contributed gallantly, as usual, to the gaining of the victory of Ravenna, which the French, with the loss of their gallant leader, the Duke of Nemours, achieved over the Spanish and Italian army on the 11th of April 1512. The advantages of this sternly-contested battle soon, however, dwindled to nothing, for the Emperor and the Swiss having turned against the French, the latter were obliged to evacuate Lombardy, and abandon all their previous conquests. On their rear-guard being assailed at Pavia, our good knight was severely wounded in the shoulder, and obliged to retire for some time to Grenoble for his recovery. He was received with much kindness by his good uncle the Bishop, and with great honour by the people of Grenoble and of Dauphiné, who rejoiced in the fame their countryman had acquired. On his recovery he passed a pleasant time at Grenoble, paying visits, attending ladies, and "faisant grosse chere," as the old history expresses it. The biographers also admit that, with all his good qualities, Bayard was not exactly a saint in regard to the other sex. And the avarice of a mother having, on one occasion, placed a young person of great beauty in his power, he behaved to her with even greater generosity than that for which Scipio has been so highly lauded. The young girl having thrown herself at his feet, and implored him to spare her, as her poverty only prevented her from being married to a man to whom she was greatly attached, the good

knight not only sent her back, but presented her with a sum sufficient for her dowry.

In the times of which we are speaking, wars succeeded each other with fearful rapidity; and Bayard was hardly recovered from his wound, when he was sent to join the army which, under the Count of Angoulême, afterwards Francis I., attempted to recover the kingdom of Navarre for the unfortunate Jean d'Albert, who had been dispossessed of it by Ferdinand of Aragon. The expedition proved a very disastrous one, and the invasion of Picardy by Henry VIII. of England and the Emperor Maximilian, soon afterwards forced the French King to march all his troops to the point assailed.

Bayard was present at the battle of Guingette, fought 17th of August 1513, and was captured in striving to arrest the fugitives, who were using their spurs so keenly as to obtain for the battle the name of "The battle of the spurs." Observing, when escape was hopeless, a hostile knight, who, fancying the battle ended, had taken off his helmet, and was resting beneath a tree, he instantly rushed upon, and called upon him to surrender as he valued his life. The other, astonished at this unexpected turn of fortune, complied accordingly, asking the name of his captor. "I am Captain Bayard," replied the latter, "who now surrender myself a prisoner to my prisoner," giving up his sword at the same time. Bayard was courteously received by the Emperor, as well as by our bluff Harry; and when it became a question which of the knights was the prisoner of the other, the monarchs decided that they were both free. Henry VIII. made, it seems, some ineffectual attempt to gain Bayard for his own service, hearing that he was ill-rewarded by his own sovereign. And it must seem strange indeed, that a soldier so highly admired as Bayard was at this time should never have risen to rank, or obtained any distinguished appointment in his own country; for though he commanded a company of a hundred lances

—a very honourable command—he did not receive the salary of the appointment, which went to the Duke of Lorraine; he was only, in fact, what we would now call lieutenant-colonel.

Louis XII. dying in 1515, was succeeded on the throne of France by the fiery and ambitious Francis I., the "King of the Gentlemen,"—"Roi des Gentiltz-hommes," as many old French writers term him. His first, and, as the result proved, fatal thought, was the recovery of the Duchy of Milan; and having assembled an army of 40,000 men, he crossed the Alps. Bayard led the van, and commenced the campaign with success, for he not only defeated a body of troops who guarded the passes, but surprised Villa Franca, and captured Prosper Colonna, the enemy's general.

In the great battle of Marignano, which followed on the 14th of September 1515, our knight had a very narrow escape. The head-stall of his bridle giving way, or being cut through, deprived him, in the heat of the *mêlée*, of the control of his horse, and the animal finding itself at liberty dashed right through a body of Swiss, and was rushing headlong in upon another, on whose lances the rider would have found his certain death, when arrested by the festoons of intervening vines. Bayard availed himself of the respite, sprang from the saddle, and, throwing away his helmet, crept, as the night was closing, on all fours, through the vines, till the watch-cry, "France, France!" told him that he was again in the midst of friends.

On the renewal of the battle in the morning, Bayard was one who, along with the Constable of Bourbon, hewed most deeply into the phalanx of Swiss pikes, and contributed most essentially to the success of the battle. Such, indeed, had been his conduct, and the estimation in which he was held at this time, that Francis I. insisted on receiving the honour of knighthood at his hands. Bayard hesitated at first, saying that "a king of France was, as such, the

first knight in the world;" but on Francis insisting, the ceremony was performed as he wished it.

Bayard had been *named* Governor of Dauphiné by Louis XII., but had never been invested with the authority, nor had he received the salary of the appointment. On the accession of Francis I., both were, however, granted to him; and after the Italian campaign, he remained some time in his native province, conducting its administration to the universal satisfaction of the people. His generosity, kindness, urbane and friendly manner, gained him the love of all ranks; and the castle of his fathers continued in ruins long after he had raised numerous edifices for the benefit of the poor. On the breaking out of the war between Charles V. and Francis I., Bayard was sent to defend Mezières, and succeeded, by his judicious conduct, in forcing the imperial army to raise the siege of this ill-fortified town. At the end of the campaign he again returned to his government.

It seems that Bayard was at this time on very friendly and intimate terms with the Constable of Bourbon, and used his best efforts to reconcile him with the many enemies the intrigues of the Queen-mother had excited against him. Unfortunately for France these efforts, though they allayed the storm for a time, were not ultimately successful. Bourbon, driven to revolt, fled in 1553, and joined the Emperor, who immediately appointed him to the command of the army of Italy. The French, who had again lost Milan, were under the orders of Admiral Bonnivet, to whose aid the King despatched Bayard with his company of gendarmes. But the conduct and gallantry of the subordinate could not atone for the errors of the chief. The French were defeated on all points. Hard pressed at the passage of the Sesia, on the retreat from Biagrasso, Bonnivet was severely wounded, and, being obliged to leave the field, resigned the command to Bayard. At the head of his men-at-arms, the Knight kept off the enemy

for some time, but on approaching the bridge he was struck by a musket-ball, which entered his side and fractured his back. "Have mercy on me, Jesus," he exclaimed, and sank on his saddle-bow. The attendants lifted him from his horse, and placed him under a tree, his face, as he desired, turned towards the enemy, and the hilt of his sword placed as a cross before him. Some Swiss soldiers offered to carry him on their lances, but he declined, saying that his hour was come, and that he wished to pass it tranquilly and in prayer. The enemy, instead of rushing on their prey as usual, formed, when they heard who the dying man was, a silent and respectful circle around him. When the Constable of Bourbon came up, he expressed deep grief to see his former friend in so afflicting a situation. "Grieve not for me," said Bayard, "I die in the discharge of my duty; grieve rather for yourself, who carry arms against your King and country." The Marquess of Pescara caused a tent to be raised over him, and had him placed on a bed, and a priest arriving soothed the last hours of the generous and the brave. Bayard died in the forty-eighth year of his age. "France little knows," said Bourbon, when the demise was announced to him, "how great is the loss she sustains this day." The Marquess of Pescara ordered the body to be embalmed, and given up to the French. The remains of the gallant soldier were treated with the utmost respect wherever they passed on their way to Grenoble, where they were interred in the Franciscan Church. No monument marks the tomb of Bayard, nor is it needed: he whose virtues so justly obtained him the title of the Knight without fear or reproach, requires no column trophied for triumphal show.

Bayard was tall of person, but sparely formed. He had a fair complexion, with fresh colour, and dark, animated eyes.* He was of a very cheerful disposition, always even-

* There is a portrait of Bayard in the Gallery of the Palais Royal.

tempered, and on the most serious occasions his remarks were generally accompanied by some lively sally. His own opinion almost always prevailed, though he was never known to browbeat others, or despise their opinion.

Bayard left no fortune; wealth had never been his object. The value of the property left at his death did not exceed 400 francs a-year—a rare instance of disinterestedness for one who had been for nine years governor of a large and rich province, and had at different times received such large sums in ransom of prisoners.

Like his contemporary, the German hero Fronsperger, and many other eminent soldiers, down to Charles XII., Bayard had a great detestation of firearms, as if, according to one of his biographers, he had entertained a presentiment that he was to fall by their force. "It was a shame," he often said, "that a brave man should be exposed to die by a miserable pop-gun, against the effect of which he cannot defend himself."

IV.

THE CONSTABLE OF BOURBON, AND THE SACKING OF ROME.

"Calla, Calla, Julio César, Hannibal y Scipion,
Viva la fama de Bourbon!"
Old Spanish song in honour of the Constable of Bourbon.

IT is stated in the seventh volume of Lockhart's 'Life of Scott,' that the mighty minstrel took a deep interest in the fortunes of the Constable of Bourbon, and intended to make him the hero of a new tale; and, as everybody will naturally read Lockhart's work, questions about the "renowned rebel" may be more frequently asked than satisfactorily answered. We, therefore, fling you a picture of his life, and of the scene that followed on his death, exactly as it flashed upon our mind after inspecting, along with some Roman gentlemen, the spot where the assault on Rome was given, and where the luckless leader fell. We write to the tune of the war-song composed by his followers, for there is no history of him in English; and of the French histories, one is good for nothing, and the other a mere fable:

"Sonnez, sonnez, trompettes!
Sonnez-vous à l'assaut!"

It was on the 25th January 1515 that the gay, gallant,

and chivalrous Francis I., then in the twenty-first year of his age, ascended the throne of France. He became almost immediately the idol of his subjects, for he presented in his own person a singular combination of their virtues and their failings. The young and generous monarch showered honours and distinction around with a liberal hand: and the first act of his reign was to make Antoine Duprat President of the Parliament of Paris, and to bestow on Charles of Bourbon the Sword of Constable of France, the highest distinction which could be conferred upon a subject. Both appointments were made at the instigation of the Duchess of Angoulême, the King's mother, who, to the last, exercised the most boundless influence over him. Duprat was distinguished for great talents and legal knowledge, and had rendered himself acceptable by his mean subserviency. Bourbon, on the other hand, was supposed to owe his elevation to the favourable impression which his figure, fame, and accomplishments had made on the heart of the Princess—a surmise too fatally confirmed by subsequent events.

Charles of Montpensier, Duke of Bourbon, the hero of this sketch, was the son of Gilbert of Montpensier and Claire of Gonzaga. He was born in 1489, and consequently twenty-six years of age when raised to the dignity of Constable. In person he was extremely handsome; his features were fine, and he had a grave and reserved look and manner that well became his high rank and station. His first appearance in the field already gave promise of the future hero. On every occasion he was the foremost and most distinguished; and the victory of Agnadelle was principally ascribed to his conduct and gallantry. Such brilliant merit was not, however, acceptable to Louis XII. That monarch wished to bring his nephew, Gaston de Foix, into notice, so that Bourbon was for some years kept in the background. After the death of Gaston, Bourbon reappeared with redoubled lustre on the scene, and was the

most accomplished cavalier at the French Court when Francis ascended the throne. But though a Prince of the Blood, and closely allied to the royal family, he was without fortune, till the widowed Duchess of Bourbon gave him the hand of her only daughter, the wealthiest heiress in France, who not only brought him a number of splendid domains in dowry, but the whole Duchy of Bourbon also. The lady herself was, however, very plain; and Jacobo Bonaparte, who, it must be added, shows himself extremely hostile to the Constable, tells us that she was of swarthy complexion, deformed, and short of stature. *Era piccola nera gobba.* The Duke, by all accounts, proved, nevertheless, a good, faithful, and attentive husband.

Francis I. had inherited from the Viscontis well-grounded claims to the Duchy of Milan, over which the house of Sforza then held sway; and it was easy to foresee that a young, ardent, and high-hearted King would soon reclaim his brilliant coronet, sword in hand. These anticipations were speedily realised. A formidable army was assembled for the invasion of Italy. It consisted, according to the best accounts, of 14,000 cavalry; 8000 French infantry, under Peter Navarro; 22,000 Germah landsknechte, commanded by Charles, Duke of Gueldres, and his nephew, the Duke of Guise; to which must be added 6000 men of the celebrated Black Bands, also German infantry, and so called from the colour of their flags and banners. So numerous, gallant, and well-appointed a host had never—the unconquered archers of England uncounted—appeared in the fields of European war since the time of the Roman legions. It was divided, according to the fashion of the period, into three distinct bodies,—vanguard, main battle, and rearguard. The Constable of Bourbon, by right of his office, commanded the first; the King in person, attended by the Dukes of Lorraine and Vendome, Count St Paul, Marshal Lautrec, the fiery Chabannes, the soul of honour,

Bayard, together with the flower of the French nobility, led on the second; the Duke of Alençon was at the head of the third.

Francis himself remained at Lyons till the vanguard should open a passage across the Alps. This proved more difficult than had at first been expected, for the only two roads which lead over these mountains, from Dauphiné, meet in the passes of Susa, where a Swiss army, in the pay of the Pope and the Milanese, had already taken post. To force a passage was found to be impracticable, and vain regrets were loudly expressed that the important point had not been secured in time. But fortune smiled, though foresight had been wanting; and, as so often happens in war, enterprise atoned for the errors which strategy had committed.

A Piedmontese peasant, hearing of the dilemma in which the French army were placed, offered to lead them, unperceived of the enemy, by a secret path across the mountain. Princes, nobles, and men of high degree, refused to listen to the idle tale, for a humble and unknown individual was as little attended to then as he would be now; and it was only after the Count of Morette, who chanced to know something of the informant, had inspected the road, that Peter Navarro, the most distinguished engineer of the period, was sent to reconnoitre it. His report described the road as extremely difficult, but practicable.

This was enough for Bourbon. The army was instantly put in motion. A few troops were left to occupy the attention of the Swiss, while the rest forded the Durance, and proceeded by Guillestro towards the passes of the Alps. Three thousand peasants, provided with tools for clearing the road, opened the march; and needful, indeed, was their aid, as the obstacles which had to be overcome in those barren regions were of the most formidable nature. In some places, chasms had to be filled up with fascines and trunks of trees; in others, bridges had to be thrown over the ravines. Immense fragments of rock had to be

removed from the paths; and where the cattle could not bring the guns along, officers and soldiers laid hands to the work. All ranks were animated by the same noble zeal. Men of the highest station were seen, shovel and pickaxe in hand, setting an example to their followers. The spirit of Bourbon communicated itself to the humblest soldier; and the very mountains seemed to sink before the skill of Navarro. Unremitting exertions were indeed called for to overcome the obstacles that augmented as the march proceeded. The ardent rays of the autumnal sun melted the snow on the higher peaks of the mountains, and waterspouts and avalanches descended from every rock. The narrow paths, often winding along the edges of fearful precipices, were rendered slippery and doubly dangerous when torrents threatened from above and roared in the gulfs below. In such spots a single false step was often certain death; and numbers of cattle perished, and many a gallant soldier found an early grave amidst the fissures of these dreary rocks. The shouting of men, the neighing of steeds, and the falling of cataracts, re-echoed with shuddering effect through the magnificent and gloomy wilderness, and the whole march called forcibly to mind the daring enterprise of Hannibal and his Carthaginians.

It was not till after eight days of severe toil and fatigue that the French army descended, through the passes of Barcelonetta, Sparviera, and Coni, into the bright and fertile plains of Saluzzo. The Swiss had rendered themselves so obnoxious in the country, that not a single person was found to warn them of the hostile march. A detachment of Roman troops were treated even worse. Gaspar Colonna had arrived at Villa Franca with a party of cavalry intended to reinforce the Swiss, and boasted loudly that he would take the French army like a flock of young pigeons in a cage, "come gli pippione nella gabbia." His fate was deserving of such idle confidence. Some Piedmontese peasants informed the French of the vicinity and unpre-

pared situation of the Papal troops; and the leaders decided at once to take advantage of the circumstance. Chabannes, Aubry, Bayard, Imbrecourt, and Montmorency instantly sounded to horse. Following a trusty guide, they crossed Mount Epervier, forded the Po, and arrived at high noon before Villa Franca. The Italian soldiers were so completely surprised that they had not even time to close the gates. While they were making the attempt, two French gentlemen dashed forward, lance in rest, to oppose them. The first, the Sieur of Hallencourt, rushed so fiercely against the gate, that he was thrown into the ditch of the works; the second, the Sieur de Beauvais, thrust his lance in between the folding gates, and thus gave his comrades time to hurry to his assistance. The guard was soon overpowered. The assailants burst into the town; and, surrounding the house in which Colonna was quartered, captured the unhappy leader in sight of the smoking dinner before which he had just taken a most agreeable post.

The wide and smiling plains of Italy were now open to the invaders. The country had then attained the highest degree of prosperity which it has ever reached since the fall of the Roman Empire. It was enriched by commerce, as well as by the piety of millions; and, in the fine arts, it had surpassed all the nations of the earth. The Italians still term this brilliant period the *sciente, par excellence.* But though the fine arts flourished in full luxuriance, the fatal art of war—to nations the first of all arts, and the only one under the protection of which the others can continue to prosper—was uncongenial to the Italian character; and the country was as far as ever from attaining the great object which Julius II. had so particularly proposed to himself—"di cacciare i barbari d'Italia."

Naples and Sicily were in possession of Spain; Genoa had placed itself under the dominion of France; the Germans occupied part of the Venetian territory; and the Emperor still claimed over the states of Lombardy a feudal

superiority, which he failed not to exercise whenever he was sufficiently powerful himself, or rendered so by the divisions of his vassals. Venice, though weakened by its brave resistance to the League of Cambray, remained independent within the lagoons; while the Roman state owed its safety far more to the jealousy of the different invaders of the peninsula than to its actual strength, or to the spiritual power of its sovereign. A country so situated opened a splendid career to a young aspiring king, entering it at the head of a brave, numerous, and fame-breathing army. And historians have yet to decide whether the courage of opposing hosts, the skill of conclaves and politicians, or the rancorous malice engendered by unrequited love in the heart of a worthless woman, caused the ultimate failure of the brilliant prospects so justly anticipated at the outset of the French expedition.

The Swiss, finding their position turned, hurried away to the defence of Milan, not forgetting to plunder the country on their march. But the success of the French arms, the negotiations which even Leo X. had entered into with them, also induced the mercenaries to propose terms. They offered to give up Milan on receiving a large sum of money for themselves, and the promise of an annuity of 60,000 crowns for the duke whom they were betraying. Francis agreed to the proposal, difficult as it was to raise the money; "but a king," he said in a letter to Lautrec, "is bound to save the blood of his subjects, and even of his enemies, whenever it can be effected at the expense of gold." A maxim very different from the one generally followed in the military system and policy of Britain, the main rule of which is to save gold at the expense of the blood and the bones of the soldiers.

The treaty was ratified, and the sum raised by the generous disinterestedness of the French officers, who placed not only all their money, but their plate and valuables also, at the King's disposal; and Lautrec was

despatched with an escort to convey the treasure to the Swiss headquarters. The mountainers, instigated by Mathias Schinner, Cardinal of Sion, broke the treaty, and attempted to seize the treasure by force. Failing in this piece of treachery, they proceeded to attack the unprepared French army encamped at Marignano.

The Swiss mercenaries, who acted so conspicuous a part during the wars of which we are speaking, were not, like the bands of German landsknechte, composed of individual adventurers, followers of fortune, who joined the standard of some favourite leader in the hopes of good pay, plunder, and preferment. No; the Swiss were national soldiers, raised by the cantons, free republics as they are called, and hired out by entire bands or armies as the contending parties required—hired out as cattle is hired out, or as the Hessians were hired out to the British during the American war. Some cantons sent their sons to fight for French, others for Italian and German gold: the case mattered not, so that republicans could fatten on the gold purchased with the blood of their children.

On the 13th of September, 25,000 Swiss, accompanied by a small body of Italian horse, issued from the gates of Milan, and advanced against the French. The mountaineers wore on their breasts the keys of St Peter, to show that they were the soldiers of the Pope. They were armed according to the fashion of the period, some with lances eighteen feet long, others with halberts or two-handed swords. Their firearms were comparatively few; and in artillery they were far inferior to their enemies. The Constable of Bourbon was the first to perceive the advancing foe; and sending to acquaint the King with the unexpected attack, drew up the army for battle. The German infantry were in the first line, to protect the artillery; the Gascons, under Navarro, were in the second; the Black Bands, under the King himself, formed the reserve; and the cavalry were on the flanks.

The fire of the French guns arrested not the fierce onset of the closely-formed Swiss phalanx, emboldened by so many victories; and even the valiant Germans were forced to give way before the mighty pressure. Francis, on foot, and sword in hand, brought the Black Bands to the aid of their countrymen, at the same time that Bourbon, shouting his war-cry, "St Denis for France!" came thundering on the flanks of the arrested enemy. The "giant combat," as it has been called, raged wildly along the plain. The Swiss, unable to force the French position in their front, had to maintain, on both flanks, a desperate conflict against the heavy-armed cavalry, who, under the fiery Lord-Constable, rushed into the thickest of the throng, and caused dreadful havoc among the infantry wherever the serried mass of spears left the slightest opening for attack. Night at length suspended the carnage, and both parties remained, in broken and intermixed bands, on the field, awaiting only the return of day to renew the action. The King, who had displayed the most brilliant valour in the battle, slept on a gun-carriage, within fifty yards of a Swiss battalion.

Day broke at last. Perfect stillness reigned for a time over the blood-bedewed plain. Neither party seemed at first disposed to renew the combat, as the confidence of both was, perhaps, shaken by the obstinate resistance which they had experienced. The Swiss at last, having re-formed their compact order, again advanced upon the French artillery; and the signal once given, the battle immediately became general. The fire of the French guns made great havoc in the dense masses of the advancing mountaineers, but arrested not their progress. A deadly hatred existed between the landsknechte and the mercenary Swiss; and the conflict that ensued between these exasperated foes bore full proof of the bitter animosity and professional rivalry which inspired them. But the Germans were forced to give way, the guns were captured, and the Swiss already shouted victory, when Bourbon, at the head

of the cavalry, again burst upon their flanks. The good swords and battle-axes of the men-at-arms told irresistibly wherever they could reach, and the weight of the gallant war-steeds, spurred furiously among the throng, bore many a valiant soldier to the ground; but the long lance and halbert were formidable weapons against the boldest horseman, and many a knight and noble fell before he could come within arm's-length of an adversary. Bourbon himself was unhorsed and thrown down in the midst of the enemy, and only extricated by the daring devotion of his attendants. Nothing, however, could check his ardour. No respite was given to the enemy, who began to waver. Blow followed blow; and the Swiss, driven into one mighty and confused but spear-bristling mass, were forced at last to resign the victory, after having left ten thousand of their bravest warriors on the field. The loss of the French was three thousand killed and wounded. Among the number were some of the noblest names of France. The gallant Imbrecourt was slain; the Duke of Longueville lost a brother; and the noble Constable, the hero of the day, to whom the honours of the victory were universally ascribed, saw his only brother fall by his side.

The King, having caused the wounded to be assisted and the dead to be buried, ordered a chapel to be built on the battle-ground. These cares over, he revived a practice of the olden time, and directed that all who had borne themselves right nobly in the fight should be dubbed knights, even on the field itself. He was the first to go through the ceremony, and claimed the *accolade* from Bayard, the Knight without fear or reproach. The honoured soldier hesitated to comply, and wished to decline the high distinction, saying that "a king of France was already a knight from his very station." But as the young monarch persisted in his demand, Bayard drew his sword, and waving it over his sovereign's head, exclaimed, "Then be it as if this were the sword of Roland, Oliver, Godfrey, or Baldwin! You are

the greatest prince on whom knighthood has ever been conferred; and may you never fly from battle-field!" Then, addressing his sword, "Thou," he said, "art honoured indeed in having this day given knighthood to so valiant a king. Henceforth be preserved as a sacred relic, never to be drawn again unless against Turks, Saracens, or infidels." With these words he sheathed the blade, and made two high leaps for very joy.

The victory of Marignano soon opened the gates of Milan. The citadel, a fortress of strength, attempted to resist; but, invested by Bourbon, under whom Navarro conducted the siege, it was soon forced to surrender. Maximilian Sforza was among the prisoners. He abdicated his duchy in favour of Francis, and accepted, in return, an annuity of 30,000 crowns. Unlike Boabdil, the last Moorish king of Grenada, he left his capital without regret, declaring that he was "delighted to escape from the insolent protection of the Swiss, the oppression of the Emperor, the treachery of the Spaniards, and the deceit of the Popes."

After the capture of the citadel Francis made his public entry into the town. He was clad in brilliant mail, and held a drawn sword in his hand. Five princes of the blood rode by his side; and followed by twelve hundred men-at-arms, and all the chivalry of France, he proceeded, under trumpet-sound and cymbal-clang, to the cathedral, where he returned thanks for the success of his arms. He then took possession of the ducal palace: and having received the oaths of fidelity from the newly-appointed authorities, joined cheerfully in the gaieties prepared for his reception. In less than six weeks the conquest of the country was completed; and the Italians, terrified by the success of the French arms, and as much captivated by the manners of the young King as dazzled by the glory that surrounded him, everywhere sued for peace and protection. The Pope was one of the first to submit; and Francis, having had an interview with his Holiness at Bologna, returned to France

to enjoy the honour of his victory, leaving Bourbon viceroy of Milan. This was the happiest and brightest era of their respective lives.

Bourbon governed the provinces intrusted to his charge with as much ability as he had displayed bravery in aiding to conquer them. His frank and affable manner gained him the hearts of the people; while the skill with which he foiled the attempt made by the Emperor Maximilian to recover the country became the admiration of the soldiers. The Lord-Constable had only seven thousand men under his command. The Emperor invaded Italy with a German and Swiss army nearly forty thousand strong: but Bourbon avoided to meet such superior forces in the field; he contented himself with defending the most tenable posts, harassed the enemy by skirmishes, excited dissensions between the Swiss and Germans, and obliged the Emperor to abandon the enterprise without having made the slightest impression on the French possessions.

A cloud now comes over the splendour of the scene. At the end of two years, Bourbon was recalled from the government of Milan. Whether this ill-advised measure arose from the King's augmenting jealousy of the Lord-Constable's high qualities and growing fame, or from the Duchess of Angoulême's wish to have the object of her continued attachment near her, to work on his heart, or merely to make him feel her power, is now uncertain. But whatever the cause may have been, the results were fatal enough to all parties.

The Duchess of Angoulême, whose character for gallantry was more than suspected, having again brought into her vicinity the man to whom she was so devotedly attached, did not hesitate to make some direct advances to him. However revolting to our ideas of female delicacy such a step may now appear, the court morals of the period rendered it then less improbable than it would be at present; and the fact is, perhaps, too generally attested to be

altogether doubted. The Duchess, though turned of forty, was still distinguished for personal beauty. But her charms made as little impression as her rank. She had the mortification to find herself slighted—some say ridiculed; and she proved, indeed, that "a woman scorned is pitiless as fate."

Her first step was to cause the payment of all the Constable's official salaries to be stopped. Bourbon affected not even to perceive it; and though the sum—40,000 francs a-year—was a large one for the time, he continued to live in his usual style of magnificence; and at an entertainment which he gave the King at Moulins, on the occasion of the birth of a son, the masks, balls, feasts, and tournaments were all on a scale of such unrivalled splendour, that Francis could not refrain from showing his jealousy and surprise. But notwithstanding this exterior pomp, the hand of fate was already pressing heavily upon him. His three children, weakly from their birth, died in infancy; and in April 1521, his wife, Susanna of Bourbon, followed them to their early grave. This circumstance again rekindled the fatal attachment of the Duchess of Angoulême; and hoping to possess the man she had so long loved and persecuted, she made him a regular tender of her hand; and the domineering princess, who ruled France and its King with absolute sway, experienced the deep humiliation of being rejected by the subject she had injured. Henceforth her resentment knew no bounds.

The trumpet of war had again resounded; and from the Alps, the Rhine, and the Pyrenees its brazen notes had again called the nations to arms. Charles V., Henry of England, and the restless States of Italy, were leagued against France, which was threatened on all its frontiers. The King took the field in person, and, trusting to encounter the Emperor in Flanders, directed his march towards the Low Countries. Near Valenciennes the Count of Nassau attempted, with about 20,000 men, to defend the

passage of the Scheldt, but in vain; he was driven back, and forced to give way. Bourbon recommended that the retreating army should be instantly followed and attacked; but the vindictive spirit of the Duchess of Angoulême followed him even in the fields of war. Not only was his advice rejected, but the command of the vanguard, then a post of honour, and supposed to belong to the Constable by right of his office, was taken from him and given to the Duke of Alençon. The King, having effected little against the Imperialists, returned to Paris a discontented man; the Constable returned as an insulted one, who was soon to be an injured one also. He was at this time heard to repeat the well-known answer made by a Gascon gentleman to Charles VII., who, when the king asked him whether anything could make him untrue to his allegiance, replied, "Not the offer of three kingdoms like your own, but one single insult."

Though the Duchess Susanna had by testament bequeathed all her property to her husband, who was, besides, as next of kin, her natural heir, the Duchess of Angoulême, aided by the legal skill of her creature, Duprat, the personal enemy of Bourbon, laid claim to all her heritage, and instituted a process for its recovery before the Parliament of Paris. The King himself, whether from habitual submission to his mother's wishes, or from his dislike to the Constable, whose high bearing displeased him, joined the unworthy confederacy, and the pleading began in full form. The Duchess of Bourbon, the Constable's mother-in-law, unable to ward off the threatened blow, died of grief, confirming by her will the testament of her daughter.

The eyes of all Europe were fixed on this singular lawsuit. On the one side were the King and his mother; on the other, a prince of the blood, distinguished for talents, valour, and for the great services he had rendered the state; and who was now, by the first step of the proceed-

ing, brought almost to the verge of destitution. The action instituted against Bourbon was so glaringly unjust, as hardly to leave even his powerful enemies much prospect of its being soon decided in their favour. The skill of the infamous Duprat knew how to remedy the difficulty. He obtained a decree of Parliament, placing all the disputed property under sequestration till the cause should be decided. Bourbon, whose liberality was boundless, and whose style of living was magnificent, thus found himself at once deprived of all his revenue. It was not difficult to foresee how such treatment would affect a man of pride and power, "whose heart could break, but could not bend."

Charles V. watched the progress of the family quarrel; and, too politic not to perceive how much might be gained by depriving France of a man like Bourbon, made immediately some indirect advances to the irritated prince. He caused him to be informed of the deep interest he took in his fate, offered him assistance, fanned his anger, and entered at last into direct negotiations with him, through the medium of Count Beauvin, an able and eloquent diplomatist. If we believe what contemporary historians relate, though avowedly on verbal authority only, Bourbon was promised the hand of the Emperor's sister, Eleanor, widowed Queen of Portugal, with whom he was to receive a dowry of 800,000 crowns, besides a yearly revenue of 20,000 more; added to which the kingdom of Arles, including the duchy of Provence, was to be restored in his person. As if this had not been enough for ordinary credulity, Charles engaged to make his sister heiress to all his dominions, and to obtain from his brother, Ferdinand, Archduke of Austria, a promise to the same effect. Whether such offers were really made to the Constable it is impossible to say; but their very extravagance ought to have convinced any person of ordinary sagacity that they were never intended to be fulfilled: and as they constitute the very foundation of the supposed treaty between Bourbon and

the enemies of France, it is not, perhaps, going too far to say that the whole conspiracy was a mere device of the infamous Duprat.

In return for the great favours he was to receive, Bourbon undertook to raise a rebellion in the provinces which belonged to him by right of his wife, an enterprise that was to be supported by two imperial armies, which were to enter Languedoc and Burgundy, while the English invaded Normandy and Picardy. The storm was intended to burst as soon as Francis, who was then preparing for a descent into Italy, should be fairly engaged beyond the Alps. Such was the plan of the great Bourbon conspiracy; it resembles, in many respects, the one ascribed to Wallenstein a century afterwards, resting entirely, like that celebrated monument of court treachery, on the assertions of interested enemies, and remaining, as yet, totally unsupported by authentic documents.

In the mean time the war had extended to Italy; the cruelty of Marshal Lautrec, and of his brother, De Foix, had driven the Italians to open revolt. The fortune of the field turned against the French; the cowardice of the Swiss mercenaries in their army caused the loss of the battle of Bicocca, which their arrogance had forced the commander to fight. Disaster followed disaster; Genoa was taken by Pescara; the Sforzas reoccupied Milan; and the French troops, pursued by the execration of a people over whom they had tyrannised in the hour of prosperity, fled from every position, till the citadel of Cremona alone remained of all their splendid conquests. It was to remedy these misfortunes that the King prepared to cross the Alps.

While the army intended for this new expedition was assembling at Lyons, dark reports of treason began to spread; rumours of great impending changes circulated all over France, and failed not, at last, to reach the royal ear. Francis intended to leave Bourbon behind in France,

as lieutenant-general of the kingdom, joined in commission with the Duchess of Angoulême—thus insuring, it would appear, discord instead of unanimity in the government during his absence. No sooner, however, had the news of disaffection reached him than he desired the Lord-Constable to join the intended expedition. Bourbon pleaded ill health, but promised to follow. This rather augmented the suspicion; and on his way to Lyons Francis paid him an unexpected visit at Moulins, where he found him in bed. "I know your griefs," said the King; "it is reported that they make you forget your duty, and that you are in negotiation with the Emperor; but I will not believe it, nor must you believe that I intend to deprive you permanently of your possessions. Remain true to your allegiance, serve me with your usual fidelity, and fear nothing as to the consequences of this unhappy process, be the result what it may." Bourbon protested his innocence; allowed that "offers had been made to him by the Emperor, which he intended," he said, "to have communicated verbally to the King, not liking to intrust such matters to a third person." Francis was satisfied with the answer, and, though advised to have the Constable arrested, contented himself with a written promise from the Duke that he would remain faithful to his duty.

From Lyons, however, the King despatched a confidential messenger, Perrot de Wartz, to Moulins, under pretence of inquiring about the Constable's health, though, in reality, to keep watch over his actions. Bourbon, not liking the presence of this suspicious person, sent him back with the assurance that he would arrive at Lyons in the course of a few days. Some time having elapsed without bringing accounts of the Constable, the King made Wartz return, to ascertain the cause of the delay. The messenger met him on the road: Bourbon was travelling in a palanquin, like an invalid, and advancing by short stages. While halting for the night at La Palise an alarm

was given that the Duke was taken seriously ill, and that his life was in danger. Next morning the messenger was sent for to his bedside, and told that he could not possibly proceed in his then enfeebled state. Wartz departed; but he was no sooner gone than Bourbon, taking advantage of the circumstances, set off for the Castle of Chantelle, a place of great strength which belonged to him, and which was well supplied with artillery and provisions. The unwelcome Wartz soon followed him; and Bourbon then declared that he would not go to Lyons, as he knew it was intended to arrest him, in consequence of the aspersions which his enemies had cast upon his character. He gave the messenger letters for the King, the Bastard of Savoy, and Marshal Chabannes; and said he would wait the arrival of the latter at Chantelle, and give him the most satisfactory explanation. On the following day he despatched his friend Thurault, bishop of Autun, with other letters to the King: one of these contained assurances of unalterable fidelity; but the second, which the church dignitary was to use according to circumstances, stipulated for the restoration of all the Duke's property, as the price of his continued allegiance.

While these strange proceedings were in progress, information reached the King, which, as we are told, placed the Constable's criminal projects altogether beyond doubt. To forward his great undertaking, he had caused adherents to be engaged in every part of France. His secretary, Lucy, who was the principal agent employed in these negotiations, had, among others, drawn two Norman nobles, Martignon and D'Argougues, into the conspiracy; and had, after swearing them to secrecy, communicated the whole plot: the part assigned to them was to facilitate the English invasion of Normandy. Urged by the pressure of conscience, these two men revealed the plot, under the veil of confession, but without mentioning the names of parties. The ecclesiastic reported the discovery to the Marquess de

Bréze, the governor of the province, who immediately informed the Court.

Orders were immediately sent to apprehend the noble penitents, who, by aid of the confessor, were easily found. The Chancellor, Duprat, took down their deposition; clear proofs of the conspiracy were thus obtained, and the details sent to the King, at the very time when Bourbon took refuge at Chantelle. "My frankness and generosity," said Francis, when he received the news, "should have pierced his heart. I spoke to him with the affection of a brother; but if the traitor will rush to his ruin, be the consequence on his own head." All these declarations of fraternal affection came in rather a questionable shape from one who had first insulted, and then aided to seize the vast domains of the supposed traitor. Steps, however, were immediately taken; the Bastard of Savoy, the brother of the Duchess of Angoulême, and Marshal Chabannes, were despatched with four companies of men-at-arms, and ordered to take Bourbon dead or alive. Within a few miles of Lyons the party met the Bishop of Autun proceeding on the message already spoken of. He was arrested and searched, and the confidential letter found upon him. The King was doubly exasperated when he discovered that the Constable offered only a conditional allegiance.

The Duke, informed of what was passing, quitted Chantelle with his whole suite, and went to Herment, a small town in Auvergne. Here he parted from his retinue, and, accompanied only by a single follower, a nobleman of the name of Pomperan, for whose servant he passed himself, proceeded in all haste towards the frontier. An officer of his household, Montagnac, of Tousannes, undertook to deceive the rest of the attendants. Disguised in the Duke's clothes, he left the town by the light of a single torch two hours before daybreak at the head of the ducal retinue, taking a direction exactly opposite to the one which Bourbon himself had followed. When the rising sun disclosed

the artifice, Tousannes informed the party of the flight of their master, and discharged them from his service.

Bourbon began early to feel the bitterness of his position. The country was already full of soldiers, who were in pursuit of him; and the fugitives were several times on the point of being recognised and taken. On passing the Rhone at a ferry, they met a party of soldiers looking for the Constable; fortunately, none of them were acquainted with his person, though they knew Pomperan, whom they addressed, without noticing his companion. On escaping from this peril, the fugitives took the direction of Grenoble; but soon left the high-road, and turned into a wood, and, after long wandering, reached the castle of a lady of quality, already advanced in years, who received them with great hospitality. Here they intended to pass the night; but at supper the hostess recollected having met Pomperan before, and knowing, perhaps, his connection with the Duke, said, "Surely you are not one of those who have joined in Bourbon's mad scheme?" "I would give half my fortune," replied the other, "to be with him at this moment." As this only evinced great attachment to the Duke, it excited no suspicion: before the end of the repast, news was brought to the hostess that the King's provost-marshal (*prévôt de l'hôtel*) was in the neighbourhood with a party of his men, searching for the Constable. Bourbon turned pale, and attempted to rise: his companion stopped him, and concealed his confusion; but, instead of remaining all night, as they had intended, they took horse immediately after supper, and, selecting the most retired paths and by-roads, reached the imperial territories in Franche-Comté, after having been exposed to the most imminent dangers, and undergoing great suffering from fatigue and privation. Here Bourbon was joined by several noblemen of his establishment, to whom he had intrusted, in separate sums, the whole of his remaining fortune, amounting to about 30,000 crowns;

and it redounds to the honour of all parties that the whole of the money was faithfully restored.

Francis easily foresaw the fatal consequences that might result from all these impolitic proceedings. He, therefore, sent a nobleman of the name of Imbant after the Constable, who, in the King's name, offered him the restoration of all his domains, and a full amnesty for himself and his adherents, if he would return to his duty and his allegiance. Bourbon, rendered suspicious by persecution, refused; on which Imbant demanded from him the sword of Constable, and the order of St Michael. "The sword of Constable," said the Duke, "was taken from me at the passage of the Scheldt, when the King gave Alençon the command of the vanguard; and as to the order of St Michael, I have left it under my pillow, at Chantelle." The drift of the latter part of the answer we pretend not exactly to understand, unless Bourbon looked upon the order of St Michael in the same light that most people look upon modern orders—as fitter decorations for night-caps than for soldiers.

From Franche-Comté, Bourbon went to Italy; and though he came only as an unprotected fugitive, bringing nothing but his name and fame along with him, the Emperor caused him to be received with honour; and left it to himself to come to Spain or to remain in Italy, with the title of lieutenant-general of the country: Bourbon accepted the latter offer.

In France, severe measures were taken to ascertain the extent of the conspiracy, and to apprehend the suspected. The Count of St Vallière, the friend and relative of Bourbon, was arrested at Lyons; seven noblemen, and two dignitaries of the Church (the Bishops of Ruy and Autun), together with a number of other persons, were also taken up. They were all, with those who had accompanied Bourbon, arraigned before the Parliament of Paris. But the trials went on slowly, and seemed to be influenced

more by the events of the war than by legal proofs. The sentence against Bourbon was not pronounced till after his death; his name was then struck out of the list of the family, and his property confiscated to the King, who bestowed it on the Duchess of Angoulême. The Chancellor, Duprat, received, for his exertions in the noble cause, the estates of Thary and Allier, the very domains which Bourbon had refused to dispose of in his favour, and which are generally conceived to have caused the breach between them.

The other prisoners were all so leniently dealt with by the Parliament as to excite the displeasure of the King, and particularly of Duprat, who strongly, though vainly, remonstrated against their lenient proceedings. Those who had accompanied Bourbon were, by contumacy, condemned to death; the others very slightly fined, or sentenced to short periods of imprisonment. St Vallière was more harshly treated: as he was supposed to be in possession of all Bourbon's secrets, he was sentenced to death, but was first to suffer torture, in order to make him confess; but as he was too ill to support the rack, the sentence was delayed. The King was highly displeased; and Duprat insisted on the fulfilment of the sentence, whatever might be the consequence. The Parliament proved itself possessed of more humanity, and ordered that the condemned should only be conducted to the rack, and shown the instruments of torture, which were not, however, to be applied. It was done; but St Vallière remained unshaken, and declared that he had nothing to reveal. He was shortly afterwards conducted to the scaffold, and had already placed his head on the block, in instant expectation of the stroke of death, when a pardon, commuting his sentence into one of perpetual imprisonment, was made known to him. His confinement was not, however, of long duration; for his daughter, the beautiful Diana of Poitiers, obtained his liberation from the King, at a price

which it may be needless to mention. Only one individual suffered: a private soldier had carried a letter, written in ciphers, the contents of which he was supposed to know, and for this offence he was drawn and quartered at Lyons. With this proceeding even the Chancellor, Duprat, was satisfied; and in a letter of the 2d of November 1523, he expresses to the Parliament his full approbation of the sentence.

Thus ended a great conspiracy; but whether it was one directed against France, its sovereign and independence, or against a brave, proud, distinguished, and wealthy prince, is a question which is far from being fully decided. As we have briefly stated the most authentic record of the transaction, we shall as briefly show in how many points it is liable to suspicion.

First, we find the King, who, without known cause, had injured and insulted Bourbon, proposing to leave him behind, as lieutenant-general of the kingdom, and joined in commission with the Duchess of Angoulême, his avowed enemy; thus insuring discord instead of peace during his absence. We then have the offers made by Charles V., so extravagant in their nature as to bear intended deception on their very front. Next come reports of a conspiracy spread all over France, and suspicions directly attached to a prince of the blood, before even a single individual had been apprehended. The King accuses Bourbon, who half confesses his crime, and the monarch is then satisfied with a written promise of continued allegiance; and at the very time when he is prosecuting the Constable on account of the property, assures him that he has no intention to deprive him of it. Then we have the farce at La Palise, where Bourbon feigns to be dying, in order to escape from Wartz, whom he could easily have carried a prisoner along with him. He retires to the stronghold at Chantelle, there, as might be expected from such pretended preparations, to set his sovereign at defiance. But no such thing;

instead of preparing for a siege, he writes two or three letters, and despatches a couple of messengers, and then goes on to Herment, from whence he flies with a single companion, and already finds soldiers everywhere in pursuit of him. This, we shall be told, was in consequence of the confession made by the two gentlemen of Normandy. Perhaps so; but even that circumstance is of a suspicious nature. The great conspiracy is revealed only by two unknown persons of humble rank, who, after their examination, are never again heard of, and who had been drawn into this mighty plot in order to facilitate the English invasion in Normandy! It is not even pretended that they had means to raise followers; they could do nothing more than welcome the English on their arrival; and for such services it was not likely that they would be intrusted with any very important secret; but as they were examined by the Chancellor Duprat, there was no fear of information being found for them.

The legal proceedings tend to throw still greater doubt on the guilt of Bourbon. Only ten men of name and note are arrested as members of a conspiracy which, we are told, extended all over France. Of these, one only, St Vallière, is sentenced to death; and though in broken health, maintains his innocence, in sight of the rack, and with his head on the block. Even a subservient Parliament, urged on by the rancorous ability of Duprat, could find no proof of guilt against the rest of the pretended conspirators. The unfortunate soldier executed at Lyons was probably a mere sacrifice offered up to Duprat's thirst for blood.

In some respects, Bourbon resembled the great Condé. That prince fled from the persecutions of Cardinal Mazarin, and joined the Spaniards against his countrymen; but he was afterwards taken into favour, and rose to the highest dignities of the State. Bourbon fled from the persecutions of Duprat and the Duchess of Angoulême,

and also joined the Spaniards. Like the former he carried rebellious arms against his sovereign; but it is not clear that, in other respects, his crime was greater. That he would have acted a far nobler part had he refrained from drawing his sword against France is certain; but there is a wide species of greatness in seeking openly to avenge the wrongs which power has inflicted on us; and no one, assuredly, ever enjoyed the tempting but bitter draught of vengeance more fully than the unhappy Duke of Bourbon.

Events soon proved how much France had lost in his single arm. Admiral Bonnivet had succeeded Marshal Lautrec in the command of the French army of Italy, and, having been strongly reinforced, had obtained some slight advantages. The arrival of Bourbon speedily turned the scale against him. Near Romagnano he was attacked when retiring across the Sesia, and completely defeated. Being wounded, he applied to Bayard, whom he had offended, to save the wreck of the army. "It is rather late now," said the Knight without fear or reproach, "but we must still do our best." He instantly threw himself against the enemy, and arrested their progress for a moment; but a shot, felt to be mortal, struck him to the ground. His attendants carried him out of the throng, and placed him under a tree. Leaning with his back against the stem, and holding the hilt of his sword before him like a cross, the noble warrior was calmly awaiting his end, when Bourbon came up. The Duke, hearing who it was, expressed deep pity for the fate of his former comrade. "It is not I who am to be pitied," said the fearless and the brave, "for I die fighting for my king and country; it is you who are to be pitied, for you are fighting against them."

Of the brilliant promises made by the Emperor to the Duke of Bourbon we hear nothing more; the former never carries one of them into effect, and the latter makes no complaint of their non-fulfilment—a strong presumptive proof against their ever having been made, for the proud

spirit of Bourbon was not likely to remain silent had he been so meanly deceived. The French having been expelled from Italy, the invasion of Provence was attempted. The Imperial army took Aix, and several places of minor note, and then laid siege to Marseilles. The place would probably have fallen, had not Spanish meanness and malignity—always ready to sacrifice the honour and interest of the country to a pitiful jealousy of foreigners—induced Pescara to withdraw his troops, and thus forced the rest of the army to follow. The loss sustained in the retreat was far greater than a bold attack would have cost.

Francis determined to follow up this success, and to recover his Italian dominions with the army assembled for the relief of Marseilles. Late as it was in the season, he crossed the Alps. The Imperialists, weakened by their late expedition, offered little resistance, and the town of Milan was taken by the French. Pavia was invested, and a corps of 12,000 men very injudiciously despatched for the conquest of Naples, then but feebly occupied. Bourbon allowed the corps to pass unnoticed, properly observing that the fate of Naples and of Italy would be decided before Pavia.

Want of ammunition prevented the French from carrying on the siege with vigour; while the numerical inferiority of the allies rendered it impossible for them to relieve the town. It was in this dilemma that the genius of Bourbon shone out in all its power and energy. Without means, money, or resources, with nothing but his fame to depend on, he determined to raise an army, and effected the daring task. Disguised as a peasant, he went to Turin, passing through the enemy's posts; and having obtained, in money and jewels, some assistance from the Duke of Savoy, who was then in the Emperor's interest, he hastened to Germany, the great recruiting mart of the age. Aided by the Archduke of Austria, he raised, in an incredibly short space of time, 12,000 men, all tried and experienced

soldiers, with whom he recrossed the Alps, and rejoined the rest of the Imperial forces, while the French were still engaged before Pavia. But need there was for his arrival, as the investment had already lasted four months.

Early on the morning of the 25th of February 1525, the Imperial army, formed in six divisions, advanced against the French position before Pavia. The first attack was made by the Spaniards, and failed completely; the assailants were driven back with great loss; and had Francis been satisfied with this result, the campaign would probably have been decided in his favour. But, carried away by his ardour, he no sooner saw the enemy fly than he sallied forth in pursuit, at the head of the cavalry. The fugitives, supported by other troops, rallied, and the combat was continued with obstinacy. Pescara had shortly before armed some Spanish infantry with the heavy matchlock that threw a two-ounce ball, and could only be fired over a stand, or fourquette. Protected from the cavalry by the inequalities of the ground, these troops occasioned great loss to the French, as no cuirass could resist their shot. Modern military historians have, with their usual knowledge of such matters, termed those heaviest of all soldiers, light infantry.

On another part of the field, Bourbon and Fronsperger overthrew the celebrated Black Bands, and all the Swiss mercenaries, and then turned their victorious troops to the aid of those who were contending against the King. Francis and the French troops fought it out right nobly; but the mercenaries being dispersed, most of the officers wounded, Alençon having fled, Bonnivet and the gallant Chabannes being killed, the whole got into confusion. The King's horse fell under him; his bravest were killed by his side; he had already been wounded, and was in danger of being slain, when Pomperan, the companion of Bourbon, rushed to his side, protected him against the throng, and implored him to surrender to Bourbon,

who was at hand. Francis replied that he would rather perish than yield to a traitor; and Pomperan continued to ward off the blows aimed at him till Lannoi, the Viceroy of Naples, came up. Kneeling down, he received the King's sword, kissed it respectfully, and immediately presented the illustrious captive with another. The Spanish soldiers, hearing who was the prisoner, instantly fell upon him, stripped him of his helmet, surcoat, spurs, and armour.

As at Marignano, the honours of the day were due to Bourbon. George Fronsperger, who commanded the German landsknechte under his orders, had divided these corps into small movable bodies, and introduced among them a system of tactics that rendered them more pliable than the troops who adhered to the unwieldy formations of the period. When the Swiss were defeated, and the Black Bands destroyed—for this was their last field—Bourbon was enabled to fall, with the victorious Germans, on the French, who were still fighting around the King, a movement that decided the fate of the battle.

How admirably Francis conducted himself on this trying occasion is well known. After recovering from the toils of the combat, he gave audience in kingly state to the principal officers of the victorious army. Bourbon and Pomperan solicited an interview, and were admitted. The King received the former as a relation, the latter as one to whom he was indebted for his life. What conversation passed has not transpired; nor is it clear that any subsequent intercourse took place between the parties, though Pomperan was afterwards taken into favour, and rewarded for his conduct. Lannoi, the Viceroy of Naples, fearing the captive King's augmenting popularity with the army, and apprehensive that he might conclude a peace with Bourbon, whose power over the minds of the soldiers was absolute, induced Francis to take the very impolitic step of applying to go to Spain, to facilitate the negotia-

ations for peace by personal communications with the Emperor. This wish was immediately complied with. Lannoi found it necessary, however, to conceal the real object of the voyage, not merely from the army at large, but even from Bourbon and Pescara; and only obtained their consent to the King's removal by pretending that it was intended, for greater security, to send him by water to Naples, while the army followed by land. The low Spanish trick succeeded completely, and it was not till the fleet had sailed from Genoa that the deception was discovered. Both Bourbon and Pescara were indignant at the manner in which they had been treated. They considered the King as much their prisoner as the Emperor's, and had good reasons for wishing to retain him in their own power. Bourbon was anxious that his claims should not be overlooked in the approaching treaty; and Pescara considered his services as not sufficiently rewarded. The King was a hostage to both.

Bourbon followed immediately to Spain, and was received by the Emperor with every mark of honour and distinction: the idle tales of his having been slighted by the grandees, and that the Marquess of Villana threatened to burn down his palace if polluted for a single night by the traitor Bourbon, are the mere devices of historians who delight in fiction. It was long the fashion in Europe to represent the Spaniards, on their own word, as a lofty and high-minded people; a better acquaintance has broken the spell, and shown us that nations, like individuals, most anxiously affect the qualities to which they have the slightest claim. But though Bourbon was received with every demonstration of honour, he soon found how little reliance was to be placed on Spanish promises. Queen Eleanor, his intended bride, was affianced to Francis, and of his pecuniary rewards no mention whatever is made. In the treaty of Madrid, the restoration of his domains was no doubt stipulated for; but as the conditions were never

fulfilled, it may be truly said that he obtained absolutely nothing till the tide of events again called him into the field.

The battle of Pavia and the captivity of Francis had rendered the Emperor so powerful, that the States of Italy began to dread him as much as they had before dreaded his rival. By the active agency of Jerome Morone, Chancellor of the Duke of Milan, a league, which was termed the holy one, from the Pope's being at its head, was formed against him. Francis joined this new confederacy as soon as he was released from captivity.

To encounter the gathering storm, Bourbon was despatched to Italy, and promised the Duchy of Milan, provided he reduced the citadel, then defended by Sforza, as a member of the Holy League, against the Imperial army. The Duke elect was received on his landing with the greatest demonstrations of joy and affection. The people, oppressed by all parties, and reduced to wretchedness by the events of the war, looked to him as a deliverer sent by Providence to save them from perishing under the accumulation of woes beneath which they were suffering. Bourbon promised everything, and used his best efforts, indeed, in favour of the people who expected so much from him; but his means were soon found unequal to meet so many evils. He easily foiled the attempts of the Duke of Urbino and the confederate army to relieve the citadel of Milan, which he reduced, and his conquest rendered him absolute master of the duchy which had been promised him as the reward of his valour. But his difficulties were of the greatest: disease, famine, and the sword, had almost depopulated his new dominions; Upper Italy, ravaged in turn by all the contending parties, could furnish no supplies; and Bourbon, at the head of a mutinous army, had to make head against all the forces of the League. The Emperor, already, it is said, jealous of the Duke, only sent promises, but no money—a line of conduct

so strictly followed since by every Spanish government, that even the patrons and leaders of the late Auxiliary Legion might have known the well-established fact. Is there, indeed, a single instance on record of *any* Spanish government having ever honourably fulfilled a pecuniary obligation? or is there any meanness to which they have not, when pressed, resorted, to avoid payment? Let Lord Palmerston and General Evans answer the question; and unless they answer it in a satisfactory manner, the next will be this: Who is responsible for the British lives lost in consequence of the habitual and well-known treachery of Spanish governments?

As Bourbon's army was only strong enough to mutiny, but not to make conquests capable of maintaining the war, he applied to his old confederate, George Fronsperger, to raise a body of German troops, and bring them into Italy, so as again to place him in a condition to carry on active operations. Fronsperger consented; and as it was easy in those times for a popular chieftain to raise an army that promised to be employed on a profitable service, he soon joined his former leader at Piacenza, who thus found himself at the head of twenty thousand men. The troops are described as the outcasts of all countries, and the followers of all creeds; adventurers acknowledging no law but the sword, having no home but the camp, possessing nothing in common but the goodly sun and air, and connected by no ties but the prospects of booty, and the fame of their leader. To supply money for the hopeful band, the churches were despoiled of their last valuables; and Bourbon allowed the celebrated Jerome Morone, the founder of the Holy League, who had been taken prisoner in attempting to inveigle Pescara into the confederacy, to ransom his forfeited life for 20,000 ducats. Thus provided, he set out on his last expedition on the 27th February 1527.

The army was not, at first, made acquainted with the

object their leader had in view; he only told them that they should enrich themselves, and they trusted to his promise. Though cold and reserved towards courtiers and men of high degree, Bourbon was friendly and affable towards the soldiers, and thus acquired a boundless influence over them. "Comrades," he said, "I am a poor knight—have not a farthing in the world; let us, therefore, try our fortunes together." On this occasion he divided among the troops everything he possessed—plate, money, and even his clothes—retaining only, besides what was indispensable, a surcoat of silver cloth. He first threatened Florence, then Bologna; passed the snow-covered Apennines, suffering great hardships and exposed to constant danger, from the mutinous disposition of the famishing and unpaid troops. The army of the League followed at a respectful distance, even when Bourbon's march on Rome could no longer be doubted.

In the city itself no one would believe that danger was approaching; and the Pope, though head of the Holy League, had only a few days before disbanded some Swiss and German soldiers, to save the expense of paying them: a measure evidently instigated by the wise spirit of economy, so constantly and eloquently advocated by numerous parties in our own country. When the object of Bourbon's march could no longer be doubted, then the alarm was as great as the previous security had been. Clement VII. sought advice from every one, and found comfort from none; but as some steps required to be taken, three thousand men, composed of the lowest rabble, were hastily collected, and placed under the command of Renzo de Ceri, a captain, by all accounts, fully worthy of such soldiers; who boasted, however, that he could defend Rome against all assailants.

Clement also assembled and harangued the citizens, telling them that it was the duty of all to take arms for the defence of the town, and of the rich to advance money for

the payment of the troops. No one replied to this speech, but one Domenico di Massimi, one of the richest of the party, who ironically, as Guicciardini says, offered to advance a hundred crowns. He paid dearly enough afterwards for his avarice and ill-placed raillery, for his daughter became the prey of the licentious soldiery, and he was obliged to ransom his own life at the expense of a great part of his fortune.

Captain Renzo having added to his motley crew all the discharged soldiers who still remained in the town, boasted so loudly of the wonders that were to be achieved, that the alarm again gave place to an affected confidence. Merchants and strangers were not allowed to leave town with their families, or to remove their valuables, for fear of causing needless apprehension. Nor was it thought necessary to break down the bridges over the Tiber, the troops being confident that they could defend the Trastevere side against all attacks.

On the evening of the 5th of May, Bourbon arrived under the walls of the Roman suburbs, situated on the right bank of the Tiber. His army was in the most deplorable condition:

"Famine long had dealt their rations,"

and nothing but an immediate victory seemed capable of saving them from destruction. It appears that in the first instance he only demanded a free passage through the town, in order to proceed to Naples. When this was refused, as he probably expected, he assembled the principal officers of the army, and recommended an immediate assault, assuring them that, though the troops were fatigued, more would be gained by taking instant advantage of the unprepared state of the enemy, who would not fail to augment his means of defence during the night, than by delaying the attack till morning, for the purpose of obtaining a few hours' rest. He evidently gave his ad-

versaries more credit than they deserved. As all the officers were anxious for delay, Bourbon yielded; but assembled the troops before dark, and addressed them in a most impressive speech, pointing out, on the one hand the evident ruin that would result from defeat and neglect of duty; on the other, the certainty of obtaining wealth, honour, ease, and possessions, by victory, which was certain provided duty was bravely done: nor did he dismiss his audience till he saw them perfectly confident of approaching success.

Rome is situated on the left bank of the Tiber. The Imperial army, unable to cross the river, was on the left bank, and only confronted the two suburbs situated on that side of the stream. These are the Vatican and Trastevere: they are about a thousand yards apart, and, as each is surrounded by its own wall, totally independent of the other, they may be looked upon as separate bridge-heads: the first covering the bridge of St Angelo; the second, those of Sixtus, Cestius, and Æmilius. As the bridge of St Angelo passes close under the guns of the fort of that name, it cannot be approached while the castle holds out, even if the suburb is taken. The other bridges have no permanent defence, after the rampart of the Trastevere is once carried. At the period of which we are speaking, the wall that now runs along the Mons Janiculus, uniting the works of the two suburbs, was not in existence, and the *Strada Longara*, which, with its adjoining streets, fills up the space between them, was little more than an open road, called the *Via sub Janiculo*. If we judge of the state of the walls from their present appearance, we should say that they were neither very high nor well flanked, and that they were fully accessible to direct attack on a great many different points.

The dawn of the memorable 6th of May already beheld the Imperial army drawn up in order of battle. Bourbon, wearing over his armour a white and silver surcoat, "to

be alike conspicuous," as he said, "to friends and foes," was seen riding along the ranks, encouraging his soldiers, and assuring them that a few hours of gallant exertion would put them in possession of wealth, palaces, castles, and estates. About eight o'clock in the morning, the leading columns of the assailants rushed forward against the works of the Vatican suburb, near the gate of St Spirito. Two parties gained the rampart, and two Imperial standards were already displayed from the wall; but the defenders rallied, drove back the enemy, slew the leaders, and captured the ensigns. The first attack had evidently failed, but a wild fire of musketry was kept up from the vineyards and rugged ground, against the defenders; the columns, instead of pressing forward to the assault, had probably, as so often happens in such cases, broken into swarms of skirmishers, not daring to push forward, and yet ashamed to fly. If the Imperialists inflicted little loss on the Romans, they were not, on their part, exposed to much danger. A thick fog had arisen from the neighbouring marshes, which prevented the combatants from very distinctly seeing each other; and the smoke from so many firearms, kept down by the thick and heavy atmosphere, augmented the darkness, so that the artillery of the works could not be pointed with any accuracy.

Bourbon, seeing how useless such a mode of proceeding was, led a compact body of troops towards the wall. While in the act of stepping on a ladder, he was struck to the ground by a musket-ball, that went right through his body. He instantly knew himself mortally wounded. "Throw a cloak over me," he said; "conceal my death, and victory is certain." With these words, the gallant spirit fled for ever.

Thus fell a man from whom nature had withheld few of the qualities that constitute real greatness. The causes that brought so highly gifted an individual to such an end, are, however, very far from being yet satisfactorily ac-

counted for. Historians ascribe it, indeed, to overwhelming pride and ambition, but they fail entirely in the proofs of their assertions. We know that Bourbon was insulted and aggrieved, his liberty was threatened, he probably thought his life in danger, and, at the moment of his flight, we find him an outlaw, ordered to be taken, "dead or alive." Of the causes that exposed him to such treatment, we can hardly say that we know anything, so that we are left to mere conjecture, which, in such circumstances, seeks to trace the grounds of unsubstantiated charges, in the evil propensities of the accusers. Bourbon was distinguished for the most brilliant qualities, and it is not in every position that they lead to fortune and success in life. Few are probably injured by the unrequited love of women; but the advantages that most readily attract the admiration of one sex are exactly those which excite the jealousy of the other, and they will as often, when not backed by power and influence, lead to the ruin as to the preferment of the possessor. A prince of the blood, closely allied to the throne, was, no doubt, in a position that, in most cases, would have rendered him independent of foreign envy, for he had only one superior whose power could influence his fate. But it was, unfortunately, the ambition of that one to shine—and supremely, of course, as kings love to shine—in the very qualities for which Bourbon was distinguished, and they stood too near each other not to appear as rivals in fame, gallantry, and martial renown. Francis wanted not good qualities; he was naturally brave, generous, and humane; but these qualities were not fixed on the firm and unshaken rock of high honour and principle, for he was, on the contrary, vain, fickle, the slave of women and of pleasure, and completely under the control of the Duchess of Angoulême. Under a different and even a worse monarch, Bourbon might have acted the noblest part: in a humbler sphere he would never, probably, have excited the love of a princess, or the hatred of a king; he

would have been the admired, or the ill used, of his own circle; but, placed where he was, the very advantages that should have opened the road to greatness, almost insured destruction. This fatal spirit of envy, to which we are, in some measure, tempted to ascribe Bourbon's fall, shows itself in all ranks and situations of life. The army and navy, unfortunately, hold out more openings to its sway than any of the other professions, and it too often happens that, in both services, distinguished qualities prove more injurious than profitable to the possessor.

It has frequently been said that Bourbon intended to follow up the capture of Rome, had he lived to achieve it, by the conquest of Naples, and thus to establish for himself a sovereignty, resting on no other foundation than the point of his sword. The enterprise was worthy of his courage, and many circumstances would have favoured the bold attempt. Bourbon had ample cause to complain of Charles V.; Naples was feebly guarded, and the so-called Imperial army was much more his own than the Emperor's; the spoils of Rome, also, would not only have furnished him with funds for his future operations, but would have augmented the confidence reposed in him by the soldiers, and strengthened that control over them so indispensable to continued success. That his former sovereign would willingly have aided the undertaking, is certain; but there are good grounds for doubting the belief of his having been already in negotiation with Francis. The shot that laid him low may have prevented the rise of a great empire; it certainly struck to the ground no ordinary victim; and, if we erase from his page the dark stain of having carried arms against his country—a stain no suffered persecutions can justify—we are bound to confess that, for generosity, courage, genius, activity, and enterprise, few men claim precedence over the unfortunate Charles of Bourbon.

To return, however, to the assault. The fall of their

great leader arrested not the ardour of the troops; officers and soldiers knew that victory alone could save them from destruction, and pressed on accordingly. "It was in vain," say the Italian writers, here followed, "that we hurled huge blocks of stone and flaming brands at the assailants; in vain that we poured boiling pitch upon them, and showered arquebuse and petronel balls from every port and rampart; fresh troops constantly replaced those who fell, and the combat was continued for an hour with unabated fury."* But near the garden of the Cardinal Ermelino, a small house is built into the wall; one of its windows served as an embrasure, and its cellar, opening into the town, has an exterior entrance, that was ill secured at the time. A Spanish detachment forced their way through this house, and appeared on the ramparts. Captain Renzo was the first to perceive them; but instead of instantly assailing them with superior numbers, and crushing them before they could gather strength, he basely fled his post, calling out, "Here are the enemy, let each man save himself the best way he can." In the words of Jacobo Bonaparte,† "Gli nemici son dentro, chi si può salvare si salvi nè luogi più securi;" words that probably suggested to another Bonaparte the well-known excuse for a later and more memorable flight.

The example of the leader was speedily followed by the soldiers; all hurried, in utter confusion, to the Castle of St Angelo. The enemy, bursting at different points over

* Benvenuto Cellini, who boasts of having shot the Duke of Bourbon, says, however, that he and his companions only discharged their arquebuses *twice*, and then made the best of their way to the Castle of St Angelo, *with some danger*, as Renzo de Ceri and Oratio Baglioni were cutting down all who attempted to abandon the ramparts. A proof, perhaps, that the defenders had some of Falstaff's discretion, and that all the blame should not be thrown on the commanders.

† The greater part of his book is taken, without acknowledgment, from 'Il Sacco di Roma, descritto in due Libri de Francesco Guicciardini.' These Bonapartes were liars from the first.

the wall, pursued the fugitives with loud shouts, slaying all whom they overtook.

The Pope, hearing what had happened, hurried through the covered gallery leading from the Vatican Palace to the Castle of St Angelo. In passing along, he saw, through the windows, the terrible scene of carnage, and wept bitterly on beholding the slaughter of his subjects and soldiers, and complained of having been betrayed by every one. On arriving in the castle, he found it totally destitute of provisions, and caused whatever could be found in the neighbouring houses to be collected and brought. The crowd of fugitives hurrying in for shelter was immense: ladies of the highest rank, clergymen, dignitaries of the Church, merchants, nobles, and persons of all ages and degrees, strove for admittance. The pressure soon became so great, that it was at last found necessary to lower the portcullis; and even this was not effected without difficulty, owing to the rust which had been allowed to gather upon it. More than 3000 persons were now crowded together within the narrow limits of the fort: all the cardinals were present, except four, who, belonging to the Ghibeline faction, thought they could remain with safety within their palaces. Cardinal Pucci, in attempting to make his way through the crowd, in order to reach the castle, was overthrown, trodden under foot, and severely wounded, and was saved only by the exertions of his servants, who tied a rope round his body, and had him introduced through a window. Cardinal Ermelino got into a basket, and was pulled up the rampart, and many persons of distinction followed in a similar manner.

As no one expected such a result, all were in proportionate dismay and confusion; merchants, priests, citizens, women, nobles, old and young, the strong and the infirm, were seen flying in every direction, seeking for some place of shelter. The city gates were found locked, and no one could escape from the town; some sought protection

in the houses of the Colonnas, some in the dwellings of foreigners established at Rome; others in the palaces of the Ghibeline cardinals; but no one thought of breaking down the bridges, and arresting the progress of the enemy, who had only obtained possession of the Vatican suburb, from whence it was impossible to pass the river, except under the very guns of the castle: there was not, in the multitude trembling within the walls, a single Horatius Cocles.

The assailants, finding their progress arrested by the Castle of St Angelo, turned their fury against the quarter of the town which they had captured, and committed excesses far exceeding those of which the Huns and the Vandals had been guilty. Time was thus lost, and the attack was suspended, owing, probably, to the fall of Bourbon, and the uncertainty that followed. Philibert, Prince of Orange, and Ferdinand of Gonzaga, who succeeded to the command, entered even into some negotiation with the Pope, through the medium of the Portuguese ambassador. It led, indeed, to nothing, being a mere piece of treachery, as the Italian writers say; forgetting, in their ignorant anger, that every minute of delay was a loss to the assailants, and might have been of inestimable value to the defenders, had not their craven fear prevented them from making a proper use of the precious hours thus gained. The Vatican suburb had been carried about nine o'clock in the morning, and it was, according to Guicciardini (Bonaparte) and manuscript statements of other eyewitnesses, which the writer of these pages has inspected, about five in the afternoon before the Trastevere was even attacked. The troops, from the outside, assailed the gate of St Pancrazio, and burst it open; while those from the Vatican advanced against a part which was left undefended. The whole army, now united, pressed on towards the bridges; and as little or no resistance was offered, they passed immediately into the town. Eight hours of

respite had been given to the Roman cravens, but their very fear kept them inactive; "and now, death was here."

The troops first directed their march towards the Castle of St Angelo, round which they placed strong guards; and then, dispersing through the streets, proceeded to complete the destruction of the Roman people. Wherever the soldiers came, they found the fathers and mothers of families on the threshold of their houses and palaces, lamenting the loss of children slain in the combat, or in anxious dread of the fate that awaited their miserable city. Dressed in the garb of mourning, they offered houses, furniture, wealth, and everything to their enemies, entreating only, with tears and lamentations, that their lives might be spared in return. But nothing could melt the hearts of the ferocious soldiery; and, as if the clarion's sound had only incited them to fury, they threw themselves upon the unhappy multitude, and, without distinction of age or sex, massacred all who came in their way. Strangers were spared as little as Romans, for the murderers fired indiscriminately at every one, from a mere thirst of blood. Exasperated by the death of their leader, released from the ties of discipline, they committed crimes that no history can parallel, though the absence of all resistance soon made them masters of the ancient and holy city, in which treasures were amassed that would have satisfied the most rapacious band of robbers.

Satiated with slaughter, the victors burst into the houses, and gave a loose to every brutal desire. The masters, chained and defenceless, had to see their treasures plundered, and their wives and daughters dishonoured before their eyes. To succour them was impossible, to weep for them was a crime. Neither noble birth, tender age, nor the supplications of beauty could move these barbarians to pity. Daughters, pale and terrified, vainly sought shelter in the arms of their trembling mothers,

whose efforts to save them added only to the rage of these relentless fiends.

It is needless to repeat here the more than demon deeds recorded by the Italian writers. Some noble matrons, rendered frantic by the frightful sights to which they were exposed, tore out their eyes with their own hands, while others took shelter in subterraneous vaults, in which they allowed themselves to perish of hunger.

Similar scenes were acted in the temples, to which so many had fled for shelter; the sanctity of the places was only a double temptation to the Lutherans, who were thus enabled to outrage at once both God and man.* Many fathers, recollecting that they were Romans, stabbed their daughters, to save them from the violence of the barbarians, and then plunged the blood-reeking daggers into their own hearts.

The convents were as little respected as the churches. It was in vain that law and religion claimed protection for these asylums of innocence; the infuriated soldiery burst into them, as famished wolves burst into the sheep-folds, and reduced the abodes of piety and seclusion to places of the most frightful licentiousness.

It might almost be said that Fate took a cruel pleasure in overwhelming Rome—the holy, the ancient mistress of the conquered world, the scene of so many triumphs—with all the calamities that can befall humanity, in order to efface, in one day, every impression derived from the many trophies of which she was so justly proud. When the soldiers were tired of outraging man, they proceeded to insult God on his own altars. With their blood-stained hands they seized the images, crosses, chalices, and precious vases: the relics of statues and saints were thrown down, while the clerical robes served to help these impious madmen in deriding the offices of religion, which they imitated in mockery, substituting blasphemy for prayer.

* We are repeating the words of Italian writers.

The victors paid as little attention to party as to country, and respected neither the foreign ambassadors nor the Ghibeline cardinals. The rich were forced to ransom their lives at an enormous expense, and dreadful tortures were invented to make them confess where their treasures were concealed. All was submitted to with fear and trembling; a Florentine, one Ansaldi Bocato, had alone the spirit to poinard the soldier who was torturing him, and then to kill himself, to escape from further suffering.

Houses that had capitulated,—and we have a curious and regularly signed capitulation before us,—and individuals who had ransomed themselves from one party of spoilers, were often attacked again by others. The soldiers frequently disputed, and fought for the captives they had taken; streets, houses, and palaces became the scenes of strife; and the bodies of foes were often added to those of friends, that in every part of the town lay unburied, and weltering in their stiffening gore, rendering day more hideous than the most hideous night.

It is pleasant, however, to state that there were exceptions to these atrocities, and that many of the soldiers treated those who fell into their hands with kindness and humanity. The Italian writers confess, with evident reluctance, and as a thing not easily accounted for, that the Germans, though Lutherans, surpassed the Spaniards and Italians in good conduct, and were far less cruel and rapacious than the good Catholics, who spared the relics of saints, indeed—when not enshrined in precious metals — but spared nothing else. The history of the Spanish people is, in part, little more than a history of their cruelties, unredeemed by any traits of real greatness.

Before closing our dark picture, we shall give a short specimen of what may possibly have been considered the mildest sort of conduct pursued on this memorable occasion. Among the followers of old George Fronsperger was a young Swabian, Meinhart Schwalinger by name, the son

of an honest armourer of Memmingen: he had, as he tells us, received some education, understood a little Latin, and could read, write, and cipher. Nature had not, however, intended him to rise in the paths of learning, for he took to fencing, shooting, riding, and to the society of merry companions, so that his father was glad to hand him over to Fronsperger, who was well pleased to secure the services of a smart and active lad, versed in the mysteries of caligraphy—an art not then so generally practised as under the reign of the present schoolmaster. Schwalinger accompanied Fronsperger in several campaigns, was present at the sacking of Rome, and, in a curious piece of autobiography,* which he has left us, gives an account of his own adventures on the occasion. We translate a few passages, preserving, as closely as possible, the style of the original. After claiming for his countrymen in general, and for Captain Nicklas Seydenmeyer in particular, the honour of having first ascended the rampart near the gate of St Spirito, he proceeds to say, "When we got into town, I came, with my companions, to a fine house, belonging to the Lady Felicia Rovera, who lived there with her married daughter. Both came out to meet us, and begged, with great lamentations, that we would spare their lives; on which we demanded money, and they gave us eight hundred crowns, and all their jewels, which we immediately divided. When the others went away, I remained at the request of the lady, who was in great dread, particularly of the Spaniards, who were behaving in a barbarous and overbearing manner. Early in the morning, my master's son, Kaspar Fronsperger, who was a colonel, came to the house with some of his followers, and remained to protect the women. Then said the lady, 'How can I repay you? But God will reward you.' And he answered, 'Your monks call me and the Lutherans heretics; but see how the Spaniards, who are of your own

* Printed in Bauer's 'Denkwürdigkeiten,' vol. i.

religion, and kiss the Pope's foot, are behaving. Hang up all your priestly hypocrites, and then we shall have peace.' But she only replied, 'Pazienza;' and he went away laughing. I remained, however, made myself comfortable, and enjoyed the good eating and drinking. There were two pretty servant girls in the house; but they would not enter into any sport, and were in great distress."

Meinhart then relates the extravagant follies and masquerades the soldiers played off, day after day, before the Castle of St Angelo, in which the Pope was still confined; and allows that the victors made free with everything on which they could lay their hands. "But, as the Lady Rovera gave me ten scudi daily, and everything that I required, I remained where I was, and made myself comfortable. I dressed in sumptuous style, suspended a gold chain round my neck, strutted up and down before the house like a man of consequence, and was called by every one Signor Capitano Meniardo; but it made no impression on the girls in the house, who continued as distant as ever."

At the end of fourteen days, Schwalinger is sent back to Germany.

"When I came to take my leave," he says, "the Lady Rovera gave me a hundred scudi and a fine ring; and her daughter gave me a gold chain and thirty zechines. I thanked them for all their kindness, knelt down, and kissed their hands, and set out upon my journey. I had a covered carriage in charge, containing letters, arms, standards, and other objects, and was escorted by six Swabian horsemen, who had enriched themselves, and were now returning to Germany. I had also made a good thing of it, and the Lord Fronsperger gave me a hundred scudi at parting, as well as money for the journey."

After some adventures on the road, the party arrive at Augsberg, where the people are not a little astonished to see "the naked Swabians, who marched out with Frons-

perger, return in such a splendid state." "When I rode into Memmingen with my servant," continues our hero, "people all looked at me, but no one recognised me, for I was dressed in the Italian fashion—wore a feathered hat, and had a gold chain round my neck. In this state I arrived at my father's house, and called out, 'Does not the famous armourer, Schwalinger, live here?' 'What with him?' said the old man, coming to the door. 'Your son desires to be remembered to you,' said I. 'Is he still alive?' asked my mother. But my sister knew me at once, exclaiming, 'Why, that is my brother himself!' Then there was great rejoicing in the house; the neighbours came, and I was obliged to relate, till late in the night, the adventures that had happened to me. Everybody was delighted with the many fine things I had brought from Italy."

The next recruiting party would be pretty sure to profit largely by the circumstance.

The capture of Rome by the Imperial army under the Constable of Bourbon was the most terrific visitation ever experienced by any city allowed to survive such a catastrophe. It was not like the fiery tempest of ordinary war, striking fiercely, indeed, but partially also, in its rapidly-passing fury: it was a pestilence that fixed itself upon the unhappy town, and left behind deep and indelible marks of its ravages. During seven months of the occupation, the wealth, and the dwellings, the wives, daughters, and possessions of the people, were the absolute and undisputed property of the overbearing victors. Violence reigned in all its terrors; for the Italian army, under the Duke of Urbino, never, to their country's shame be it said, made the slightest attempt to relieve the place.

Famine, with its attendant diseases, was already adding to the frightful evils under which the town was sinking, when an arrangement between the Emperor and the Pope relieved the city from its terrible hosts. Four thousand Romans perished in the attack, and subsequent massacres;

and, besides works of art carried away and destroyed, houses burned and furniture broken, fifteen millions of crowns, in money and jewels, were seized upon by open violence.

Independently of the population having been entirely dispersed in the sixth century, Rome has been so often sacked by barbaric armies, that historians have tired of relating the constantly-recurring tales of woe. Even in the fourteenth century, when rapidly rising into new life and strength, the city hardly contained twenty thousand souls within its walls. The great catastrophe of the sixteenth century we have shown. And yet, in the face of these melancholy facts, knowing that a thousand years of shame and sorrow have swept over the land of the mighty, we still find enthusiasts who, on the banks of the Tiber, expect to meet the descendants of the ancient Romans. Alas, alas! treble layers of earth, composed of the ashes of Huns, Goths, Vandals, Spaniards, and Germans, cover the graves of that celebrated people. Not a single drop of Roman blood now flows in Italian veins; and modern Rome claims only the name and the ruins of the fallen mistress of the world.

V.

FERDINAND ALVAREZ OF TOLEDO, DUKE OF ALBA.

FERDINAND ALVAREZ of Toledo, Duke of Alba, who acted so important a part in the most brilliant period of Spanish history, was born at Alba, in Spain, in 1508. He was the son of Garcia, Count of Toledo, and grandson of Frederick of Toledo, first Duke of Alba, head of one of the noblest and most ancient families of Spain, and claiming descent from the Imperial family of the Commeni. Having in his fourth year had the misfortune to lose his father, who was slain in an action against the Moors, on the coast of Africa, the young Ferdinand was educated under the care of his grandfather, a nobleman distinguished as well for gallantry in the field and conduct in the cabinet, as for attachment to his sovereign, as he was the only Spanish nobleman of rank who remained faithful to Ferdinand the Catholic, when, on the death of Queen Isabella, the crowd of courtiers gathered round Philip of Austria, her successor, by right of his wife, when he occupied the throne of Castile.

Our young Ferdinand was already in early boyhood allowed to look upon the rude face of war. His grandfather, having been appointed to command an army sent

against the French and the subjects of the King of Navarre, took the boy along with him, and caused him to be instructed in the exercises to which the soldiers of the period were trained. On the return of peace, the Count of Toledo, as he was then called, followed his grandfather into Castile, and was placed under the best instructors the country afforded. Of quick parts, though of impetuous temper, he seems to have made considerable progress; and though martial and gymnastic exercises were deemed the principal attainments required for a young noble of the period, and were ardently practised by the young Count, letters were not overlooked, and in his thirteenth year the future soldier had not only read Vegetius, but acquired the greater part of the book by heart.

While this education was in progress, Charles V. had assumed the government of his kingdoms, and found himself, at the age of seventeen, sovereign of Spain, Naples, Sicily, Sardinia, the Netherlands, and the Indies—dominions far exceeding any over which a Christian monarch had ever held sway. The wars also, to which his fatal rivalry with Francis I. of France gave rise, had likewise commenced; and Don Miguel, of Velasco, Constable of Castile, having in 1524 laid siege to Fontarabia, then occupied by the French, our young Count solicited permission to join the army; and as his grandfather, rendered timid by age, and by the fate of his son Don Garcia, withheld his consent, the fiery youth escaped from the castle, and repaired to the Spanish camp. He was well received by Velasco, who made his peace with the aged Duke, a service which our hero repaid by the zeal and energy which he displayed in the discharge of the various duties intrusted to him. His gallantry was conspicuous on every occasion; and the constancy with which he supported the cold, frost, and hardships the troops had to encounter during the severity of the winter siege, attracted general admiration. His manners also gained him friends;

he was courteous, cheerful, and liberal; always ready to assist soldiers and inferior officers with his purse and his interest. So favourable was the opinion already formed of him, that, on the reduction of Fontarabia, he was named governor of the fortress, though only seventeen years of age.

The death of his grandfather, by which he succeeded to the Dukedom of Alba, now, however, obliged him to resign his command, and attend to his family affairs; and in his twentieth year we already find him married to Donna Maria of Geissmar, a lady, as biographers tell us, of great beauty and merit. Though it is evident that the Duke was not, in early life at least, a very faithful husband, it is certain that he always entertained the highest regard and esteem for this lady, who, on her part, was most tenderly attached to him.

Charles V. was too good a judge of merit to neglect an officer of Alba's promising talents, and when he assumed the command of the army destined to confront Solyman the Magnificent, in Hungary, the young Duke of Alba was placed at the head of the Spanish cuirassiers, and was favourably noticed during the operations that led to the retreat of the Turkish host; an event which their enemies looked upon as a victory, so generally successful had been the Ottoman armies of the period.

The expedition which, in 1535, Charles V. undertook for the reduction of Tunis, furnished Alba with gallant opportunities for distinguishing himself. A terrific tempest, an actual hurricane, which arose in the darkness of night, during the siege of Goletta, threw the Christian camp into the utmost confusion; the Moors, not doubting what would be the situation of their enemies, endeavoured to turn it to account, sallied from the fortress, and attacked the Imperialists with great fury. Alfonso of Cueva, who commanded the first line, was forced to give way, and would have been completely routed, had not the Duke of Alba come to his

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assistance with the Spanish cavalry, and driven the assailants back to their walls.

The reduction of Goletta, captured after a vigorous resistance, did not discourage Barbarossa, the usurper of Tunis. Resolved to try the fate of a general battle, he assembled all his disposable forces, and taking post near the head of some ancient aqueducts, which gave him the command of the springs, there awaited the arrival of the Christians. Leaving their camp early in the morning, the invading host moved towards the enemy, but having a wide sandy plain to traverse, in the hottest season of the year, their suffering from heat, thirst, and dust is said to have been such as almost to have endangered their safety. Vast numbers fell down exhausted; many even perished during this scorching march. Nor were heavily laden infantry soldiers the only sufferers; horsemen, and men of high rank, and of all arms, perished beneath the flaming rays of the African sun.

The fainting host was only revived by the sight of the enemy, drawn up in one long line, and estimated by Spanish writers at a hundred thousand infantry, and twenty thousand cavalry. Conscious that victory alone could avail them in their perilous position, the Imperial army prepared with alacrity for battle, and from right to left the whole front was soon engaged in fierce and resolute combat.

The right wing of the Imperialists, composed of old Spanish bands long trained to victory, early overthrew the enemies they encountered, and carried the ruins in which they had been posted; but on the left, the aspect of affairs was darkly threatening. The Italians, little inured to the toils of war, had not recovered from the disorder into which the long and exhausting march had thrown them, when they were boldly charged home by whole swarms of Moors; unable to form and rally under so fierce an onset, they fought to disadvantage; many were overthrown, and entire battalions already betook themselves to flight, when Alba

arrived to their aid with the chivalry and men-at-arms of Spain. This timely assistance checked the pursuing enemy; and the advance of the Germans, who formed the reserve, decided the victory in favour of the Christians.

The defeat of the army led to the immediate fall of Tunis; for though it was Barbarossa's intention to defend himself to the last extremity, the revolt of twenty-five thousand Christian slaves, confined in the citadel, forced him to abandon the capital to its fate. It was sacked by the conquerors, and treated as a Mohammedan city, entered by force, was only too certain of being treated by the soldiers of the period. Among the spoils taken were the arms of Don Garcia of Toledo, the father of Alba. These the Emperor presented to the son of the unfortunate commander, who had gallantly aided to avenge his father's fall. The Duke sent them to Alba, where they were long preserved in the armoury of the family.

The repulse of Solyman, the capture of Tunis, and the release of more than twenty thousand Christian slaves, had filled Europe with admiration of the Emperor's arms. His power and glory was the theme of universal praise; and it is possible that Charles was not the last who was dazzled by the brilliant success which had attended him. He determined to follow fortune, therefore, while she seemed to smile, and as the war with France had again broken out, resolved to strike a decisive blow against the dominion of his rival; and, in 1536, invaded Provence at the head of a formidable army (the French monarch, rendered cautious by former defeat, remained on the defensive), laid waste the country, threw strong garrisons into Arles and Marseilles, and took up a well-fortified position near Lyons.

Anxious to secure a seaport on the Mediterranean, Charles laid siege to Marseilles; and Spanish writers give us, at great length, the opinion which the Duke of Alba urged against the undertaking, strongly recommending that efforts should be made to dislodge the King from his strong

position at Lyons. But the Emperor remained inflexible, till want, sickness, and the advanced season, forced him to withdraw his army and retire into Italy.

Spanish writers also claim for the Duke of Alba the honour of having induced Charles to return Francis's visit at Aigues-Mortes. The Emperor's secretary, De Cobes, and many members of the Council, were strongly opposed to his placing himself within the power of so inveterate an enemy as the King of France, who had not hesitated to break treaties to which he had solemnly sworn. The Duke of Alba combated their timid and ignoble reasons in the strongest terms, and decided the wavering Charles, who, on returning from the interview, called him "the preserver of his honour." Whatever truth there may be in the heavy charges so frequently urged against the Duke of Alba, certain it is, we always find him acting an open, direct, and manly part, often stern and severe, and proud with the proud, but always scorning meanness and mean devices.

In 1538 Alba was named Captain-General of the Spanish forces, and left in Spain to assist Prince Philip, afterwards Philip II., with his aid and counsel. Of the high authority thus acquired he availed himself to improve the discipline of the army; and it required, it seems, all his energy and force of character, supported by inflexible severity, to root out abuses which so many influential persons were interested in upholding. Even Philip and his council endeavoured at times to thwart the General's measures; and historians ascribe to the violent disputes which took place between the Duke and the Government the fortunate delay which prevented the Spanish part of the expedition from joining Charles before Algiers, and sharing in the dreadful disaster which caused its failure.

We next find our hero at the head of the army which protected Spain from invasion, and foiled the Dauphin of France, afterwards Henry II., before Perpignan.

The period of repose which followed, and which the

Duke spent in tranquil domestic retirement in the bosom of his family, was not of long duration; and when Charles repaired to Germany, where his differences with the Princes of the Smalkaldic League threatened to kindle the civil war, which ultimately ensued, the Duke of Alba was ordered to follow him. He joined the Imperial Court at Brussels, where, in addition to his other dignities, he was appointed Comptroller of the Household.

Even the slightest sketch of the Smalkaldic War, which commenced in 1546, would very far exceed our limits: all we can do is to indicate the result of a contest which brought the Protestant cause to the very verge of ruin.

The Emperor was holding a diet of the empire at Ratisbon, and was totally unprepared for defence, when suddenly assailed by the Princes of the Smalkaldic League, at the head of 80,000 men. Alba, who commanded the army under the Emperor, had not 10,000 men at hand; and though he hastened the march of troops from all quarters—from Italy, Belgium, Bohemia, and the friendly states of Germany—he still remained so far inferior to the Protestants in numbers, that it was only by a skilful Fabian system of war that he could hope to maintain his ground; and such a system the Duke pursued with great ability and extraordinary pertinacity, exposing himself to the severe animadversion of the princes and officers of high rank in the army, and having at times to combat even the opinion of Charles himself, who was, more than once, anxious to engage the enemy.

It was evident indeed that an army composed as was that of the Protestant Princes, could not hold together for any considerable time, and that a victory could alone save them from speedy disunion, and so it proved; for though zeal and ability enabled them to remain in arms longer than had been anticipated, the winter of 1546-7 obliged them to divide, and seek shelter in different parts of the empire.

No sooner were the Duke of Alba's hands free than he invaded the Duchy of Würtemberg, levied large contributions, and forced the Duke to beg the Emperor's pardon, even on his knees. Many free towns, members of the league, were also reduced, and on the return of spring the Imperial army was enabled to march against the Elector of Saxony, who now stood alone in the field. The battle of Mühlberg, so fatal to the cause of Protestant Germany, was fought on the 24th of April 1547. The Elector of Saxony occupied an advantageous position on the right bank of the Elbe, resolved to oppose the passage of the river. His troops, though still superior in numbers to the Imperialists, were inferior in quality and discipline ; and the Duke of Alba, seeing what he deemed a favourable opportunity for striking a decisive blow, urged an immediate attack of the enemy. The council of war, however, objected, and Ferdinand, King of the Romans, the Emperor's brother, taxed the Duke's proposal with destructive rashness and inconsistent with his previous caution, which had caused the loss of so many advantageous opportunities for enaging the enemy. Charles nevertheless decided in favour of the Duke's proposal, and the battle, which ended in the defeat of the Protestants and the capture of the Elector of Saxony, immediately commenced.

The details of the action, though highly interesting, would far exceed our limits ; but we cannot refrain from mentioning the gallant conduct of the Spanish soldiery, among whom was the afterwards so celebrated Gabrielo Mondragone. These brave men, seeing some boats on the hostile side of the river, threw off their clothes and armour, and, taking their swords between their teeth, swam the stream in the face of the hostile fire, boarded the boats, cut down the defenders, and brought the prizes in triumph over to their exulting comrades.

It was in returning from this expedition, the consequences of which belong to history rather than to biography,

that the Duke met with the adventure generally known as the "Duke of Alba's breakfast." The Duchess of Schwarzenberg had obtained from the Emperor a promise of protection for her subjects, and showed, in consequence, all the courtesy of the olden time to the princes and officers who chanced to visit her Castle of Rudolstadt. One of these was the Duke of Alba, who, on the march, was invited to breakfast with her Grace, and treated with all the distinction due to his rank and station. While the party were at table it was whispered to the Countess that Spanish soldiers were plundering the adjoining villages, and driving away the cattle belonging to her peasants. Taking no notice of the intelligence, she left the apartment, ordered the gates to be locked, and her servants to take away; and when all was ready, rejoined the party, and, explaining what had happened, ordered that not one of the guests should leave the castle till restitution was made and satisfaction granted. The party, though a little discomposed at first, endeavoured to turn the matter into a jest, and to convince the Countess that such trifling disorders could not always be avoided in time of war. But the lady was as resolute as wrothful. "The Emperor's order," she explained, "shall not be disregarded; my poor subjects shall not be plundered with impunity; and the blood of princes shall, if necessary, pay for the blood of oxen." As the lady was totally indifferent to the danger she incurred by such bold conduct, there was nothing but to submit. The cattle and plundered effects were restored or made good; and peace being thus restored, the guests took a courteous leave of the "Heroic Countess," as she is termed by German writers, who mention this adventure.

Charles V., wishing to present his son Philip to the various nations he was destined to govern, sent the Duke of Alba to accompany the Prince on his journey. But the elegant manners and pleasing conversation of the Duke could not redeem the unfavourable impression which

Philip made in the different countries which he visited, and the travellers soon returned to Spain without having attained any of the objects for which the Emperor had ordered the journey to be undertaken. The Duke remained in Spain to assist Philip with his counsels; but it does not appear that he enjoyed much of the Prince's confidence, who, proud, overbearing, and jealous of power, could ill brook the high and independent bearing of the Duke of Alba. The consequence was that the latter lived at this time half in disgrace on his estates.

Great events, however, brought him again to the field. Maurice, Elector of Saxony, had turned unexpectedly against the Emperor, and had advanced so suddenly to Innspruck, where the Imperial Court then was, that Charles had barely time to make his escape in the middle of the night, and to fly to Villach. Even during the Smalkaldic campaign Alba had warned the Emperor against Maurice, declaring that little reliance could be placed on a prince who fought to destroy the very religion which he professed. But the warning had been disregarded, and the Duke was now called upon to aid in repairing the severe blow which the crafty Saxon had struck at the fame of his Imperial benefactor. In Spain the Duke raised troops, and assembled ships with all expedition; and as Philip furnished but scanty funds, the Duke pledged his jewels and plate, sold several estates, mortgaged others, and thus provided sailed with an army of 10,000 men under his command. He landed at Genoa, and forming a march, soon joined the Emperor at Villach. Charles received him in the most affectionate manner, and, turning to the peers and princes who surrounded him, "You have," he said, "been the faithful companions of my flight; had the Duke of Alba been with us he would have been the companion of my victory." But the star of Charles was on the wane, and victory was not again to shine on his long-triumphant standard.

Henry II., who had succeeded his father, Francis I., on the throne of France, had espoused the cause of Maurice; and, availing himself of the Emperor's difficulties, had invaded Lorraine, taken Toul and Verdun, and seized the free imperial city of Metz by treachery. These insults called for vengeance; and the treaty of Passau, concluded with the Protestants, no sooner gave the Emperor free hands than he assembled his forces, and laid siege to Metz with an army of 70,000 men. It is due to the Duke of Alba, who commanded under Charles, to say that he strongly remonstrated against undertaking the reduction of so large and well-garrisoned a city at so late a period of the year. But the Emperor, suffering severely from gout, rendered petulant by illness and late disasters, would listen to no objection. The siege commenced accordingly on the 18th of October 1552, and was pressed with great vigour till the 1st of January following, when, owing to the heavy losses the army had experienced from cold, famine, and the gallant resistance of the enemy, it was finally raised, having, it is said, cost the assailants nearly thirty thousand men. This was the only important enterprise in which the Duke of Alba was ever foiled; nor can even this failure be laid to his charge, as the attack of Metz was resolved upon contrary to his decided advice and opinion.

On the termination of the Metz campaign the Duke was sent to Spain, and was one of the nobles who, in 1554, accompanied Philip, now created King of the Two Sicilies, when that Prince repaired to England to espouse Queen Mary of unhappy memory. Hostile as the English were to the Spanish Prince and connection, they yet, we are told, received the Duke of Alba with the marked distinction due to a man who had performed so many brilliant actions. If it really was so, the Duke did not, as we shall see, show himself over-grateful for such generous treatment.

The Duke was still in England when the success of the

French arms in Piedmont caused him to be appointed Viceroy, with absolute power over all the Spanish dominions in the Italian peninsula. On his arrival at Milan he found everything in the greatest confusion. The troops, few in number, were in open mutiny for want of pay, and the enemy was threatening to attack the capital. It was only by selling the Duchess's jewels that he could raise sufficient means to pacify the soldiers, and gain time for effectual resistance. He was preparing to open the next campaign with better prospects, when the truce of Courcelle arrested military operations for the moment. The hopes of a lasting pacification were not, however, of long duration, and renewed hostilities soon called him to a different part of the country.

The chair of St Peter was at this time filled by Paul IV., a pontiff distinguished for his enmity to the Emperor and the house of Austria. His nephew, Cardinal Carlo Caraffa, his minister and principal adviser, fully shared in these sentiments, having formerly, when in the Imperial army, been slighted by Charles. Instigated by ambition and the desire of revenge, uncle and nephew induced Henry II. of France to break the truce of Courcelle, and assist the Roman and other Italian troops in expelling the Spaniards from Italy. And the renewed war called the Duke of Alba to Naples to meet the coming storm.

It was with great reluctance that Philip II., who, on the abdication of Charles V., had succeeded to all the hereditary dominions of the Crown of Spain, waged war with the Pope. Real or pretended zeal for the Catholic religion, which influenced the General as well as the Sovereign, led to this forbearance; and Alba, although he reduced the principal towns of Romagna, and could have taken Rome with facility, refused to do so. And when the Duke of Guise, one of the most distinguished soldiers of the period, arrived with the French army to the aid of the Pope, the Spanish commander was thrown on the

defensive, and forced to fall back into the Neapolitan territory.

There the superior numbers of the enemy again rendered a Fabian method of war necessary. It was followed with perfect success; the Duke of Guise, having been foiled before Civitella, was forced to retire into the Romagna, which the Spanish commander again occupied. And when the loss of the battle of St Quentin obliged Henry II. to recall his troops from Italy, the Duke of Alba again led his army towards Rome. The city might early have been taken, but Cardinal Giacomo dissuaded him from making the attempt, reminding him of the scandal which its capture by the Constable of Bourbon had formerly brought upon the Catholic world. The Pope also, seeing that he was now at the mercy of his enemies, sued for peace, which was granted on easier terms than his violent and aggressive conduct seemed perhaps to deserve. No sooner was the treaty signed than the Duke of Alba repaired to Rome, where, as a pious Catholic, he humbly kissed the feet of the Pontiff, whom, as a soldier, he had vanquished in the field. The proudest man of the age, accustomed from infancy to an intercourse with kings and princes, avowed afterwards that he was so overawed on the approach of the Pope, as completely to lose his voice and presence of mind.

Having pacified the south, the Duke of Alba, leaving his Duchess in the government of Naples, hastened with his best regiments to join Philip in the Netherlands. This Prince, the absolute ruler of so many kingdoms, was generally suspected of wanting even personal courage. He had allowed the French to recover from the disastrous defeat of St Quentin, and to resume the offensive with success. And the Duke of Guise, availing himself of the reduced state of the English garrison of Calais, attacked the place so unexpectedly, and carried on the operation with so much skill and vigour, that he forced it to sur-

render on the 6th of January 1558, after it had been 212 years in the possession of the English. This loss was deeply felt by the Queen and the nation; but what was then looked upon as a great calamity, will now probably be considered as having been a most fortunate event, which, by giving national energies a different and a better direction, tended ultimately to extend the power and enhance the glory of England.

It does not seem that any attempt was made to avenge this severe blow. Neither the efforts of Alba, nor the brilliant victory gained by Count Egmont at Gravelines, could induce him to carry on the war with energy, and he resolved to return to Spain; and finding himself at home in no other country, he terminated the contest by the peace of Chateau-Cambresis, signed on the 5th of February 1559.

The Duke of Alba was the principal commissioner who, on the part of Spain, negotiated this celebrated treaty. And instead of urging the restitution of Calais to England, which had only been drawn into the contest by the Spanish connection, he threw, it seems, his whole influence into the opposite scale. Spanish writers give his reasons for this strange line of policy at full length; but we cannot say that we find them in the least satisfactory. The Duke of Alba was a very different sort of man from the best Spanish generals of the Peninsular War; but the reasons he assigns for his conduct on this occasion are a good deal in character like those which Cuestas and La Penas might have given for their behaviour during the Talavera and Barossa campaigns.

By the treaty of Chateau-Cambresis, Henry II. bestowed his daughter the Princess Elizabeth on King Philip, just become a widower by the death of his Queen, Mary of England. The Duke of Alba had the honour of being sent to Paris to espouse, as proxy for the King, this ill-fated Princess.

We now approach the most unfortunate period of the Duke of Alba's history, and briefly sketch the events which have so greatly tended to blacken his fame in the eyes of posterity.

The Spanish Netherlands, which the orphan daughter of Charles the Bold of Burgundy had brought as a dowry to the house of Austria, consisted of various provinces, which, by marriage, conquest, or inheritance, had gradually fallen under the sway of the Dukes of Burgundy. The people were rich, industrious, and warlike—the descendants of the German and Belgic nations, who had most resolutely opposed the progress of the Roman conquerors, and who, during the long period of darkness and disorder which followed on the fall of the Roman Empire, had not only maintained their national independence, but acquired extensive privileges, which they defended with turbulent gallantry against the petty sovereigns, dukes, counts, barons, who ruled over the various states, towns, and provinces that gradually merged into the Duchy of Burgundy. As the Princes of Burgundy had no power beyond what they derived from the states of the different provinces over which they ruled, they were obliged to respect the privileges of which their subjects were so extremely jealous. When Charles V., however, succeeded to the extensive dominions of the Crown of Aragon and Castile, the case was changed; he became not only independent of his Belgian subjects, but the most powerful monarch of the period. Nor did he fail to use that power, and to a considerable extent; but he was popular in the country. He was a Fleming by birth, spoke the language of the people, was affable and easy in his manners, and was, above all, a great and victorious Emperor, the first and foremost of his time. From such a ruler, whose fame and actions reflected lustre on his subjects, a great deal might be endured; but from the dark and suspicious Philip, whose manners were cold and repulsive, who was arrogant

without dignity, no arbitrary measures would be tolerated, and he tried the most arbitrary.

The doctrines of Luther and Calvin had spread widely in the Netherlands. The people addicted to trade and navigation had frequent intercourse with the nations of the North, who had already embraced the Reformation. Many Germans, Danes, Swedes, English, and Scotch were established as merchants in several parts of Holland and Flanders, or were in the habit of visiting the country as agents or traders. Most of these persons were Protestants, and attached to their new faith "with all the zeal that young and fiery converts feel," and could not fail, therefore, to spread a faith that came recommended, not only by the charms of novelty, but by the enthusiastic ardour of its professors.

Ecclesiastical tribunals for the trial of offenders against the doctrines of the true Church had long been established in all Catholic countries. In the Netherlands Charles V. had strengthened their power when the doctrines of the Reformation began to spread; and it had required all his influence over the minds of the Flemings to cause the innovation to be received. When Philip, however, already at variance with his Belgian subjects, attempted to introduce the Spanish Inquisition, as established by Torquemada, with its secret accusations, unknown accusers, irresponsible judges, its familiars, its mental and bodily torture, the opposition became universal and decided. Remonstrances poured in from all quarters, and a general association for maintaining the privileges of the people, and commonly known by the name of the Pauper League, *Les Gueux*, was formed, and joined and supported by the most influential men of the country. These proceedings were represented as traitorous and illegal, and after negotiation had been long and vainly tried, the King resolved to send an army into the country.

The Duke of Alba, who, unfortunately for his fame, was

appointed to the command of these forces, started under the most inauspicious circumstances. Previous to his departure from Madrid, he called, by the King's order, on the Infant Don Carlos, whose fate still remains a mystery to the historical inquirer. Ostensibly his visit was one of mere ceremony, the Duke's object being only to take leave of the Prince, and receive his commands previous to his departure. But no sooner had he stated his intention of proceeding to the Netherlands, than the Infanta, drawing a dagger, rushed fiercely upon him, exclaiming, "You shall perish before you murder the people I love so well." The Duke, totally unprepared for such an attack, could only close with the Prince and seize his arm. In the scuffle both fell to the ground, and the noise brought attendants into the apartment, who separated the combatants. To have, under any circumstances, even laid hands on the Prince of Spain, was, at the time of which we are speaking, a matter of no slight danger. The Duke felt it as such, and hastened immediately to the King to explain and to justify himself. Philip listened with a calm attention, and then, without further remark or observation, simply told the Duke that he was perfectly right in what he had done; a mode of treating the matter which led to a very general belief that he had expected the meeting to terminate in a different manner. Unfortunate as Philip's reputation is, we can hardly suspect him of a worse motive than a desire to excite enmity between parties of high influence in the State—the one from high birth and station, the other from talents and eminent services.

The order and regularity of the Duke of Alba's march from Milan across the Alps into the Netherlands, forms a subject of admiration to the historians of the period; and is certainly deserving of every praise, as three men only were found guilty of theft, and sentenced to death, and of these two were pardoned, owing to previous good behaviour. Even Scott's Dugald Dalgetty speaks

in high terms of the discipline observed during this march.

The arrival of a Spanish army under the haughty and severe Duke of Alba, spread consternation through the Netherlands; and many of the principal nobility, among whom was the Prince of Orange, retired into Germany. The Duchess of Parma, also, Philip's half-sister, Governess of the country, immediately applied for her recall, when made acquainted with the Duke's instructions, which left her little more than the semblance of authority.

Alba had not been ten days at Brussels before he caused a number of the principal nobles who had signed remonstrances, or joined the Pauper League, to be arrested and arraigned of high treason, before a tribunal purposely instituted, and which soon became known by the name of the Tribunal of Blood. Count Egmont, the idol of the people, the victor of Gravelines, and it might be said of St Quentin also, was, along with Count Horn, another gallant soldier and noble of high rank, among the number. Both were arrested in the Duke's palace, where they dined as invited guests.

The Count of Nassau, brother of the Prince of Orange, availing himself of the discontent these harsh measures occasioned, and of the risings which took place in different parts of the country, invaded the Netherlands with an army which he had raised in Germany. He met at first with great success, and completely defeated Count Aremberg, the Spanish commander; but he did not follow up his victory, and the time he lost was turned to fearful account by the Duke of Alba. This active commander placed garrisons in the principal cities, ordered citadels to be raised, and prepared to march against the enemy; but already committed, before taking the field, acts of cruelty certain to tarnish the fame of the best victories it might have been in his power to achieve. On the 2d of May 1568, twenty noblemen and gentlemen, condemned by

tribunals at variance with the laws of the country, were publicly executed in the great square at Brussels. Two more followed on the 3d; and on the 4th, Counts Egmont and Horn had to lay their heads on the block. These sanguinary executions cast a deep stain on the character of the Duke of Alba, and we confess that we are not in a position to exculpate him from the general charge of cruelty. But in regard to the Counts Egmont and Horn, we are bound to say that he acted by the positive order of the King. He recommended that they should be retained in prison as hostages till the general pacification of the country. Philip, on the other hand, blamed what he called the Duke's timid measures, in harsh terms, and ordered them to be immediately executed. Spanish writers assure us that the archives of the house of Toledo contain three authentic letters written by the King to this effect.

The Princes of Nassau had not made the best use of their victory, but as their army was still in force, and expecting the co-operation of the Prince of Orange and of the French Huguenots, it became necessary to strike a decisive blow against them. Nor did the Duke tarry; marching into Friesland, he found them strongly posted at Groningen on the banks of the Ems, where he defeated and completely destroyed them. Among the advantages the Duke derived from this decisive victory, was the liberation of his eldest son, Frederick Marquess of Coria, who had been imprisoned by Philip owing to some affair of gallantry, which we are not well able to explain. The young nobleman was now sent by the King to thank the Duke for the great service he had rendered the state.

The Prince of Orange, arriving with an army after the defeat of his brother, was unable to make any impression on the Provinces, and forced to retire into France, and disband his army. The French Huguenots had no better success, and other insurgent parties having also been sup-

pressed, the Duke returned in triumph to Brussels, and, believing the enemy subdued and the country pacified, recommended that gentler and more liberal measures should be adopted towards the people. This honourable recommendation was ill-received at Madrid, where it was termed a timid policy, and where other circumstances of a timid character also told against the Duke. The most important of these was, his having caused his own statue, cast from the guns captured at Groningen, to be erected, with a rather inflated inscription, in the citadel of Antwerp.

The system of severity, of cruelty perhaps, which continued to be pursued towards the Flemings, excited great indignation in all the Protestant states, especially in Germany, the country to which the exiled Flemings generally resorted, and as Belgium was at this time looked upon as forming part of the German Empire, the Princes called upon the Emperor Maximilian to interpose between Philip and his oppressed subjects, and to insist upon the removal of the Duke of Alba. The Emperor complied; but the ever jealous and suspicious King of Spain, fancying that he discovered in this application a hidden intention to place a prince of the German line of the house of Austria in the government, and ultimately on the throne of the Netherlands, rejected the request, and continued his reign of terror. On the representation of the Duke of Alba, Philip granted, indeed, a partial amnesty for political offences, and the Pope also promised a full pardon to all the followers of the new doctrines who should return to the bosom of the true Church. These decrees were proclaimed with great pomp at Antwerp, even in presence of the Duke himself; but as no confidence was placed in the Government, these boons produced so little effect, that vigorous measures alone prevented a rising in the city on the very day after they had been proclaimed.

The Duke of Alba, finding himself, at this time, called upon to carry on a system of government requiring

greater means than the avarice of the Spanish monarch was willing to place at his disposal, applied for his recall.

The Duke of La Cerda was named as his successor, but as he was not a military man, the new troubles which broke out on his arrival furnished the Duke of Alba with an excuse for refusing to surrender the government to him: an act of disobedience not easily accounted for under so jealous a monarch as Philip II.

The resolution to retain the government of the Netherlands was not fortunate for the Duke of Alba. The fearful inundation which in 1570 overwhelmed so many flourishing towns and districts, caused him great sorrow and embarrassment; the attempt to levy the tenth, twentieth, or hundredth penny, led to fresh insurrections; and the capture of the Brille and of Flushing by the Sea Paupers, *Gueux de Mer*, as the naval insurgents were called, added to his difficulties. In other parts of the country, indeed, he again made the Spanish arms triumph; and Mons and Valenciennes, which the insurgents had taken, were again reduced.

Harlem also was forced to surrender, after a siege that must ever be memorable in history. Unfortunately the cruelties exercised must be equally memorable, even as those exercised at Malines, Zutphen, Naarden, and other places must be. But these successes led, of course, to great expense, and as the King refused to send reinforcements and supplies, declaring that with proper energy the means might be raised in the country, the Duke again requested to be recalled, and as he also suffered greatly from the gout at this time, he made ill-health an additional plea for wishing to resign. The King granted the request in flattering terms, and in 1574 the Duke of Requesens was appointed his successor. It is usual for Spanish writers to assert, that there would have been no Republic of Holland had the Duke of Alba been properly supported

and continued for another year in the government of the Provinces.

The Duke was well received on his arrival at Madrid, but was evidently not in favour; and having, on one occasion, spoken strongly at the council, against a measure proposed by Philip himself, he fell into some real, though not openly avowed disgrace. He was generally, indeed, consulted on matters of importance, but rarely came to Court unless particularly invited. When Philip, however, proceeded to Guadaloupe to meet Sebastian, King of Portugal, previous to the departure of that rash and unfortunate monarch for Africa, the Duke accompanied him, and gave the young King what was evidently the best possible advice for the conduct of the war against the Moors. But having refused to accompany him in the expedition, unless as absolute commander of the army, the haughty prince taxed what he called his presumption, in terms hardly, if we believe these statements, consistent with his own dignity, or with what was due to the rank and fame of a distinguished soldier.

It was soon after his return from this interview that the Duke of Alba and his eldest son, Frederick Marquess of Coria, were both, to the astonishment of all Europe, thrown into prison. The Marquess of Coria, who, as we have seen, had already displeased Philip by some affair of gallantry, had paid great attention to one of the Queen's ladies of honour, and had gained her affections. Report, of course, exaggerated the affair; the Queen took part with the lady, and indeed the King commanded the young nobleman to marry her. The Marquess refused, declaring that he was under no promise or engagement to the lady; but Philip insisted, and only gave him four days to reflect, and choose between a prison or a wife.

The Duke and the five senior members of his house, looking upon themselves as injured by this harsh treatment, went in a body to the palace, and, without waiting

to be formally announced, abruptly entered the King's cabinet. Philip was terrified, and, dreading violence, instantly left the apartment, and sent the intruders a note directing them immediately to leave the palace, and not to return till prepared to celebrate the Marquess's marriage.

The Duke's enemies triumphed, and thought they beheld the downfall of the lofty and aspiring house of Toledo; his friends deserted him, and the man who had commanded armies and governed kingdoms was left almost alone in the solemn grandeur of his palace. None dared to approach the subject who had fallen under the displeasure of the dark and gloomy sovereign.

At the expiration of the term fixed by the King, the Marquess of Coria was sent in arrest, not in close confinement, to the Castle of Tordesillas. Immediately after his son's departure, the Duke resigned his various offices, and solicited permission to leave the Court, and retired, on this being granted, to his town of Alba; some days afterwards, the Marquess of Coria, leaving Tordesillas in the morning, and riding post all day, joined his father there in the evening, was immediately married to Maria of Toledo, his cousin, and returned next day to his prison, certain that he could not now be forced into any other matrimonial alliance. We may not think this the most dignified mode of avoiding an objectionable marriage; but we live under the reign of Queen Victoria, and not under the dark and iron rule of Philip II.

The King was indignant at being thus braved by his haughty subjects, and immediately ordered the Marquess of Coria into close confinement, and the Duke of Alba himself to be sent a prisoner to the Castle of Uzeda. In Spain this event soon became the topic of universal conversation, and was, of course, differently commented upon by different parties. Some applauded the firmness the King had displayed in punishing disobedience even in the highest. Others blamed him, and accused him of ingratitude in

causing a general who had preserved Germany and Catalonia to Charles V., Italy to Philip himself, who had forced the Netherlands to submission, and kept the enemies of Spain in awe, to be imprisoned on account of a mere affair of gallantry.

Abroad it was said that the Duke's arrest was intended to please the Flemings, with whom the King was then negotiating a truce. But those who were better informed ascribed it simply to the jealous character of Philip, who disliked the presence of men of high rank and influence. The Duke's freedom of speech was also displeasing to him. Philip prided himself on his abilities as a politician, dreaded war, which, it was said, he had not the courage to conduct in person; this, of course, gave courtiers their tone, who always, to flatter a monarch's weakness, undervalued martial qualities, and at times spoke slightingly even of the actions of Charles V. himself. The Duke of Alba, who venerated the memory of Charles, never allowed insinuations against what he termed the heroic actions and qualities of the great Emperor to pass without reproof. He was on all occasions loud in praise of Charles; and the praise bestowed on the father was never, it seems, very acceptable to the son.

The Pope, the Emperor, the King of France, the Dukes of Saxony and Tuscany, the Government of Venice, and several Princes of Germany, applied to Philip, and solicited the liberation of the Duke of Alba. The States of Spain did the same. But though the King received all these applications with great courtesy, he only gave fair words in return; and as he was by no means pleased to find so much interest taken in the prisoner's favour, these numerous applications told rather against him than otherwise.

Great events, however, were soon to open his prison gates, and place him at the head of armies.

Sebastian, King of Portugal, had fallen in the battle of

Alcazar, with the flower of the Portuguese nobility. His grand-uncle and successor, Don Henry, already advanced in years when he ascended the throne, had no children, and on his death, in 1581, Philip II. appeared as one of the many claimants of the crown of Portugal. The Duchess of Braganza had, perhaps, greater right on her side, but Philip had fleets and armies at command, and resolved to use them in support of his claim. The Duke of Alba was called from his prison to assume the command of the forces destined for the invasion of Portugal.

The King wrote to him with his own hand, requesting to know whether his health would permit him to assume the command of the troops. The prisoner deliberated for some time. He had doubts, we are told, whether, at his age, he ought to risk the fame and laurels acquired by so many victories, in a new war, in which fickle fortune might, as in the case of Charles V., throw herself into the arms of some younger candidate for her favours. Ambition, however, carried the day, and he resolved to assume the offered command, as the most honourable manner of liberating himself and his son from prison.

The Portuguese campaign must not detain us. The people of Portugal, always hostile to Spain, rejected Philip's amicable overtures, and called to the throne Don Antonio, Prior of Crato, a prince whose legitimacy was disputed, but who prepared to defend his crown, sword in hand.

The Spanish army now moved rapidly forward. Portalegro, Campo-Major, and Estremos submitted without opposition. Setubal was reduced after a short siege, and a communication opened with the Spanish fleet. The passage of the Tagus was next forced. The Duke, in his eagerness, threw himself into the first boat that passed. "In the German war, when your highness was a young man," said a grey-headed veteran, "you acted with the slow caution of an old soldier, and now you are acting with all the rashness of a young one." "Never mind," replied the Duke,

"a general must be old or young, according to circumstances, and must not mind years." And no sooner was the army established on the right bank of the river, than Cascaes and Fort Julian were besieged, and successively reduced.

Don Antonio, unable to arrest these rapid operations, had taken post with his army at Alcantara, resolved to risk his crown and capital on the issue of a battle. He was there attacked, and, after a vigorous resistance, totally routed, obliged to fly the field, and leave Lisbon at the mercy of the victors. The Duke of Alba entered the city in triumph, at the head of the Spanish nobility, caused order to be preserved, and Philip to be proclaimed King of Portugal. After some vain attempts to make head in the north, the unfortunate Don Antonio was forced to retire into France, where he died in 1593.

Severe illness prevented Philip from immediately following his army into the newly acquired kingdom, but did not prevent him from quickly furnishing an additional proof of that meanness, avarice, and suspicious disposition of which he has so generally been accused. At the period of which we are speaking, military discipline was in the highest degree defective; and though the armies were almost exclusively composed of mercenaries, who could only be maintained in an efficient state of subordination by being regularly paid, and supplied with provisions, they were too generally left without either. The consequence was that mutinies were of frequent occurrence; and though the Duke of Alba maintained as strict a system of discipline as possible with armies composed as those were which he commanded, even his authority was at times precarious, and set at defiance by the soldiers, generally ready to meet all threatened punishment with loud demands for pay and arrears. After the battle of Alcantara, some of the suburbs of Lisbon, as well as some of the adjoining villages, had suffered from the depredation of the

troops. Valuable effects belonging to the Crown of Portugal had, it was said, been lost; and Philip, too avaricious to pay his troops with the regularity which could alone render discipline possible, now sent a commission, headed by Francisco de Villafranca, to inquire into the losses sustained by his new subjects, and commanded full restitution by the army. The Duke of Alba was also called upon to account for the money taken from the royal treasury at Lisbon for the support of the troops.

The Duke received the King's commissioner with the greatest politeness; but refused, point-blank, to render any account of his conduct, or of the sums he might have drawn. "I shall render account to no man but to the King himself of the money intrusted to me, and about which his Majesty seems more concerned than about the honour of an old officer, who has served him long and faithfully. When we come to settle, I can place to my credit of the account kingdoms conquered and defended, victories achieved, and sixty years of honest service. If these are not enough, I can place at his royal disposal my estates and principalities, once of great value, though now reduced to little, owing to my expenses in the public cause; and if these will not satisfy him, he can take my head to settle the balance of the account."

The loud murmur of the troops, who hinted that it might not be altogether safe to proceed with the inquiry, as they expected rewards rather than what they deemed punishment for their services, alarmed Villafranca, who, knowing that such threats from *les vieilles moustaches* of the period were not to be altogether disregarded, complained to the King. The latter wrote to the Duke in severe terms, desiring him to interpose his authority and punish the mutineers, or, at least, not to encourage them by his own disobedience.

The haughty Duke of Alba brooked not such language, even from the King of Spain. He denied the charges

brought against himself and his army; offered to account to his Majesty for the sums intrusted to him; and appealed to his reduced fortune, lavished in the service of the State, to his own indifference to wealth; and declared that he loved the army too well to give them an excuse for mutinying, by attempting to enforce the King's commands, and requested, therefore, to be recalled.

The King's features darkened on the perusal of this letter, but whatever displeasure he may have felt was quickly suppressed or concealed. Having attentively read the letter, he paused for a moment, then turning to those who were near him, "It must be confessed," he said, "that the Duke of Alba has, at least, as much pride and arrogance as merit and gallantry. But I will break his pride by generosity and temper, for it is my interest to preserve a man of such weight and influence." Villafranca and the commissioners were recalled, and their papers committed to the flames.

It does not appear, however, that the conqueror of Portugal was afterwards in any particular favour with the King. He rarely came to Court, and never attended the deliberations of the Council, unless particularly invited, though ill health, as he now suffered greatly from the gout, may have been the cause of his conduct. Having accompanied the King on an excursion, he was taken seriously ill, and died on the 21st of January 1583, in the seventy-fourth year of his age.

Shortly before his death he addressed the King, who called upon him, in the following words—"Sire," he said, "on the eve of leaving the world, I wish to justify myself towards your Majesty, and feel confident you will not doubt the word of a dying man. I have always, in the course of my long service, preferred your interest to my own. I have ever been sparing of your money when intrusted to me, and lavish of my own in the public service. I have never, in the distribution of honours and employ-

ments, paid the least attention to the rank and influence of individuals, but have looked to worth and merit alone. My attachment to you has been constant, and I have given you faithful and disinterested advice. I never wished to offend you; and though I have, at times, incurred your Majesty's displeasure, I leave it to your Majesty, and to those who shall come after us, to judge of my innocence. And now about to appear before my Maker, whom I have ever served to the best of my power, I wish you, great King, a long and happy reign."

Philip, though not sorry, it is said, to be relieved of the influence exercised by the Duke of Alba, pronounced, nevertheless, his panegyric in handsome terms. "I this day perceive," he said, "how capricious fortune is in the bestowal of her gifts. I am no sooner placed in possession of a great kingdom, than I am deprived of the great man best able to maintain and defend it."

In person the Duke of Alba was of middle height, strong, active, and remarkably well made. His face was long; he had a high forehead, and extremely fine eyes, full of fire, and which, in his latter years, assumed at times an expression of great severity, if not fierceness. In his diet he was very temperate; he slept little, and took a great deal of exercise, particularly on horseback; he was always fond of horses, and till late in life a very fine rider. The Duke's manners were considered courtly and graceful. Though generally reserved, he spoke remarkably well in conversation, and jested in a pleasing and graceful style; and ladies, who are the best judges on such points, generally considered him as one of the most accomplished cavaliers at the Court of Spain.

It would far exceed the limits of this sketch to enter into any inquiry regarding the heavy charges brought by Protestant writers against the celebrated person of whom we are speaking. That great cruelties were committed by both parties during the wars of the Netherlands, can, un-

fortunately, not be denied; and the Duke of Alba, the servant of Philip II., reared up in Spanish notions of kingly absolutism and of Papal supremacy, may, no doubt, have carried severity to the full verge of the unhappy practice of the period; but this, bad enough certainly, can justify no belief in the worthless tales of horror so often related of his cruelty and sanguinary conduct; and the savage boast of having caused 18,000 persons to perish on the scaffold, which so many writers make him utter, is simply worthless falsehood, unsupported by a shadow of proof. The letters and speeches ascribed to him by Spanish writers, all breathe a high and lofty tone of honourable feeling, a scorn of everything like meanness, but nowhere do we find any appearance of harshness or cruelty; and his forbearance in Italy, when Rome was at his mercy, and his recommendation to Philip to extend mercy and liberality to his Belgian subjects, should serve as evidences in his favour, as well as the generous courtesy always shown to officers of rank who fell as prisoners of war into his hands.

His merit as a soldier need not be enlarged upon here. His long career of success, the discipline he maintained in most difficult situations, the tactical improvements he introduced, and the admirable advice he gave the unfortunate Don Sebastian of Portugal, all prove him to have been gifted with high military qualities.

Our space precludes, of course, all possibility of our entering into details on these points. Imperfectly as a mere sketch like the present can do justice to any historical character, there is hardly an eminent man of name and fame whose biography so little admits of being compressed within narrow bounds as even the biography of the Duke of Alba. There is no unity of scene or action in his career; he is constantly hurried from country to country, and he appears on every new scene of action under new and totally different circumstances; and to describe these at length,

and draw the very form and features of his character from his conduct and actions, would require ten times the space we can afford here. We can, unfortunately, give only dry results, and cannot lay bare the working of the many springs that produced them; we can only sketch a meagre outline therefore, but cannot write a biography.

We are led to make these concluding remarks because we think the life of the Duke of Alba offers an admirable subject for a historical biography. The composition of such a work would furnish honourable occupation to some of our half-pay comrades; and as there are many who possess the requisite abilities, and have ample means to visit Spain and examine the archives, the 'Histoire du Duc d'Albe' might serve as a foundation for such a work, and the Letters of Philip II., now publishing at Brussels, would furnish valuable materials. The Germans have a good history of the Smalkaldic War, and the Revolution in the Netherlands has been described by all parties and in all languages, so that materials for the work cannot be wanting.

VI.

FIELD-MARSHAL SUWAROFF, AND THE CAMPAIGN OF 1799.

"Suwarrow chiefly was on the alert,
Surveying, ordering, jesting, pondering;
For the man was, we safely may assert,
A thing o wonder at beyond most wondering."

BYRON.

IF history be philosophy teaching by example, then are her lessons never more impressive than when she traces great events distinctly back to the influence of great character, and when she shows us the noble and the high of heart rising above accumulating difficulties, before which feeble and ordinary men would have sunk prostrate to the earth. The impression is deepened and saddened, when, having exulted in the progress of genius and courage, we are forced, in the end, to see their best efforts marred, even within sight of the goal; and that by the outbursting of some dark passion which had lain dormant, unknown, perhaps, n a gallant breast, till, at the turn of fate, it arose in might to tarnish the glory of years by one moment's fatal influence. The life of Suwaroff illustrates this so strongly, that we shall here give a short sketch of his history, and of the last great events in which he was engaged. We have the more pleasure in doing so, because

the publication of his letters, written during the campaign of 1799, and Schmitt's recent account of his life, enable us to represent this extraordinary person divested of the motley coat in which so many authors have arrayed him. With the exception of the Czar Peter, Suwaroff was the greatest man Russia ever produced: his noble qualities belonged to himself; and what he wanted of real greatness was owing more, perhaps, to the half-barbarous state of the people among whom all but the two last years of his life were passed, than to any actual deficiency of his own.

Alexander Wasilowitch Suwaroff was born in 1722, at the village of Suskoy, on the Dnieper. His father, a man of noble family, served in the army, and rose, during the Seven Years' War, to the rank of lieutenant-general. As education had not, at that period, made any great progress in Russia, it was fortunate for the young Suwaroff that his father had interest enough to get him placed in the military academy founded by Peter the Great. Considering how little was then taught in these seminaries, the young man must have applied with attention to his studies; for he learned at least to speak several languages with great fluency. In 1742 he obtained an ensigncy; the next year he made, against the Swedes in Finland, his first campaign, and from that period his entire life was one continued scene of active exertion. Present in most of the actions fought between the Russians and Prussians during the Seven Years' War, he particularly distinguished himself at the battle of Zorndorf, where he served as major, and was wounded. But, regardless of his wounds, he rallied and brought off, in some sort of order, the remnant of his battalion, which had shared in the overthrow of the Russian infantry, when the intrepid Seidlitz, like an avenging Avater, sent to punish the crimes and misdeeds of which this barbarous soldiery had been guilty, burst upon their devoted masses with the full force of the Prussian cavalry. After the peace Suwaroff was made a brigadier; and when

Russia embraced the cause of Stanislaus Potoky against the confederated Poles, he took the town of Cracow. In 1769 he was made lieutenant-general, and accompanied the armies of Prince Gallizin and Count Romjanzow in their expedition against the Turks. In 1774 he put an end to the rebellion of Pugatcheff, by capturing that adventurer, and dispersing his followers. During the subsequent peace he governed the countries which he had before assisted to conquer; but was again employed in the field on the renewal of the war in 1787. And here the brilliant period of his career may be said to have commenced. He first defeated the Osmanli at Kinburn, though he was himself severely wounded at the commencement of the action. Finding, in 1789, that Prince Coburg was surrounded by the army of the Grand Vizir, and in a very perilous situation, he made a forced march with 10,000 Russians, joined the Austrians, and, in conjunction with them, completely defeated the Turks on the banks of the Rymnick, a rivulet from which he derived his title of Rymniskoy. This victory made Suwaroff a field-marshal, and obtained for him, both from his own sovereign and from the Emperor Joseph, far more rewards than it is here necessary to enumerate. In 1790 he took Ismail by storm. Glorious as the capture of this fortress was to the general and his army, the ruthless manner in which the victory was used cast a deep stain over the honour of both. Upwards of 30,000 men are said to have fallen in the assault and in the carnage that ensued after the place was entered.

It is related that Suwaroff gave out the following order on the evening before the attack:—"To-morrow I shall rise an hour before daylight; I shall wash, dress, and pray; I shall then crow like a cock, when the town will be stormed according to the dispositions already issued." Tales of this kind, like the one which describes him as filling, when a very young man, a sack full of the heads of

vanquished Janizaries, and of laying the trophies at the feet of his commander, must be received with more than caution. The same may be said of the Kinburn anecdote, which makes the wounded general throw himself off his horse before his fugitive troops, in order to arrest their further flight. It is the fate of all celebrated men to have their names graced, as well as disgraced, by idle stories of this kind. Suwaroff was eccentric, and probably affected more eccentricity than really fell to his share; he also gave the dry and quaint kind of humour for which he was distinguished a pretty fair latitude, even at the expense of others; but the man who spoke and wrote as we find him writing and speaking could never act the absolute buffoon. He who exposed the follies and misconduct of others with such stern and unsparing severity required to keep a guard over his own conduct, and was not likely to act the part of an ordinary mountebank. The following anecdote seems better attested. On the capture of Ismail a splendidly caparisoned Turkish horse was brought him, which he refused, saying that "a Cossack hackney had brought him, and could carry him away." "It may not be equal to a load of fresh laurels gathered here," was the courtly observation of a bystander. "It has carried Suwaroff and his fortunes," replied the general.

On the death of that cowardly man of blood and pleasure, Potemkin, Suwaroff succeeded for a time to the government of the Crimea, till the war of Polish succession again placed him at the head of the army. He twice defeated Surakowsky and Kosciuszko, the generals of the crown; and then carried Praga, the fortified suburb of Warsaw, by assault. It is supposed that 15,000 Poles perished on this melancholy occasion, and their blood leaves a deeper stain on the character of Suwaroff and his troops than the capture of Ismail itself; for the gallant and desperate resistance of the Turks, which, although it ought to have claimed the esteem and respect of brave adversaries, might

well enough exasperate savage and ferocious victors, who had seen 10,000 of their comrades fall beneath the well-wielded scimitars of the Moslems. But at Praga there was not even this excuse; the place was ill defended, and the Russians did not lose above 500 men. It is humiliating to our nature to think that nothing but the prospect of indulging in the vilest and most infamous excesses can induce the Russian soldier to mount the breach or scaling-ladder. To appease his excited thirst for blood it is not enough that vanquished foes should fall before him; women and children must not only be murdered, but they must be martyred, mangled, and cut to pieces. And yet the Russian soldier is the most obedient and machine-like of men. What then must we think of officers who cannot prevent the recurrence of scenes that have actually inflicted a stain on humanity and on Christianity itself? Posterity will hold the fame and honour of the commander responsible for the life of every human being sacrificed by disciplined armies beyond the fair verge of battle; and the dark days of Ismail and Praga have overshadowed the brows of Suwaroff with more asphodels than all the laurels gained in his many gallant fields can ever conceal.

Deeply as it is to be lamented that this eminent soldier allowed the lustre of his splendid actions to be darkly dyed with blood, the merit of great military qualities can never be denied him. He was in a high degree brave, loyal, and disinterested: he was active and energetic, had a quick and penetrating understanding, and always took a just and accurate view of the operations in progress. In many points he very much resembled Marshal Blücher; but he never gave proofs of that deep sagacity, foresight, and power of calculating and combining movements, for which the Prussian was distinguished. Both made up by subsequent application for their faulty education, and retained all the vigour of intellect till the last period of their lives; and both were, when more than seventy years of age, the

most active military commanders of their time. Both affected singularity; but the affectation of Suwaroff was of a lower kind, intended probably to act on the minds of an ignorant soldiery; whereas Blücher affected hussar manners only in order to conceal, before strangers, what he deemed his want of polish and acquirements, although he was by no means deficient in either. Both were hasty, irritable, and of fiery tempers. Suwaroff's temper ruined the cause which his sword had so nobly supported, and ultimately brought his grey and laurel-crowned head with sorrow to the grave. Blücher's high sense of duty, on the contrary, kept his temper under control. In the hour of trial, the most passionate of mankind submitted to the vexatious fooleries of that weak, vain man, Bernadotte, with the most perfect equanimity of temper; and in moments of the greatest difficulty, even in battle, and when the utmost severity might have been justified, it was his admirable and dignified conduct alone that brought the Russian generals, Langeron and Winzingerode, back to the paths of honour and obedience.

In personal appearance, also, the Prussian had very much the advantage over the Muscovite. The latter was rather below the middle size, and spare of form: it was only by extreme temperance and activity that he had hardened a constitution naturally weak and delicate. His portrait, now before us, represents a keen, open, and animated face, harsh of features, but expressive of considerable humour, with a good deal of cynical indifference to human feeling: we know it at first sight to be the face of a man of high courage and intellect, who would probably be admired in any station, though hardly certain of being beloved by any. His marriage was unhappy; but from his letters to his daughter, he was evidently a kind and affectionate father. Blücher, on the other hand, was tall and elegant, and must in early life have been extremely handsome. Even at the time of the battle of Waterloo, when he

was seventy-two years of age, he had still what physiognomists would call a first-rate countenance; which, though stern and severe, and deeply marked by time, care, and toil, gave evidence, nevertheless, of the frankness, hilarity, and generous humanity for which he had been distinguished. A passage in one of the Duke of Wellington's lately published letters has given rise to the opinion that Blücher intended to put Napoleon to death had the latter fallen into his hands. That the old fiery hussar may have thundered out some threat of the kind is more than probable; but his well-known humanity—known indeed to every officer and soldier that served with him—prevents us from believing that he would have carried it into effect had it been in his power. Blücher was a keen patriot, and the sufferings to which his country had been reduced had made a deep impression on his heart and mind. It is necessary to have known the Prussian army of that time —and few strangers could have known them better than the writer of these lines—to form an idea of the rooted hatred which they entertained against their former oppressors, and particularly against Napoleon, as the author of their sufferings. "It is well for you English to talk of forbearance," was their usual saying; "you have had no enemy in your country; but had you seen your native land trampled under foot, and every species of insult and indignity heaped, for years together, upon friends, kindred, and relatives, you would praise our moderation instead of being surprised at our harshness."

Both these commanders were extremely beloved by their troops; but Suwaroff was as unpopular with the officers, particularly those of high rank, as Blücher was cherished and esteemed. Both were celebrated for their wit, and both were authors, though, as far as we know, the Russian only was a poet. Blücher printed the journal he kept during the early campaigns of the Revolution war. The book seems to have disappeared from circulation; but

judging from extracts occasionally met with in other German works, it evidently possesses great merit. The general instructions issued by Suwaroff to his army during the Italian campaign are strongly characteristic of the clear head and energy of the man. Some of his orders are written in a strange doggrel kind of verse, not very intelligible. But though his poetry is as obscure as Cromwell's prose, his own prose, eminently laconic, is as clear and distinct as possible, and his general rules might with great justice be termed Golden Rules.

Suwaroff was living in retirement, acting the part of a good landlord, settling disputes among his neighbours and tenants, and never failing to ring the church-bell long and loudly if the congregation were late in assembling, when he was called upon to take the command of the allied army in Italy. The campaign of 1799 forms one of the most interesting and instructive acts of the great military drama that originated in the French Revolution. Four generals of the highest reputation—Suwaroff, Moreau, the Archduke Charles, and Massena—appear upon the scene. It shows us seven battles, three forced passages of rivers, and a number of actions of mountain warfare strongly illustrative of the difficulties of such contests, and of the value as well as the worthlessness of mere posts and positions. Its last act presents us with the march of an army over the highest regions of the Alps. It shows us the last effort of a strong, powerful, and energetic mind—a mind that could all things but itself subdue—placed in novel and most dangerous situations; and the melancholy result of the campaign proves how many evils may result to a good cause from the inability of commanders to counteract their own, justly perhaps, irritated feelings. Our narrow limits prevent us from giving more than a feeble sketch of the events in which Suwaroff himself was engaged.

The French had opened the campaign in Italy, Switzerland, and on the Rhine, before the arrival of the Russians,

though with forces inferior to the Austrians. They had experienced but partial success, and their brilliant victories in the Tyrol and Grisons were counterbalanced by defeats experienced in Italy and Germany. They had destroyed an entire Austrian corps at Taufers and achieved other advantages; but in Germany the Archduke Charles had repulsed their main army at Stockach, and General Kray had, in like manner, discomfited their Italian army near Verona. These advantages were not very decisive, and had not been followed up with any vigour, when, on the 14th of April, Suwaroff, with the first Russian division of 17,000 men, principally infantry, reached headquarters. His appearance immediately gave a different aspect to affairs.

Only four days elapsed from the time of his arrival till he began his march; and even this short interval was put to some account, for he caused the Austrian infantry to be instructed by Russian officers in a new mode of charging bayonets. That this unexpected drilling was not over well received by the Germans may be believed. Some looked upon it as an actual insult, others as a piece of mere folly, though there was probably method in it after all, and the lesson was intended more perhaps for generals than for the soldiers, as it intimated pretty clearly the spirit in which operations were expected to be carried on.

The effective force with which Suwaroff took the field amounted, after all deductions, to 52,000 men. Before setting out, the Austrian chief of the staff, General Chastelear, proposed that a general *reconnaissance* should be made. Suwaroff's answer is far too characteristic, and too much to the purpose, to be omitted here:—"Reconnoiterings,' he said, "I will have none of them; they are fit only for timid people, and for apprising the enemy of your arrival: you can always find the foe when really disposed. Columns, the bayonet, cold steel, to attack and overthrow the enemy, those are my *reconnaissances.*"

These words, which in most cases would have been silly bravadoes, were strong and to the purpose, when uttered by one whose "hand was true, and could maintain them well."

The army moved with great rapidity towards the Oglio. General Kray was ordered to storm the citadel of Brescia, and to put the garrison to the sword if they waited the assault. Suwaroff declared that this was indispensably necessary to prevent the allies from losing both men and time before every blockhouse, which might be disposed to hold out, if honourable terms were always granted. This was, no doubt, a good deal in the Russo-Turkish style of proceeding; particularly as the citadel of Brescia, though it was not in good order, is a regular work. The threat, however, produced the desired effect; for General Bouget, seeing that serious preparations were made for the assault, surrendered the same evening, with a garrison of 1100 men.

While Kray was taking Brescia, Count Melas, having got entangled in bad roads, which the rain had rendered difficult, his columns having also got into some confusion, halted on the Mella, exactly half-way to the place of his destination. It is probable that the Austrians made a good deal of idle fuss about the men having got wet feet, for their delay so exasperated Suwaroff that he addressed the following most extraordinary letter to the Austrian general (we translate as closely as we can, in order to preserve as much as possible the manner of the original): —"I hear that complaints are made because the infantry got wet feet. Such was the weather of the day. The march was undertaken for the service of two mighty emperors. Dry days are for women, fine gentlemen, and lazy persons. He who, as an egotist, speaks against the high duties of the service will, in future, lose the command. The operations must be carried on without the least delay, so that the enemy may have no time to recover himself.

Whoever is ill may stay in the rear.* Italy must be delivered from the yoke of the unbelieving French; and for this purpose every upright officer must be ready to sacrifice himself. Fault-finders cannot be tolerated in any army. Quickness of observation, celerity, and perseverance, that is enough for this time."

Nothing can well be objected to this letter except its extreme rudeness; in all other respects it is admirable.

Moreau, who had succeeded Scherer in the command of the French army, continued to fall back as the allies advanced, and offered only partial resistance, while the latter had again to detach General Kray for the purpose of investing Mantua and Peschiera; but this retarded not the progress of Suwaroff. Cremona, where the French had considerable magazines, was invested, and taken before it could be evacuated; and on the 25th of April, the army reached the banks of the Adda, behind which the enemy had taken post with the evident intention of disputing the passage.

The Adda is nowhere fordable in its course from the Lake of Como to where it falls into the Po, at a distance of sixty-five miles. As the French were in possession of all the remaining bridges, it was necessary to build new ones, to force those guarded by the enemy, or to cross in boats. All three modes of passage were resorted to, and all were attended with equal success. The most severe contest took place at Cassano, where the French had a bridge-head of some strength, protected besides by the Ritarto canal. Suwaroff led the main column of the Austrian troops against it: he no doubt took the first opportunity of thus showing himself to his new soldiers; and he did well. The French defended their works with great resolution, and were constantly supplied with fresh troops from the right bank of the river: their commander, General Argod, was killed, fighting sword in hand, on the

* Melas was ill when he joined the army.

parapet; but their efforts were unavailing; the Austrians forced the intrenchments, and followed up their success so energetically, that they crossed the bridge along with the fugitives before it could be destroyed. Every attack succeeded: the French were forced back on all points: they fought with their accustomed gallantry indeed, but were so unskilfully commanded, that an entire division, under General Seruier, remained all day perfectly inactive, listening to the battle that raged around, but taking not the slightest share in the contest. It was only next morning that they were accidentally discovered by one of the allied divisions. They were found strongly posted for mere resistance, but—between two swollen rivulets and an inundation—had left themselves no means of issuing into the plain in the face of an enemy. They were forced to lay down their arms; and two generals, 250 officers, and 4000 men surrendered, with fifteen pieces of artillery, to less than 3000 Austrians; and all this under the command of General Moreau, one of those officers whom it has pleased modern writers to hold up as a great general.

The allies had done better; in nine days, from the 17th to the 27th, they had marched seventy-five miles, taken a fortress, gained a battle, and crossed five rivers—the Chiesa, Mella, Oglio, Serio, and Adda; and with a loss to themselves of only 3000 men, they had killed, wounded, or taken 10,000 of the enemy.

Marshal Suwaroff entered Milan on the 30th of April, and with the retreat of the French across the Po, the Cisalpine Republic ceased to exist. The Italians proved themselves rather ungrateful on this occasion for the boasted liberty which the French had so generously conferred upon them; for they no sooner saw the allies victorious, than they flew to arms, fell by bands on small French parties, cut off and murdered stragglers, and carried on a fierce and dishonourable guerilla war against their late brother republicans.

But rapid and energetic as Suwaroff's first operations were, he has been blamed for neglecting to follow up his success; for frittering away his forces by the investment of the strongholds; and for losing much precious time immediately after the victory of Cassano. Military critics pretend that the Russian field-marshal ought to have taken immediate steps for rendering impossible the junction between General Moreau and General Macdonald, who was advancing to his aid with the French army of Naples.

These strictures cannot, we suspect, be maintained. The country was everywhere in military possession of the French. Moreau was master of Genoa, the strong district of the Riviera, and had thus by Nizza an open retreat into France, so that he could not be struck at unless disposed to fight; and to push him out of Italy, unless he could be prevented from returning, was only so much loss of time. The French occupied besides Mantua, Peschiera, Ferrara, Pizzighettone, the citadel of Milan, Pavia, Tortona, Alessandria, Turin, Valenza, and Ceva. All these places, with which the theatre of war was actually studded, were well provisioned, all were of some, and several of first-rate, strength. To leave them all unattacked or unmasked seemed impossible; while to mask them, even in the feeblest manner, required so large a force, as for a time to reduce the main army to a mere shadow. It may also be supposed that the circumstances of his own peculiar situation influenced Suwaroff's conduct on this occasion. He commanded an allied army, of which only one-third were Russians; the rest were strangers, over whom he exercised but precarious control, which, in extreme cases, might perhaps find limits; and we shall see presently that these limits were much nearer than could have been expected. The political views of the Austrian Cabinet led them to urge on the capture of the fortresses in preference to all other measures. They wanted to get

firm possession of the country, and thought that this could best be effected by the early occupation of the strongholds. That a reverse in the field would instantly have caused the investments to be raised, was evident to all the world, except to the gentlemen at Vienna: nor need their blindness surprise us, for none know better than the officers of the British army the manner in which high functionaries of State decide on military affairs. Thus placed between the hostile fortresses, the Austrian Cabinet, and the French army, Suwaroff had a difficult part to act. That it was boldly and successfully acted is certain; and we are bound to add our conviction, judging from the mass of evidence which we possess respecting the campaign, that it was as skilfully acted as possible, considering the trying situation in which the Russian commander was placed. While at Vienna, Suwaroff solicited permission to address his reports directly to the Emperor, instead of addressing them to the Aulic Council. Francis II. granted the request; but the circumstance is said to have displeased Count Thugut, the Prime Minister, and the Council, who from that moment became the decided enemies of the Russian field-marshal, and used every effort to thwart his views. To what extent such ignoble conduct may have been carried, it is impossible to say; that jealousies would not be wanting, we may easily suppose; and from the period of which we are writing, the complaints of Suwaroff became daily more frequent, till, as we shall see, he applies officially for his recall.

Writing to Count Tolstoi on the 22d of May, he says, "The French are much cleverer at offensive war than many other nations. Owing to the defensive system of the Archduke Charles, they had concentrated their forces, and very nearly, quick as I was, devoured my liver near the Lake of Como: things are now going on better. The defensive system lost Italy, and brought the French army almost to the gates of Vienna. By offensive operations, the

Archduke drove the armies of Jourdan and Moreau out of Germany (1796). The Archduke Charles might, in regard to our operations, not only have kept the French in check, but with the aid of the Swiss, to whom he should have given liberty, he might have made us masters of the Rhine. The frontiers of the imperial states are nowhere better defended than at the gates of Paris."

But though already displeased, the Russian field-marshal was not inactive, as the leading features of the campaign will show; the minor details we are, of course, obliged to pass over.

The occupation of Turin was evidently of great importance to the allies, both in a military and political point of view, but the attack had to be made under circumstances of peculiar hazard. The sieges of Tortona and Alessandria had to be left uncovered, the march of Macdonald unattended to, or watched only by a detached corps, while, in the advance upon Turin, Moreau's army in the Riviera would be allowed to remain unchecked in rear of the left flank of the allies. Nothing but extreme celerity, and the most accurate combination of movements, could justify so bold an undertaking; but it succeeded nevertheless. Suwaroff appeared so suddenly before Turin, that the town was carried on the first day; and by aid of the vast stores which it was found to contain, the siege of the citadel was pressed so vigorously, that it was reduced to extremity, before the approach of Macdonald called the army back to the foot of the Apennines. Hurrying on the troops on this occasion, Suwaroff writes to General Belgrade, "Money is precious, human life is precious, but time is the most precious of all."

And here we come upon one of those strange transactions, for which co-operations and alliances are so constantly distinguished. The advance of General Macdonald, who, by means of his light troops, was already in communication with General Moreau, rendered an imme-

diate march with all disposable forces towards the Apennines indispensably necessary, in order that a decisive blow might be struck against one of the hostile armies, before the two could form their junction. As the siege of Mantua had not yet begun, Suwaroff sent directions to General Kray to leave only so many troops before the place as were necessary to keep the garrison in check, and instantly to join him with the remainder in the plain of Alessandria. Kray, who was a gallant soldier, expressed great regret at not being able to comply, producing at the same time the Emperor of Austria's direct commands not to raise the blockade of Mantua on any account, unless by his, the Emperor's, own orders! The old field-marshal was indignant, and wrote to Count Rosumowsky, the Russian ambassador at Vienna, that he was determined to go home. "This Cabinet order," he says, "deranges all my plans; and it is evident that they do not require me here any longer, and I am determined to go home. . . . Every individual general addresses himself to the Aulic Council, not only about his own particular affairs, but about general affairs also; and has thus a right to intrigues for his own pleasure and advantage, which gives the Council power to direct and to bind him. If the Aulic Council would only leave me alone, their one or two campaigns would not cost me more than so many months; but with their hyper-strategy and generalship, one month of their operations will extend over entire campaigns."

But if the Aulic Council defeated one plan, it did not prevent Suwaroff from quickly forming and executing another; and the incapacity of his adversaries helped, in a great measure, to atone for the mischievous conduct of his allies. Moreau and Macdonald were already in communication, but instead of uniting their forces, and falling upon the divided Austro-Russian troops, they allowed Suwaroff to get the start of them; and he was not the man to neglect the opportunity. General Kaim remained

with a small corps to finish the reduction of the citadel of Turin, and Count Belgrade was stationed with another division in the plain of Tortona, to watch the operations of Moreau, while the field-marshal himself proceeded with about 30,000 men, all the troops he could collect, by forced marches towards Piacenza, leaving the modern Turenne, as Jomini and other historians have been pleased to term Moreau, in rear of his right flank, as he had before left him in rear of his left flank.

General Otto was falling back with a small corps of Austrians before the advance of Macdonald, and had taken post at St Giovanni, on the Tidone, not far from Piacenza, when his outposts were attacked on the morning of the 17th of June. The Austrian, seeing heavy columns directed against him, was about to withdraw in the direction of Stradella, when General Melas arrived on the field with a few thousand Austrians; he was followed by General Bagration, with the advanced-guard of the Russians. These troops amounted, in all, to about 12,000 men; and although Melas might naturally conclude that he had the whole of General Macdonald's 35,000 men to contend with, he nevertheless determined, and justly, we suspect, to try the fate of battle. The position of St Giovanni was a good one; the weather was oppressively hot; the troops had been greatly fatigued by their march, those in the rear were hurrying forward—not in the best order, perhaps—and the Austrian general very properly concluded that, to retire under such circumstances, might, if the enemy pursued, throw the whole army into confusion, and cause an unfavourable impression in the minds of the soldiers; while, on the other hand, they might hold their ground till the rear division should come up. To the influence of these just strategical views, we may perhaps add another reason for this un-Austrian sort of resolution: it was the fear which the brave but cautious Melas entertained of Suwaroff. The letter written before the battle of Cassano would

not yet be forgotten, and its effect was here evident. Energy at the proper time and place is the most important element of warfare; and here we already find Suwaroff's genius producing favourable results on a battle-field before he was even personally present.

We cannot, of course, enter into all the details of the action. If Moreau had been inactive, Macdonald was unskilful. Though it was impossible for him to be ignorant of Suwaroff's march, he had only half his troops present in this first day's combat. The slight advantages he had gained over Otto and Melas were completely lost, therefore, on the arrival of the other allied troops; and he was defeated and driven back with loss, when he might have put an end to the battle. The intersected nature of the ground, owing to a number of rivulets—containing at the time little water indeed, but having deep beds—and the stone walls of the vineyards, rendered pursuit extremely difficult.

All the divisions of the allied army having joined during the night, it was Suwaroff's intention to bring on a general action next day. Macdonald, on the other hand, had no intention to fight, as he wished to rest and wait the arrival of all his troops; the French were so used to be the assailants in all these wars, that they hardly ever expected to see their arrangements disturbed by their enemies.

To give the troops time to rest and refresh themselves, Suwaroff directed that the advance should be delayed till ten o'clock in the morning. But it required even longer time to recover from the fatigue and confusion of the previous day; and it was three o'clock in the afternoon before the leading columns could fall upon the enemy; and five o'clock before the Austrians joined the onset: there was no longer time to produce any great result on so difficult a battle-field. The French, though they fought bravely, were driven back across the Trebia with considerable loss, but they were not defeated; and to resign a contest, unless

in a case of absolute extremity, was at that time a thing totally unknown in their army; the fate of battle was again to be tried, therefore, on the following day. But though the result of the two days' action had not been very disastrous to the Republicans, the moral effect on the soldiers must have been considerable; they had, for two days, fought bravely, and yet fought to disadvantage; the number of killed and wounded was nearly alike on both sides—no prisoners or trophies had been taken by either party, and the ground conquered by the allies, from the Tidone to the Trebbia, was of no advantage whatever: their only gain consisted, therefore, in the moral confidence which the French had lost, and it was enough to decide the victory.

After the close of the action one of those events occurred which tend strongly to show how completely chance may, at times, take the reins of the best disciplined armies out of the hands of the firmest commanders. The wide and almost dry bed of the Trebbia separated the two armies; on the French side a horse broke loose, overthrew a pile of muskets, and made one of them go off. Two battalions that were still under arms instantly advanced to the front; the Austrians, thinking that the attack was to be renewed, opened a fire upon them, and as they retired, followed them up, thinking themselves victorious. The French turned, both parties supported their friends, and a fierce night combat commenced in the very bed of the river. As the ground here was open, every one called loudly for cavalry, who, always slow when wanted, hurried up to augment the confusion of this mass of men, disciplined to war, indeed, but now become wild and ungovernable. The artillery of both armies, to show their ordnance zeal, made round and grape rattle through the scene of madness and suffering, certain that every melancholy shot which struck a friend would be atoned for by an equal error on the part of the foe. This scene of useless slaugh-

ter lasted for two hours, and it was past eleven o'clock before the combatants could be separated; and it then required a great part of the night before order could be fully restored.

Macdonald's divisions having all arrived, he determined to become the assailant on the 19th, expecting probably that Moreau would be near enough at hand to fall upon the rear of the allies. His plan of attack, not to surpass the rest of the French operations of the campaign, was nearly as much at variance with common judgment as could well be contrived. With an army not superior in numbers to that of his adversary, and which had for two days fought to disadvantage, and required therefore to be kept particularly compact and well in hand, he made a disposition for turning both flanks of the allies, extended his line, and left himself almost without any reserve. Defeat on all points was the natural consequence of such arrangements; and, after an obstinate combat, the French were driven back across the Trebbia, though the allies were still unable to establish themselves on the right bank. The Austro-Russians had lost about 6000 men in these three actions, the Republicans only a couple of thousand more; so that, as the armies were nearly of equal strength, no very great advantage had been gained by the allies. But though the latter had gained little, the French had lost a great deal; for three days' reverses had completely exhausted their moral and physical strength. Suwaroff felt his advantage,—and though he knew that Moreau was already operating in his rear, and had repulsed Belgrade's feeble corps, he determined to hold fast Macdonald, and not to relinquish the contest till a real and substantial victory should be achieved. It is in this resolution that we discover the genius of the man: an ordinary commander, alarmed by Moreau's advance, would have given up the attack, and abandoned the half-gained victory,—would have retired beyond the Po, thrown himself between

two fires, and lost all the advantages of his previous success. Suwaroff persevered, and the 20th of June brought the laurel crown, which a three days' combat had earned, but not bestowed.

Though the Russian general had no distinct information of what had taken place in the rear, he contented himself with despatching a few squadrons of hussars, together with some light infantry, to scour the ground beyond the Po, while he again advanced with the whole army against Macdonald.

He found himself victorious sooner than he expected; a few light troops only were left posted along the banks of the Trebbia; the main body of the French army were already in full retreat, and were followed up with the same vigour with which they had been attacked. General Victor's division was the first overtaken; it was instantly attacked and routed; other corps fared no better, and by the evening of the 22d of June, when Suwaroff halted with the main body of the pursuing army, 13,000 prisoners, with nearly all the artillery and baggage of the Republicans, were in the hands of the conquerors.

During the time the allies were thus engaged, Moreau had issued from the Riviera and driven back Belgrade's corps of observation. Within hearing of the guns fired on the banks of the Trebbia, he contented himself with throwing supplies into the citadel of Tortona; allowed a great and decisive battle to be fought, without striking a single blow in aid of his countryman; and hurried back to his fastnesses as soon as he learned the turn events had taken. Had General Kray with the Mantuan army been at hand, or had Count Belgrade performed his easy duty with ordinary skill, the whole of Macdonald's army would, as Suwaroff tells us, have been taken; the campaign of 1799 would then have been decided at once; and, very possibly, the fate of the war also. The Aulic Council had not, however, foreseen all this.

While Suwaroff was conquering Italy, the Archduke Charles was entering Switzerland. He had, as we know, gained the battle of Stokach on the 25th of March, and having then allowed two months to pass over without any active measures of the slightest importance, we find him on the 4th of June attacking Massena in a strong position before Zürich, which the French general had been six weeks in fortifying. Having obtained possession of Zürich and these works, the Archduke remained stationary till his final departure from Switzerland.

Before we return to the operations of the campaign, it will be as well here to state the views entertained by some of the allied cabinets, and which are brought to light by the correspondence we have taken for our text: they tend to throw light, not only on the events of the field, but on the history of the period also.

From the letters of the Emperor Paul it appears that the Russian Government were very anxious to carry the war into the south and centre of Italy, there to establish some influence of their own. For this purpose the country was filled with secret agents, a fleet was kept in the Adriatic, where they endeavoured to obtain possession of Ancona. Suwaroff combats this resolution on military grounds, declaring that the fate of Italy will be decided in the north; and the result justified the assertion so rapidly as to prevent all further attempts in the south. But the Cabinet of St Petersburg continued to keep an eye on Malta; a corps was ordered to land on the island, which the French had not yet surrendered, and the Emperor actually appointed a military governor to the place. After the capture of Turin, Suwaroff had, by order of his sovereign, invited the King of Sardinia to return to his dominions; but this the Austrians instantly opposed, declaring that, during war, a country is much better governed by the military authority of the conquerors than by its legitimate princes; the King was therefore obliged to re-

main at Cagliari. The Austrians also objected to the proposed march to the south, and seem not to have been well pleased with the attachment everywhere evinced towards the Russian Government and its general.

The victories of Suwaroff had probably led to a belief that something might be gained by joining the coalition against France,; and we consequently find Prussia negotiating an alliance with Russia for that purpose: the events in Switzerland, however, soon put an end to these diplomatic doings.

We must now return to the events of the field. Moreau had not awaited Suwaroff's return from the Trebbia, but had sought hasty shelter in the mountains of the Riviera, where it was now the Russian's anxious desire to follow him, had not the express orders of the Emperor of Austria forbidden all offensive movements till the fall of the fortresses. The constant difficulties thrown in his way by the Aulic Council seem, at this time, to have completely broken his spirit, so that he applies for his recall. On the 6th of July he writes to the Emperor Paul, and, after saying that he had "given up all hopes of the Archduke Charles," continues,—"The timidity of the Aulic Council; their jealousy of me as a stranger; the intrigues of the different generals, who address themselves directly to Vienna, from whence they obtain their instructions; my inability to carry into effect operations dictated at the distance of a thousand *versts*, oblige me to solicit from your Majesty my recall, unless all is altered. I wish to lay my bones in my native land, and to pray for the welfare and happiness of my sovereign."

To the Russian ambassador at Vienna he constantly complains of the contrarieties which he is made to experience; and foretells truly enough that as pedants and martinets,—*Bestimontsager* he calls them,—had occasioned the loss of the Netherlands; sent the Court of Turin to Cagliari, and that of Naples to Palermo: so they would yet send the Court of Vienna to Presburg. On the 8th of

July he writes to him as follows:—"The wise B—— (meaning Count Belgrade) has got into the habit of losing men. At the opening of the campaign in the Tyrol, he brought the enemy a sacrifice of 10,000 soldiers under Laudon. And now in my difficulties he has played me away 2000 more. . . . A few secret intrigues with the Aulic Council excepted, Count Melas is a good honest man; so is Kray, who of all here would be the most fit to succeed me in the command. . . . The French have lost upwards of 65,000 men during the campaign; Moreau and Macdonald have not above 10,000 each; the favourable opportunity should be seized. . . . But . . . the greatest favour his Imperial Majesty could confer upon us would be to change the tortoise into a reindeer. His Majesty wishes that, if I intend to fight a battle to-morrow, I should first apply to Vienna. But in war things change hourly, so that no fixed plan for its guidance can ever be made beforehand. I never dreamed of following in the footsteps of Hannibal at the Trebbia till chance had enabled us to profit by the treasures found at Turin; not even at Milan, the gates of which were opened to us by the battle of Cassano. The back of fortune's neck is bare; but she has fine curls hanging over her brow; and if you do not seize her by the forelock, she will soon escape your grasp. Is not one campaign better than ten, and is it not preferable to take the shortest road to Paris than to debar yourself from all success by the profound wisdom of your own measures? Farewell, my friend and benefactor; obtain for me power, or liberty to return to the plough." On one occasion, in speaking of some harsh measures of the Austrian Government, he has the following passage, that may perhaps be thought at variance with the character generally ascribed to him:—"I conquered Poland by generosity and humanity, and Italy must be subdued by the same means."

No sooner had the fate of the citadel of Alessandria given

him free hands to act, than preparations were made for the invasion of the Genoese territory. Release from long thraldom seems to have poured fire through his veins, and on the 31st of July he writes to Melas: "I conjure your Excellency, by your devotion to our sovereign, and by your zeal in the good cause, to exert all your power and authority, to have the necessary arrangements for our advance into the Riviera ready in the course of eight days. No excuse can now be taken, celerity is indispensable, delay a crime, and its evil consequences unpardonable."

While the Russian field-marshal was thus engaged, the French were preparing on their side to save him the trouble of a long advance. The wrecks of their Italian armies having been allowed to collect in the Riviera, were soon reinforced from France. When about 45,000 men were assembled, the young and fiery Joubert was placed at their head, with orders immediately to advance and raise the siege of Mantua. These orders were too much in accordance with the general's own wishes to be long delayed: he issued from his fastnesses with about 35,000 men; and though the allies were numerically superior, it might be fairly enough expected that they could not immediately assemble any greater number for battle. The news of the fall of Mantua, which had just surrendered, Joubert refused to credit, deeming it a mere device of the enemy.

The Austrians, with the view of throwing a shade of ridicule over old Suwaroff, constantly kept back all notice of the dispositions made for the battle of Novi, and contented themselves with producing a few lines of doggrel verse, sent to General Kray the evening before the action, and containing, as they would insinuate, all the arrangements made for the attack. We now know how matters stood. As stated, Joubert intended to advance into the plain for the purpose of relieving Mantua. On the 14th he received certain news of its fate, and immediately recalled his leading divisions, intending to retire next day

into the Riviera, unless attacked at Novi, where, from the nature of the ground, he thought all the chances of victory were in his favour.

Suwaroff, for the purpose of making good use of his numerous cavalry, intended to fight in the plain, and had made arrangements for intercepting the retreat of the French; but he no sooner found that the leading columns of the enemy were withdrawn, than he immediately altered his resolution, and fearing that they might escape altogether, or fortify the strong position of Novi, he determined to attack them at once, with all the troops within his reach, and hold them fast till the other divisions should come up. It is no doubt a dangerous experiment to bring the separate corps of any army successively into action if they are too far asunder to lend each other immediate and certain support, for it exposes them to be defeated in detail; but there are cases in war when generals must give the rein to courage, and trust to fortune; and when the spirit of victory is high—when it brings conviction of success in flashes of inspiration to the heart and mind—when all are eager to fight, and confident in the skill or fortune of their leader,—then we may strike boldly against all the odds that cold calculation would sum up against us.

The details of the battle of Novi we must pass over: the action began early in the morning, was very bravely contested, and ended with the complete defeat of the French, who, besides their commander-in-chief, lost four generals, 10,000 men, and all their artillery.

It might have been supposed that so decisive a victory would have been quickly followed up, and that the capture of Genoa would have been the reward of this splendid feat of arms. But here we have another admirable proof of the working of coalitions, and again find national jealousies thwarting the progress of military operations.

The Archduke Charles had remained so inactive in Switzerland, that the inferior French had taken possession

of the St Gothard and the passes leading into Italy; and one of their corps actually threatened Milan. Against this unexpected attack it was necessary to detach General Kray with 10,000 men. Besides, the Austrian Government were determined not to allow the Russians to take Genoa from the French; they thought the town better in the hands of foes than of friends: or they thought rather that, at a proper time and place, they could take it themselves. How sadly they were out of their calculation in regard to time needs not be told here. The Russians had, as we have seen, shown great anxiety to obtain possession of Malta, and to get a footing in Italy; they had a fleet in the Mediterranean, and now proposed to invade the Riviera; and in Suwaroff's disposition the attack on Genoa was to be executed by the Russian troops, while the Austrians were to take the direction of Ceva and Aqui. This was enough for the Cabinet of Vienna, and we consequently hear nothing more of the proposed undertaking, while every effort is used to hurry the Russians out of Italy.

There is nothing to show that Suwaroff was aware of all these ambitious views and mean jealousies.

At the moment of which we are writing an Anglo-Russian army of 35,000 men was landing in Holland under the command of the Duke of York; while another Russian army of equal strength was already approaching the frontiers of Switzerland, under the orders of General Korsakoff. Seventy thousand men were thus about to be thrown into the scale in favour of the allies, at the very moment when they were completely victorious in Italy, and already superior in Switzerland. Even without this great reinforcement success was within their reach, had they followed up the advantage gained; but the mismanagement of generals, and the incapacity of cabinets, attempting to direct military operations, ruined the brilliant prospects which the sword of Suwaroff had opened; and the additional thousands, hurried to the field, came but to heighten the shame

of defeat, and to render more conspicuous the folly by which disaster had been occasioned.

The extreme anxiety of the Austrian Cabinet to get the Russians out of Italy led to an arrangement between the allied courts, according to which the Russians were all to be assembled in Switzerland under the command of Suwaroff, leaving the Archduke Charles to transfer his inactivity to the Rhine and the Neckar. In vain the Russian field-marshal represented that his troops were peculiarly unsuited to mountain warfare; equally vain were his representations of the danger of allowing the Archduke to leave his position till the Russians should be all assembled. "Massena," he says, in a memorandum on the subject, "has no object in waiting for us when he can beat us in detail. He will first throw himself upon Korsakoff, who is nearest to him, and then upon Condé, and that will probably be enough for him." How just was the prophecy we shall see presently.

In the mean time Korsakoff had arrived in Switzerland with 30,000 Russians, and the Archduke thought it right, as he tells us himself, to strike some decisive blow with the overwhelming majority which these troops gave him. He made a feeble demonstration against the left of Massena's army, but relinquished the intended attack the moment he found himself opposed, by a couple of light companies, at the passage of the Aar. His Imperial Highness strives hard to free himself from the charge of want of resolution displayed on this occasion; but no effort can clear him of having neglected the golden opportunity of overwhelming, by his vast superiority, the only efficient army which then remained to republican France. Having established Korsakoff in the position of Zürich, and left Holtze with 20,000 Austrians to await the arrival of Suwaroff, he took the road to the Neckar: his departure was the very turn of fate.

Suwaroff had obtained, through Lord Mulgrave, a pro-

mise that the Archduke was not to leave Switzerland till his (Suwaroff's) arrival, a promise that was confirmed by Count Thugut, the Austrian prime minister, himself. And yet we know from the Archduke, that he had "positive orders to march to the Neckar immediately, but to keep his orders secret till the moment of execution"! This certainly looks like treachery; but it was evidently nothing more than a little diplomatic trickery of which the gentlemen of Vienna were, no doubt, very proud at the time. They knew Suwaroff's objection to the Swiss expedition; they also knew his irritable and obstinate disposition, and were afraid that he would refuse to march if informed of the Archduke's departure: this, at least, is the most charitable construction we can put on their strange and unworthy conduct. These cabinet dwarfs trifled with the giant of war, till crushed beneath the weight of the fearful Colossus which they thought their puny hands could guide at pleasure.

The important fortress of Tortona had no sooner fallen, than Suwaroff, having freed Italy in half the time Napoleon took to conquer it, advanced with his usual celerity to Taverne, where, by agreement with the Austrian commissariat, mules were to be in readiness for the conveyance of provisions and ammunition across the mountains. Not a single beast of burden was found, and five days were lost in collecting what proved after all an insufficient number, for the Cossacks had to dismount and give their horses to make up the deficiency. The artillery and heavy baggage were sent round by the Splügen, and only a few mountain guns, carried on mules, were taken along with the army.

General Le Courbe was stationed with 12,000 men between Altorff and the Hospital, and occupied, with about 3500 men of his right wing, the passes of the St Gothard. On the 24th of September Suwaroff advanced from Airolo with 18,000 men, the remnant of the Russian army of Italy, to the attack of the mountain. The narrow paths and steep

ascent rendered the enterprise extremely hazardous: and on the part of the French, the defence was skilful and determined. From overhanging cliffs, from behind fragments of rock, from crevices, breaks in the ground, and from every turn of the road, fire poured in upon the advancing masses. This first attempt at mountain war seems to have had something altogether appalling for the Russians. They came from the fertile, smiling fields of Italy, and were here to break through the closed ranks of snow-covered Alps. The narrow ravines, the huge and countless fragments of granite, the high perpendicular walls of rock, and the continued ascent through heaps of ruined masses, remnants of the mighty revolution of nature, struck fearfully on the imagination of all ranks. Even the enemy in possession of this lofty region, and familiar with all its gloomy horrors, assumed a gigantic appearance in the eyes of the invaders: they murmured and refused to advance. The voice of their general, himself looked upon as a man of superior and gigantic nature, vanquished these dangerous impressions; and, in constant and bloody combat, the column reached the summit of the mountain about four o'clock in the evening. They had lost about 1200 men in the ascent.

But another action of daring had still to be performed. The road from the St Gothard to Altorff leads through what is termed the Urner Loch, and over the Devil's Bridge. The Urner Loch is a tunnel eighty yards in length, and blown out of the solid rock, and about 600 yards in front of the bridge over the Reuss, a river fordable indeed, but thundering in rapid course through high, steep, rocky banks. The pass hardly admits of being turned, and is of a nature not to be encountered except in the wildest mountain regions. The retiring French had broken down one arch of the bridge, but had made no attempt to barricade the Urner Loch.

On the morning of the 25th of September, Suwaroff

arrived at the pass. The leading battalions threw themselves gallantly into the dark, steeply descending abyss, whence some new and unknown species of destruction seemed vainly to waft its shadowy terrors upon the hearts of the advancing soldiers. Troop followed troop, the rearmost pressing the foremost rapidly down the gorge;—nor halt nor stay was possible, and the leading ranks, hurried tumultuously forward, found themselves before the broken arch of the bridge, and received with a murderous fire of musketry from the opposite rocks. Wounded and unwounded went down the precipice with frightful crash; and frightful was the situation of all, for death came on wings of fire from above, and threatened in the foaming waves of the Reuss below. In this hour of fear the Russians gave proof of the greatest courage and resolution. They descended, under constant fire, into the bed of the river; forded the rushing stream, though breast high; ascended the opposite side, and, overcoming all resistance, drove the enemy from their formidable position. Though this was no doubt effected by superior numbers, who were enabled to extend themselves along a considerable front, yet it must still be acknowledged as a brave and noble deed of war.

The bridge was soon restored, and on the 22d the army, being joined by General Auffenberg with 5000 Austrians, reached Altorff, on the Lake of Lucerne; and here it was that Suwaroff first became aware of the dreadful error into which the incomprehensible conduct of the Austrian staff had led him. The St Gothard road ends in the waves of the Lake of Lucerne, at Altorff, and the enemy had, of course, not left a single vessel for the conveyance of the allied troops! By land the Kinzig Kulm appears to defy all passage: rising from the valley of the Schachen, this frightful mass of rocks stretches its naked arms high in air, threatening, like landmarks fixed by the hand of fate, to debar all further progress. It is only over the highest

ridge of the mountain, and by paths deemed dangerous even to hunters and shepherds, that the army can reach the valley of the Muotta, and the road to Schwyz: and even this must be quickly accomplished; for since two days the roar of cannon has been heard above the roar of the cataracts, and the world's destiny may hang upon an hour's delay.

Massena no sooner learned the departure of the Archduke Charles for Germany, than he saw the advantage which might be taken of so great an error on the part of the allies. The immediate overthrow of the Austro-Russian army under Holtze and Korsakoff offered the only chance of turning the fate of the campaign, and perhaps of saving republican France, the government of which had sunk to the lowest ebb in public estimation. If the intrepid Suwaroff joined the allies with his victorious army, then the fate of Switzerland was decided, the *morale* of the French troops ruined, and France itself thrown open to invasion, at a moment when there was no government round which the national patriotism was likely to rally. The peril was evident, and yet Massena hesitated long; and if the blow which he struck became decisive, it became so, as much from the want of skill displayed by his adversaries, as by his own energy and ability. Three weeks had elapsed since the departure of the Archduke Charles, and Suwaroff, though arrested for five days at the foot of the St Gothard, had carried that formidable post, and was already in full march towards Altorff: a day's delay might now bring certain ruin.

Early on the morning of the 25th of September, the French forced the passage of the Limmat, twenty miles below Zürich, and defeated a Russian division which attempted to oppose them. It is only justice to say that the arrangements for the operation were made with great ability, and that the execution was distinguished for skill and gallantry. On the 26th, the decisive battle of Zürich

was fought: the Russians were completely routed. On the same day, Soult defeated the left wing of the allied army under General Holtze, who was killed in the action.

This battle of Zürich was, in its consequences, the most important of all those fought by the armies of republican France. It turned the fate of a campaign which threatened the safety of the country, and dissolved the most formidable and prosperous coalition which had yet been formed against the new order of things. The next campaign was little more than a gathering in of the fruit of this one battle; the Austrians were then, with broken hopes, alone in the arena; England had withdrawn from the scene of Continental warfare, and Russia had abandoned the cause altogether.

On the 26th of September, the very day that Soult and Massena achieved this great victory, Suwaroff arrived at Altorff with an army already much loosened in its discipline by want and exhaustion. For five days the Russians had been constantly ascending and descending rugged mountain paths, carrying on a new and dangerous species of warfare,—forcing passes, climbing rocks, fording rivers,—they had been exposed during the whole time to the most inclement weather, and from the convoys not being able to keep up, had been destitute of all provisions, except what they had taken from the French, or collected from the inhabitants. The train of stragglers and beasts of burden extended all the way from Altorff to the St Gothard.

Under these circumstances, a couple of days' rest seemed indispensable to the army, but the continued roar of cannon told that it could not be granted; and Suwaroff determined to cross the mountain by paths such as he had not as yet encountered, and such indeed as no army had ever, long as wars have been carried on, before attempted to ascend. To demand this new exertion from troops reduced to the

state in which the Russians were on their arrival at Altorff, required no ordinary resolution; to obtain compliance was a proof of the powerful sway which the commander exercised over the minds of his followers. An ordinary general, if we can suppose such, or one so situated, would have halted or retired; but Suwaroff was too conscious of his strength to recoil from these difficulties, and too proud to support the idea of being absent from a battle-field which any power of mortal exertion could yet have reached. His impatience brooked not one instant's delay, nor was an instant lost.

On the morning of the 27th of September, the army commenced the passage of the gigantic Kinzig Kulm. The distance from the Schachen into the Muotta valley hardly exceeds nine miles; but the path is so steep and dangerous, that a single traveller requires seven or eight hours to perform the journey; and the 200 Cossacks who preceded the columns only arrived in the valley at 5 o'clock in the evening, having been twelve hours on the march. Suwaroff reached Muotta with the leading division at 8 o'clock in the morning, having been all night on the mountain; and the rear division only came up at sunset on the 29th, sixty hours after the departure of the van. No sooner was the main body at a distance, than the rattling of musketry told that Le Courbe was already attacking the rear-guard; and the fatigued, barefooted, and heavily-laden soldier was forced to exert the last breath of life to escape destruction from the foe, and to drag himself along from rock to rock over paths rendered slippery, and doubly dangerous, by the rain and by the collected cataracts descending from all the overhanging cliffs. Every chasm and ravine was filled with sick, straggling, and exhausted men, and with lame and dying beasts of burden. How many perished in this dismal march, because the last spark of life gave way before the haven of hope was reached, or because a false step hurled them headlong down the frightful precipice, has

never been mentioned; but the peasantry of these retired valleys speak, even to this day, with wonder and astonishment of this unrivalled expedition.

At Muotta, Suwaroff heard the disastrous news of the battle of Zürich, and then only became aware of the full peril of his own situation. The attack made by Le Courbe on the rear-guard had been easily repulsed. But Massena, having left a corps to pursue Korsakoff, was advancing from Schwyz with the greater part of his victorious army, while General Molitor was already in possession of the passes leading out of the Muotta valley. Nothing but the greatest boldness and daring could save a suffering and exhausted army so situated. On the morning of the 30th of September the troops began their march towards Glarus; which, if not exactly a retrograde, was no longer an offensive movement; it was, for the moment at least, a total abandonment of the intended conquest of Switzerland. Even edging away from the enemy cost the proud spirit of Suwaroff a terrible effort, and he yielded only to absolute necessity; for it was evidently impossible with his worn-out troops, destitute of cavalry and artillery, and short of ammunition, to face three times their number of French soldiers flushed with recent victory. General Molitor was driven on before the advanced columns; he defended position after position with great bravery, but was constantly forced to give way. On the 1st of October, and while the van of the army was thus engaged, Massena arrived from Schwyz, and fell with his victorious troops on the rear. This attack was either so badly made or so bravely resisted, that the French experienced a signal overthrow, and were forced to retire, leaving a vast number of killed and wounded on the field, and 1000 prisoners, together with five pieces of artillery, in the hands of the conquerors. This is, under all the circumstances of the case, one of the most extraordinary victories ever achieved in war: it is like the wounded bear crushing, in his dying grasp, the

heedless huntsman who ventured to follow him to his last den of death and despair.

The army reached Glarus on the same day, and having there found a magazine of provisions, Suwaroff despatched General Auffenberg to secure the passes into the Grisons, and gave the remainder of his army three days' rest. Surrounded on all sides by vastly superior numbers, even this delay seemed dangerous; but the inactivity of the French justified the measure, and on the morning of the 5th the army resumed its toilsome march. To reach the valley of the Rhine they had to pass the lofty mountain-ridge called the Panizerberg—less difficult, indeed, than the Kinzig Kulm, for it is crossed by a bridle-road, but the snow which had fallen for two days had covered the face of the hill and rendered it completely trackless. The wearied soldiers, who, for fourteen days, had been toiling incessantly to climb the rocky masses that met them at every turn, began to fancy themselves under the power of evil spirits, determined to effect their destruction by enclosing them in these labyrinths of desolation. On the morning of the 6th they ascended the Panizerberg: far as the eye could reach from this mighty Alpine height the whole country presented only one vast desert of snow; no path, no mark of human habitation was visible; nor did a single bush or pine offer the possibility of kindling a spark of cheering fire. On the eastern side, a cold wind had congealed the snow, and covered the face of the mountain with a complete sheet of ice; so that the fall of the foremost men and horses was the only warning for the rearmost to seek better paths. The whole day was passed in this manner, and it was with difficulty that the advance-guard and the headquarters reached the village of Panix late at night. The main column, encumbered with sick and wounded, remained all night under a frosty sky, on the top of the snow-covered mountain. More than 200 men, and all the remaining beasts of burden, perished during this night:

the few mountain guns still left had to be thrown down the precipice, and it was only on the evening of the 8th that the last of the stragglers reached the village. On the 10th all the remains of the army were assembled at Ilanz, where ended the sufferings of this Alpine march. In the valley of the Rhine the troops found supplies, and a good road leading to the Lake of Constance. The French made no attempt to impede the retreat after the action of Glarus, and showed a singular want of energy and ability in all their operations against the Russian field-marshal. It was evident that Massena had no wish to risk the laurels of Zürich in a desperate combat with the conqueror of Novi.

The Archduke Charles had taken Mannheim, and forced the French to raise the siege of Philipsburg,—operations which could have no influence on the fate of the campaign, —when the news of the disasters in Switzerland reached him. He instantly hurried back to the Danube, and arrived with his whole army at Donaueschingen on the 7th of October, at the very time when, on his side, Suwaroff reached Ilanz. Here another golden opportunity for deciding the fate of the campaign was again offered to his Imperial Highness. Korsakoff, terrified by the orders of Suwaroff, who, on peril of his life, commanded him not to retire another step, had already turned upon the pursuing foe, though with little effect; but had the Archduke joined him with the whole of his unbroken army, and fallen with this combined force upon the scattered enemy, success was almost certain. The French were already half vanquished by the ardour of pursuit; elated with conquest, they had thrown themselves after the allies, and in long, thin, unconnected columns, were traversing, like a mountain torrent split by intervening rocks, all the valleys and ravines of Switzerland, from the St Gothard to the Lake of Constance, so that an efficient and compact body could hardly fail to crush them in detail. But though success was at that

moment more necessary than ever, not to check an enemy, but to gain an ally,—for the Russians were already loud in their complaints of actual treason,—the Archduke remained, as usual, inactive in his camp. Victory is a female, and as pitiless as the rest of her sex when scorned; and never smiled upon his Imperiaal Highness again. The ruin of mighty lands had, unfortunately, to pay the forfeit of the gentleman's errors and of the lady's caprices.

On the 12th of October Suwaroff removed to Feldkirch, from whence he sent to the Archduke Charles a plan for a combined movement against the enemy. Writing to his friends at the same time, he expresses his conviction, however, that no efficient assistance is to be expected from the Austrian field-marshal, without whose aid the Russian army is no longer in condition to bring offensive operations to any successful termination. This expectation was but too truly fulfilled. The Archduke, instead of promising full and active co-operation, and striving to soothe and gain the old and naturally irritated soldier, criticised the plan, —proposed other measures,—without saying a word about aiding them, thus appearing only to advise or instruct, and ended by asking for an early meeting in order to arrange future operations. This was the last drop of water which made the goblet overflow. Suwaroff sent an evasive answer, showing the full bitterness of his feelings. And when, on the 16th, an aide-de-camp of the Archduke came to renew the application for a meeting, the old man's anger could contain itself no longer. "Tell his Imperial Highness," said Suwaroff, "that I know nothing about defensive warfare; I only know how to attack. I shall advance when I think proper, and shall not stop in Switzerland, but proceed immediately into France. Tell him further that at Vienna I shall be at his feet; but here I am at least his equal. He is a field-marshal, and so am I; he is in the service of a great emperor, and so am I; he is young, I am old. Victories have given me experience; I

have no counsel to take from any one, and take none except from God and my sword." Having once given scope to his passion, he broke out into bitter complaints against the Austrians, and declared his intention of retiring into winter-quarters. All attempts of the Archduke to make him change his resolution were unavailing. Suwaroff proposed to establish his headquarters at Augsburg, and his Imperial Highness was inconsiderate enough to remonstrate against the choice of that particular place, as it interfered with the Austrian line of communication. "Would it be more agreeable," replied the old marshal, "that I should retire into Bohemia?" Writing to the Archduke on the 1st of November, he says, "In your letter of the 30th ult. you make use, in regard to me, of the word 'retreat:' against this I beg to protest, having never in the whole course of my life known that word or 'defensive war;' which cost us 10,000 men in the Tyrol at the opening of the campaign—a greater loss than we sustained during the whole course of it in Italy."

As long as wars are carried on by men of mere earthly mould, influenced by human feelings and passions, so long must a knowledge of human character form the first requisite of an officer; and yet it is nearly the last attended to in all ranks; and the extreme want of tact and judgment displayed by the Archduke Charles and the Austrian Cabinet in their intercourse with Suwaroff, must detract greatly from their claims to fitness for the high situations which they filled.

In the first instance the Russian army only fell back to Augsburg; but the representations of Suwaroff, the Grand-duke Constantine, and other officers, had been so unfavourable to the Austrian Government, that the Emperor Paul recalled the troops, and renounced the alliance. The Emperor Francis, with whom Suwaroff had always corresponded in the most friendly terms, as well as the Archduke Charles, used every effort to detain the field-marshal;

but in vain. All they could obtain was a promise that he would wait for further orders at Prague, and return to the field if commanded. As no such orders arrived, he proceeded on his march, and led the army back into Russia. That he had great reason to complain of the Austrian Government is certain; but this sudden abandonment of the cause, which he and his sovereign looked upon as an honourable one, and in support of which he had performed so many brilliant actions,—the unexpected forsaking of an ally, called to the field by Russian promises,—seems hardly to admit of any defence: for in his high station it was a crime to allow personal anger to influence public conduct. His march through Switzerland was one of victory rather than of defeat; and such even the result would have proved, if, with the conviction of having performed great actions, and with the consciousness of being equal almost to the greatest, he had not allowed a hatred of the Austrians to spring up in his breast, and smother all the better feelings of his nature. By yielding to unworthy resentment, he excluded himself from the brilliant career allotted to him; exchanged the noble part he was called upon to act in directing the efforts of civilised nations, for that of a mere Tartar khan, who, in a moment of barbaric rage, calls out to horse, and gallops back to his deserts, followed by the whole of his savage horde.

Suwaroff had been invited to Petersburg, where he was to be received with triumphal honours; but he was taken ill on the road, and confined to bed for several weeks at Kotryn. During this time his enemies contrived to excite the displeasure of the weak-minded Paul against him. In the course of the campaign Suwaroff had occasionally neglected some of those points of military etiquette on which little minds place such great value, and the Emperor issued an order, which he caused to be read at the head of every regiment, and which was to the effect that "the general-in-chief, Prince Italinsky, deserved the utmost

censure for having disobeyed the orders of the Emperor." The blow struck the old man severely, and again threw him back on his bed of sickness, and he was often heard to exclaim that he had lived too long. He recovered sufficiently, however, to proceed to Petersburg, which he only entered after dusk; and though received by the guard with military honours, he went immediately to the house of a relative in a retired part of the town, where none of his friends were allowed to visit him. This mark of imperial displeasure, together with the grief occasioned by seeing himself totally abandoned by the world in the hour of affliction, pressed heavily upon him, and he declined rapidly. The Emperor relented indeed, at last; but it was too late: exhausted by toil, suffering, sorrow, and anxiety, the old man breathed his last on the 18th of May 1800, in the seventy-first year of his age.

VII.

MARSHAL MASSENA.

THE memoirs of one of Napoleon's marshals, of one of those successful soldiers who so long acted domineering parts over the fairest portions of Continental Europe, could hardly fail, if written in an honest and truthful spirit, to prove both instructive and interesting. Such a work would be of the greatest value to the future historian, would unveil the obscurity that still conceals the source of so many dark and dubious actions, and would enable us to discover bright and brilliant truth beneath the false guise so often cast over it by party zeal, national vanity, and selfish egotism. But desirable as such a book would be, we have not yet, even in these book-making days, been so fortunate as to obtain one. The 'Memoirs of Marshal St Cyr' are ably and forcibly written, and have in many respects great merit; but do not take that comprehensive view of the general state of affairs of the directing spirit of the time, that in our estimation should be possessed by the work for which we are pleading. The 'Memoirs of Marshal Ney,' 'Recollections of Caulaincourt,' and other works of the same class, manufactured, fabricated rather, by Parisian book-makers, are of course totally undeserving of notice. Nor can the book which has given rise to

these remarks* claim any particular share of praise, superior as it certainly is to the mass of fabricated memoirs. Written by an officer who deservedly acquired a fair rank in literature, founded on documents furnished by Massena's family, and which the Marshal had himself prepared for his future biography, having everywhere access to the best information, and writing of times and events deeply interesting to all who take an interest in history, General Koch certainly had it in his power to give us a work both instructive and interesting; instead of which, he has only given us seven as dry and barren volumes as could possibly be furnished with these advantages. The author, though not one of the most extravagant Bonapartists, writes completely in the spirit of the Bonaparte age, sees everything through its medium, and estimates skill, courage, honour, patriotism, not according to the standard by which these virtues have been measured in the ordinary world, but according as they fit into "le système de l'Empereur." And we should certainly have left the book to the exclusive admiration of our neighbours, had not the career of Massena been connected with some of the most important events of our military history.

André Massena was born at Nice on the 6th of May 1758. His father was a tanner; and as he lost this parent in early life, his education was greatly neglected. One of his relations, however, commanded a trading vessel, and the ardent spirit of the boy led him, when very young, to join his kinsman's crew. As a sailor he made two voyages up the Mediterranean, and one to French Guiana, and then forsaking the sea—to which it is probable, however, that he owed some of that daring and energetic activity which constituted the best trait of the brightest period of his

* 'Mémoires de Massena, rédigés d'après les Documents qu'il a laissés et sur ceux du Dépot de la Guerre, et du Dépot des Fortifications.' Par le Général Koch. 7 volumes, 8vo. Paris, 1848.

military career—he enlisted in 1775, as a private soldier in the French regiment of Royal Italians. His conduct was exemplary; and having applied himself to remedy the defects of his education, he made good progress in writing and orthography. He was next year promoted to the rank of corporal; and the Marshal of France and Prince of Esslingen often declared in after years, that no honour ever bestowed upon him during his successful career had ever caused him equal delight to what he experienced from this first step of humble military preferment.

Encouraged by this success, Massena applied with great zeal to the studies most essential to his profession. He was next year promoted to the rank of sergeant, and soon afterwards named sergeant-major. He was looked upon as one of the best instructors in the regiments stationed in Provence, and considered good authority on all points connected with the drill and discipline of troops. Some hopes of a wealthy marriage, and the slender prospect of any one not of noble family obtaining a commission under the old Bourbon regime, induced him, however, after fourteen years' service, to solicit his discharge, which was granted him, with a certificate highly creditable to his conduct. The matrimonial speculation proved less profitable than had been anticipated, and Massena appears for some time to have remained an unsatisfied dependant on his father-in-law. The breaking out of the Revolution, however, again brought him into active life. Having embraced the new doctrines with all the ardour of his disposition, he was elected major of the National Guard of Antibes. In 1791, he was made lieutenant-colonel of the 2d battalion of the department of the Var, which soon afterwards joined the army of Italy. The rapid promotion of these early Republican days is well known, and in 1793 we already find Massena general of division; and in 1795 he had the principal merit in the victory gained by the Republicans at Laone, which opened the way for

the success of the campaign of 1796, the first in Napoleon's extraordinary career.

Massena's share in the operations which led to the conquest of Italy, and which obtained for him the title of the "Favoured Child of Victory," is well known. What is less known, and what the reclamations of the friends of Augereau have alone brought to light, is the weakness which the future Emperor displayed—his total abandonment of the cause, indeed—on Marshal Wurmser's first advance to relieve Mantua. The Austrians having taken Brescia, Napoleon arrived at Augereau's headquarters, overwhelmed with anxiety—"devoré d'inquiétude"—and talked of immediately falling back behind the Po. The firmness of Augereau, who instantly offered to retake the place, induced him, however, to change his resolution, and he only ordered General Serrurier to raise the siege of Mantua, to spike the guns, and burn his equipages. But even this degree of firmness was only temporary, for, after the recapture of Brescia, he assembled a council of war in great anxiety, and it was again proposed to retire behind the Adda. Augereau again combated this proposal, and brought Napoleon to his side; but as operations continued, the commander-in-chief's dread returned; and, assembling all the generals present in a barn near Matechiaro, he again proposed to retire behind the Adda. As Augereau again protested against this project, a violent altercation took place between the two; and as the generals sided with Augereau, Napoleon, with an impatient wave of his hand, declared that "he would have nothing more to do with the business, and would leave them altogether." "And who then is to command, if you go away?" inquired Augereau. "It will be you," replied the other, and instantly departed for Lonato. The victory of Castiglione achieved by Augereau, two days afterwards, seems to have restored harmony to the army.

The French Directory having, after Napoleon's departure

from Italy, got up a very pretty quarrel with the Pope, ordered General Berthier to take possession of Rome, and proclaim a republican government. The task was easily effected, as no opposition was offered; but the victors were soon destined to reap some of the rewards of their conduct. Napoleon had left swarms of civil functionaries in Italy charged with directions of raising contributions, of turning everything to money, which was to be sent to France. The country was thus exhausted, while the soldiers and inferior officers of the army by which it had been conquered, were left in the utmost distress. When Berthier marched against Rome, he promised, not only that all the arrears of pay should be made good on the capture of the city, but that a gratuity should besides be given to the troops. The promise was not, however, fulfilled, the dissatisfaction became general, and great disorders were committed.

At this time Massena was directed to take the command of the troops stationed in the Roman States, but to receive instructions for his general guidance from General Berthier, as long as the latter should remain at Rome. It was something like placing a general, as was sometimes done in India, under a political agent; and the mischief of such an arrangement was soon felt.

The captains and subalterns of the army, excluding the generals and field-officers, but supported by the privates, formed themselves into a regular deliberative body; established a permanent committee of officers at the Pantheon, and drew up a series of demands, which they sent to the generals-in-chief, insisting on their being immediately complied with. In this trying situation Massena showed firmness, Berthier only weakness, which naturally augmented the confusion; the mutineers, preferring, of course, to deal with the weaker party, refused to allow him to leave the city.

"It must also be confessed," says General Koch, "that

the vile system of plunder was at this moment renewed at Rome, with greater audacity than ever. Museums, churches, public edifices, were ransacked. Neither the palaces of the nobility nor the houses of individuals were spared, when containing objects of art or of value. The produce of this vile rapine was sold to Jews, and the money squandered at gambling-tables, or in resorts of the lowest debauchery. These brigand deeds excited the greatest indignation in the army, as well as in the city. There was one theft in particular that excited indignation, as it was committed in the very palace occupied by the general-commandant of Rome, whence an armed party forcibly carried away by night effects of great value. The mystery which shrouded this odious deed proved that it was not committed by vulgar ruffians. And though the soldiers on guard at the palace were afterwards accused of the robbery, public opinion, in the army as well as in the city, sought for the authors in a much higher rank."

The committee of officers spoke very plainly on these points. "We not only demand our pay," said these military senators, "but vengeance also for the thefts committed in Rome, by monsters holding military rank, and by the members of wasteful and corrupt administrations plunged night and day in the lowest debauchery." And they further tell the *citoyen* commander-in-chief, that "though willing to believe him pure, they will yet consider him a participator in the deeds of infamy, unless he arrests their progress, and brings the offenders to justice."

Unable to quell this military mutiny, Massena left Rome, at the very moment when a rising against the French, occasioned by this continued system of robbery and spoliation, took place in the city as well as in the provinces. It was quenched, as usual, in the blood of the insurgents, and the spoil collected in consequence seems to have satisfied the troops, and the General returned to his post, and for a short time resumed his functions. He was soon, however,

recalled by the Directory, who first ordered him to Genoa, but afterwards allowed him to proceed to Antibes to visit his family. He was exiled, in fact.

General Koch strives, naturally, very hard to free his hero from all blame on this occasion, but not, we fear, with full success, for, to the last of his career, Massena laboured under the foul suspicion of being meanly addicted to rapine; and Capefigue, speaking of him when appointed to command the army of Portugal, says, "Massena, with less vanity than Ney and Junot, was greedy of money; he laughed at titles and dignities, he loved crown pieces, gold vases, and the treasures of churches—it was the old custom of the army of Italy."

But the times were not of a nature to leave officers of energy and ability in retirement, and as none of the French revolutionary governments, whether Imperial or Republican, attached any consequence to the moral conduct of the persons they employed, Massena was quickly called to the field.

The coalition of 1799 had been formed, and, while Napoleon was in Egypt, numerous armies, Austrian, Russian, and English, took the field against the Republic. The French were not slow to meet them, and Massena was appointed to the command of the army of Switzerland. At first, success attended the allies on all points. Suwaroff, at the head of an Austro-Russian army, cleared Italy, Genoa and the Riviera excepted, of the Republicans; the Archduke Charles defeated Jourdan, and drove him back across the Rhine, and obliged Massena to abandon Zürich, and retire behind the Aar; while, at the same time, an Anglo-Russian army landed in Holland. But jealousies, and an ignorance of the simplest principles of strategy, ruined this fair commencement. The Austrian Cabinet were anxious to remove the Russians out of Italy, and feared to see them occupy Genoa; and the English Government, it is said by German writers, pressed for the

march of the Archduke Charles to the middle Rhine, where he would, as they thought, be better able to co-operate with the Duke of York in Holland. What clear notions of strategy could suggest any idea of a co-operation from the banks of the Maine to the shores of the North Sea, it is not easy to comprehend.

These views, however, were acted upon. A Russian army had arrived in Switzerland under the command of Prince Korsakoff, the Archduke Charles descended the Rhine, and Suwaroff, having strongly remonstrated against the whole faulty plan of operation, commenced his march for the purpose of joining his countrymen at Zürich. This aged and distinguished commander, whom so many writers have attempted to represent as a mere fortunate barbarian and buffoon, had vainly represented to the Cabinet of Vienna that the French would hardly remain inactive while this concentration was in progress; they would certainly, he said, fall with all their forces on Korsakoff, before he could join him, the moment the Archduke Charles should be too far removed to lend assistance. And so it proved to the very letter. No sooner had the Austrian army left Switzerland than Massena attacked Korsakoff at Zürich, and completely defeated him. These tidings reached Suwaroff while engaged in struggling through deep and dangerous defiles, and over almost untrodden, rugged, and frozen mountain-paths. Cut off from the scattered remains of Korsakoff's army, every pass and position in the hands of the enemy, his position seemed almost desperate, and it was only by dauntless skill, energy, and resolution, that he saved his army in this trying emergency. Military history records few operations more creditable to a leader than these last operations of Suwaroff; and though it is usual for the French, in their rodomontade way of writing, to boast of their victory over this old Russian commander, the fact is that they were defeated in every attempt to intercept his march.

The signal victory of Zürich—the most important one, perhaps, gained by republican France—dissolved the coalition of 1799; terminated the campaign, notwithstanding its early disasters, in favour of the Republicans; and left the frontiers of their country extended on all points, far beyond the ancient boundaries of France: and when Napoleon, a few months afterwards, assumed the government, as consul, he found, contrary to the usual assertion, the country secure from attack, and Austria alone in the arena against him; the Russians having withdrawn from the contest, and the British troops having, after the Duke of York's retreat from the Helder, forsaken for a time the fields of Continental war.

In Italy operations had languished after the departure of Suwaroff; but the French had not recovered from the effects of their previous defeats, and held little conquered ground in the country, beyond the city of Genoa and the Riviera. The victor of Zürich was now sent by the new Consul to restore the fortunes of the Republic beyond the Alps.

During the campaign which followed, Massena's task was confined to the defence of Genoa; and the resolute and persevering gallantry with which he held that city, obtained for him even the praise of his adversaries.

After the truce that followed on the campaign of Marengo, Massena remained in Italy as General-in-chief of the French army in that country. But his term of command was not of long duration, for accusations of extortion, rapacity, corruption, of open theft, and plunder indeed, were poured in upon the French Government from every quarter occupied by their troops in Italy. Massena was recalled in consequence, and though the First Consul received him with the greatest kindness, he refused him permission to vindicate his character, ordering him to treat with contempt the very accusations which had led him to disgrace. During the five years that followed, Massena

remained without any command, and was looked upon as an Oppositionist; but on Napoleon's assuming the imperial title, the victor of Zürich was raised to the rank of Marshal, and received the grand cross of the legion of honour; and when the Continental war was renewed in 1805, he was placed at the head of the army of Italy, and encountered the Archduke Charles on the banks of the Adige.

The battle of Caldiero, the only serious encounter that took place between the parties, remained undecisive; and the catastrophe of Ulm having soon afterwards obliged the Austrian Prince to march towards the Danube, Massena remained master of the field till the battle of Austerlitz terminated the campaign.

The peace of Presburg no sooner gave Napoleon free hand, than, already assuming a European dictatorship, he proclaimed that "the Bourbons of Naples had ceased to reign," and ordered Massena to carry the edict into effect, and place Joseph Napoleon on the vacant throne.

The conquest of Naples offered no particular difficulty, except what resulted from the fierce, but too often barbarous, system of war pursued by the Calabrian peasants in the defence of their mountains. The French termed these irregular adversaries *brigands*, and treated them with a degree of savage barbarity equalled only at a later period in the Peninsula. Before the end of Napoleon's Polish campaign of 1807, Massena was called to the grand army, and commanded the 5th corps, which covered Warsaw.

In the promotions that followed on the peace of Tilsit, he was created Duke of Rivoli, with a large accession of fortune.

In the campaign of 1809, Massena had a conspicuous part to act. During the battle of Esslingen he maintained the village of that name, whence he derived his subsequent title of Prince, to the last; and when the French army retired into the isle of Lobau, it was to him that Napoleon intrusted the command of the broken and defeated troops.

The heavy charge brought against the French authorities on this occasion, of having caused severely wounded, but still living men, to be thrown into the Danube, is left uncontradicted by General Koch; and when so zealous an advocate for the character of his hero, for the fame of his Emperor, and for the honour of his country's arms, leaves so heavy a charge, made in a widely circulated work, and in the face of Europe, utterly unnoticed, the conclusion naturally will be that he cannot deny its accuracy.

The war of 1809 made the Duke of Rivoli Prince of Esslingen!

Napoleon had now attained the highest pinnacle of the vast and extraordinary power it was his fortune to reach. The first of his dynasty, he was allied to the most ancient reigning family of Europe; he was master of France, Germany, Holland, Italy, and Switzerland; his armies held military possession of the greater part of Spain, and from the eastern frontiers of Germany to the shores of the Western Ocean; the small kingdom of Portugal, lately liberated by British arms, and a few isolated Spanish for tresses, alone resisted this gigantic might. The termination of the Austrian contest was to be the signal for their subjugation also. Massena, the most successful commander of that contest, was now selected to plant the imperial eagles on the towers of Lisbon.

The 2d, 6th, and 8th corps, with a reserve of cavalry, had been placed under the Marshal's command; the campaign of 1810 was opened by the reduction of the fortresses of Ciudad Rodrigo and Almeida. These conquests having been duly garrisoned, the invading host, counting 53,000 effective men under arms, pushed on for the interior of the country. To us it seems clear from the memoir before us, though evidently written with a strong bias in favour of Massena and of the imperial system altogether, that the invaders had from the first no clear idea of the nature of the contest in which they were engaged. The

army was composed of brave and tried soldiers, who, in their natural quickness and sagacity, found many valuable resources in the hour of difficulty; the officers were enterprising, confident from years of victory, and skilful in the battle-field; but of a knowledge of the enemy with whom they had to cope, of an insight of the difficulties into which they would or might be placed, we discover not a single trace, either in the instructions of the Emperor or in the measures of his lieutenants. The previous Peninsular campaigns seem to have taught them nothing; the defeats sustained from the British army in 1808 and 1809, the losses attendant on a fierce guerilla war, were entirely forgotten. The French leaders recollected only the great victories they had achieved against different enemies, and under totally different circumstances. A direct advance into the country—a battle, which was, as a matter of course, to prove a victory—and the occupation of the capital, which was to terminate the contest,—were all, in their estimation, the natural consequences that were to flow from the expedition of a French army executing the will of the Great Emperor. It was a delusion raised by vanity similar to what afterwards led Napoleon himself to Moscow. And, judging only from General Koch's book, we are bound to say that every step of the enterprise was marked by gross error.

The allies were attacked at Busaco in a strong position, which might as easily have been turned before the battle as it was afterwards. The assailants were defeated, and the victory added a moral force, worth "more than ten thousand soldiers armed in proof," to the strength of the Portuguese army.

In their advance the French occupied Coimbra, situated on the Mondego, the third city of the kingdom, and important even as a military post. But to close on the flank and rear of an advancing French army had not been the rule of Continental warfare, and the possibility of such a

measure was not now contemplated. Coimbra, the hospital station and main depôt of the army, was left unfortified and without a sufficient guard—with only one company, General Koch would have us believe—and was recaptured by the Portuguese militia, who took between three and four thousand prisoners on the occasion, three days after Massena left it.

Though pursuing a hostile army, certain either to embark or to take up a strong position in which to fight a battle, and who could not perhaps be too rapidly pursued, the French lost sight of the allies on the Mondego, and only came up with their rear-guard at Seria; and that though vastly superior in cavalry, and marching through an open country.

Of the existence of the lines of Torres Vedras neither Massena nor any of his staff had any knowledge till they were within two or three marches of them. Nor was any attempt made to enter these lines along with the allied masses and the crowds of fugitives flying before the French army. As little did the conquerors of Europe think of attacking them before the defenders had been fairly settled in their position, and familiarised with the ground on which they were to fight. Nothing was done by these boasted soldiers to carry the object of the expedition into effect. Instead of instantly attacking the lines, when success, if not probable, was at least possible, they halted and reconnoitred the strong ground, lost time, which was turned to admirable account by their adversaries, and then, seeing that the cause was hopeless, retired to Santarem, relinquishing, in fact, the undertaking altogether. The battle of Busaco had strengthened the hands of the soldier, the retreat to Santarem augmented the power of Lord Wellington.

In relating the British demonstration against Santarem, General Koch relates a strange and melancholy case of panic which took place. "The evacuation of Santarem by

the artillery and the equipages spread," he says, "a great terror through the hospitals. The report flew that the 2d corps would only maintain their ground long enough to favour the retreat of the baggage. It was in vain that attempts were made to calm the sick; the first musket-shots were no sooner heard than, fancying themselves destined to be massacred, they all rose and fled: those only remained who were actually chained down by wounds or the severity of illness. The flight of these unhappy men did not lead them far, for the greater number, enfeebled by wounds or fever, exhausted by their great and unexpected effort, were found lying about the streets lamenting their hard fate in not being able to die with arms in their hands. This panic had a deplorable result; three hundred sick or wounded men died during the two days that followed, and the recovery of the rest was very greatly retarded."

If military operations on a great scale could always be estimated by purely military principles, it might be difficult perhaps to blame the French Marshal for not attacking the formidable lines of Torres Vedras. But when it is considered that he commanded an Imperial French army, the army of an empire founded on military success, and which required to be consolidated by victory—that success in his case would terminate a long and difficult war, place two additional kingdoms beneath the sceptre of Napoleon—and that retreat, on the contrary, the first retreat of an Imperial army, especially before the British, would shake the Grand Empire, as it actually did, to its very foundation,—we can hardly refrain from the conclusion that to avoid attacking the lines was a great and signal error. True it is that we write many years after the event, after witnessing the fall of that mighty structure of power and tyranny, to which the Portuguese campaign dealt the first blow; but men of high intellect, if such there were in the direction of the military affairs, should, supposing our strictures to be just, have seen these results at the time.

Another serious accusation, from which General Koch completely fails to clear Massena, is the Marshal's neglect to secure a passage over the Tagus immediately on his arrival before the lines. The French had occupied Santarem on their first advance; there were at this time only a few Portuguese ordonenzas on the left bank of the river, and we discover no reason whatever that could have then prevented them from throwing a bridge—if only a bridge of rafts—over the stream, and securing their footing in the Alentejo by a strong bridge-head. That there was any serious intention of forcing the passage at a later period, when the 2d division was posted opposite Santarem, we doubt altogether.

Massena's pertinacy in holding his post on the Tagus during the whole winter is highly praised by his biographer, and if pertinacity alone deserved praise in war, the Marshal's conduct would, no doubt, merit the high encomium passed upon it. But to us it appears that the long stay of the French at Santarem, where they suffered severely from privation and from the partisan war carried on against them from every quarter, was infinitely more injurious to their army than beneficial to their cause.

It is true that he latterly obeyed the Emperor's orders in remaining on the Tagus, as the Duke of Dalmatia was expected to arrive from before Cadiz and reach the left bank of the stream, and combine operations with him. But we now know that there was little chance of this after-thought in the project of the campaign proving successful. If the brilliant plans of one party could be carried into effect as rapidly as they can be formed, while those of the adversary remain clogged with all the difficulties that usually retard military operations, then it is possible indeed that the grand conceptions of Napoleon, aided by the pertinacity of Massena, might have driven the British into the sea; but as both parties had their fair share of obstacles to overcome, victory decided here, as she generally does

perhaps, in favour of those who were first ready and hit hardest.

The retreat of the French army, favoured by the nature of the ground, was conducted with great ability. They failed indeed to obtain possession of Coimbra, though that city was defended by only two or three hundred Portuguese militia. General Koch ascribes this to disobedience of orders on the part of Marshal Ney, and lays altogether great stress on the opposition which the Commander-in-Chief constantly experienced from several of the principal officers of his army. Knowing the parties, he had represented the probability of such conduct on their part before leaving Paris, but the Emperor had overruled this objection, and now the evil result of such disunion was severely felt.

But though Massena had no doubt great difficulties to contend with, which General Koch very properly brings forward in a conspicuous manner, he seems to forget that there were great, and perhaps greater, difficulties on the part of the English General. He forgets the timidity of the English Ministry, the perverseness of the Portuguese Regency, and the folly and presumption of the Spaniards. He forgets that the Duke of Wellington's army was composed of different nations, and was in many respects very inexperienced when compared to the French. The Portuguese were only half trained, and in many instances commanded by officers jealous of the English influence, and hostile to the new and stern system of discipline introduced by Marshal Beresford. The British were admirably drilled soldiers, but their military training did not exceed what had been taught on the drill-ground; and their officers, however zealous and confident of beating the French in any mere front-to-front combat, had been reared up in the belief that their adversaries possessed some high and superior military intellect, against which it was altogether useless to contend.

It appears from General Koch's statement that the French Marshal entertained at this time the prospect of establishing himself behind the Mondejo, and there awaiting reinforcements, or till the advance of the Duke of Dalmatia should force the British commander to fall back upon the Tagus. This brilliant conception, the biographer tells us, was only frustrated by the disobedience of Marshal Ney and other generals. To examine such a plan in detail would far exceed our limits; but judging from the knowledge that time has brought to light, we should say that certain destruction of the French army would have been the inevitable result of any attempt to carry it into execution. Six weeks after his failure at Coimbra, Massena was unable, with a rested, refreshed, and greatly reinforced army, to cope successfully against the Duke of Wellington at Fuentes d'Onore, though the allied army was at that time reduced by the absence of the 4th division and heavy brigade of cavalry sent to the Alentejo, and by the absence of the 6th division, engaged in the blockade of Almeida.

The defeat of Fuentes d'Onore terminated Massena's active military career. The order for his recall was already on the road when the battle was fought, and was very harshly worded. It concluded thus:—"The old soldiers see with regret that so fine an army is retiring before 25,000 English, and manœuvring to evacuate the country without even the honour of a battle. The Emperor, Prince, desires me to say that he expected more from your energy, and from the opinion he had formed of you by the glorious events in which you have so often taken a part. The Emperor repeated to you what his instructions were. At this distance he can add nothing to these communications; but his Majesty is deeply grieved, even as we all are, to behold his army retiring before so inferior a number of English."

So great was the Imperial displeasure occasioned by the

failure of the Portuguese campaign, that on the arrival of the defeated Marshal at Paris Napoleon refused to admit him to his presence, and it was not till after repeated solicitations that an audience was granted him. The following is Massena's account of the interview.

"And so, Prince of Esslingen," said the Emperor, "you are no longer Massena." "I wish it were so, sire, for your Majesty and for France." "I do not understand you." "In case the fault were only with me, the misfortune might be easily repaired." "Explain yourself."

Massena then in a rapid sketch, coloured by long-repressed indignation, unfurled before the astonished Emperor all the obstacles which his lieutenants had raised against him. "And how could I," he exclaimed, "overcome such constantly recurring difficulties? What is an army, in which the commander is at the mercy of his subordinates? The mischief has deep roots, and extends to every part of the Peninsula. In one place rapacity barters with prisoners; in another the French name is rendered odious by rapine and frightful cruelty; nowhere is there self-respect or devotion to the country." Napoleon, walking with rapid strides up and down the apartment, listened to the Marshal, and though usually very calm and composed, gave way to his growing indignation, while harsh, abrupt, and broken sentences broke from his lips. "These men! they owe me everything, and yet how they serve me." Then stopping suddenly, he gave him his hand, saying, "Well, I confess, Massena, that I have been greatly deceived respecting you." "Sire, I solicit justice." "You have my confidence." "But my glory, my name dishonoured in the eyes of Europe and of the army." "I cannot; these terrible secrets must be concealed. What would the enemy think?" "And so it must be said that for twenty years Massena could conquer, but failed miserably in his old age against an Englishman." "History will do you justice after my time. You shall

return to Spain with greater powers, and show what you are." "Sire, I have no wish to serve under your own eyes." "No, they will say that I had pardoned you."

After the defeat of Marmont at Salamanca, Massena was appointed to the command of the army in Spain; but was taken ill at Bayonne, and was never again able to perform active service in the field. Like others he acknowledged the Bourbons after the first resignation of Napoleon, reacknowledged the Emperor on his return from Elba, and the Bourbons after the battle of Waterloo. He died on the 4th of April 1817, in the fifty-ninth year of his age; leaving what General Koch thinks a moderate fortune for one who had so long been in receipt of high emoluments, and held so many high commands; furnishing, besides, in the biographer's estimation, ample proof of the injustice of the accusation of avarice and rapacity, so frequently urged against him.

The champions of that formidable weapon the bayonet will find a gallant ally in General Koch, for by charges with that weapon he overthrew (pages 364-434, vol. vii.) battalions of Picton's, as well as of the Light Division, thus proving that it is as easy to write rodomontades about French as about the British bayonet.

"To characterise a life so nobly filled," says General Koch, "we shall only add that Massena defeated Suwaroff,* twice balanced the fortunes of the Archduke Charles, and only retired before him whose fortunes overmatched even those of Napoleon."

The seventh volume of General Koch's work, describing the invasion of Portugal, is, wherever England, the English army, and the Duke of Wellington are mentioned, written in a narrow, peevish, and illiberal style, which we regret at all times, but especially on the part of an author who on other points can take a just view of events, telling even

* Here General Koch is pleased to make rather a grand mistake. Massena defeated Korsakoff, but was defeated by Suwaroff.

against his own sentiments. We quote from the concluding passage of his work:—

"After all, an empire of gigantic magnitude, raised by ten years of victory, and united by no links but those of force, could not continue much longer. Composed of adverse nations, having different languages, manners, and interests, new conquests would only have retarded its fall. Its maintenance would have required an impossible unity of views, which could not exist between the Emperor and his marshals, as well as between these and the generals called upon to act in fulfilment of the same object. Besides, the sort of latitude which Napoleon gave his marshals easily convinced them that faults would remain unpunished; and thus nourished in some ambition, in others a thirst of wealth, and in the greatest number an overweening excess of vanity: thus rendering the fall of the whole system, military and political, raised at so vast an expense, absolutely inevitable on the first turn of fortune. And, in fact, the reverses of the army of Portugal formed the preludes to the disasters of Moscow, Leipzig, and Paris. France then proved herself great in heroism and devotion; the nation sacrificed itself for the interest of its sovereign. The country, it might be said, had linked itself to his destiny, and was proud and happy to perish in his cause. And yet, had he given it liberty and happiness? Had he accomplished the civilising mission confided to him by his genius, by circumstances, and by the people which placed faith in him? Had he traced out a wider and a more regular course to the renovation of 1789? or approached any of the grand problems that constitute the despair and the hope of the age? Alas! France saw herself deprived of all her liberties, of all her conquests, and Napoleon bequeathed her nothing but ruins and ashes."

VIII.

TABLEAUX OF THE MOST EMINENT SOLDIERS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.*

FIELD-MARSHAL SCHULENBURG.

A WHOLE century of heroes is not easily crowded into one short chapter; unless we suppose—what may at first look like a contradiction—that the actual identity of distinguished men is often impressed upon the mind with a feebleness corresponding to the greatness of their fame. We

* 'Leben und Denkwürdigkeiten Johann Mathias Reichsgrafen von Schulenburg.' Aus Original Quellen bearbeited. 2 vols. Leipzig, 1834.

'Max Emanuel, Prinz von Wirtemberg.' Ein Biographish-Historisher Versuch. Von Sigmund Schott. 1 vol. Stuttgard, 1839.

'Geschichte Karls XII., König's von Schweden.' Von Rittmeister Knut von Lundblat. Aus dem Schwedischen übersetzt von Capt. Jenssen. Perthes, Hamburg, 1835.

'Das Leben des Prinzen Eugen von Savoyen.' Von F. V. Krausler, mit Noten versehen von General Lieut. Grafen von Bismark. Herder, Freiburg, 1839.

'Histoire de Maurice Comte de Saxe.' Par le Baron d'Espagnac. Paris, 1775.

'Friedrich und Napoleon. Versuh einer Historishen Parallele.' Ludenitz, Berlin, 1840.

know that such a man has been great and renowned—are familiar with his name and fame; but how rarely do we think of inquiring into the causes that really made him great? To instance the men we are going to speak of, they were closely connected with the leading events of their time; but many of them have now sunk into comparative oblivion, and an idle generation will not dive into the dusty recesses of history to collect the character and leading features of warriors and sages from the various transactions which made them celebrated or tended to detract from their fame. "Great men have been before Agamemnon," but they wanted poets to record their exploits. Achilles would be nothing without Homer; and it is afflicting to confess that distinguished men have been as often indebted for their renown to historians and biographers as to the very actions which they had achieved. Owing to Voltaire's book, romance though it is, the fame of Charles XII. extends to the very bounds of the civilised world, while few know much about Gustavus Adolphus, except that he was the champion of the Protestant faith; and fewer still know anything of Gustavus Vasa. Schiller rescued Wallenstein from oblivion, and the labours of the poet, far more than the actions of the warrior, brought historians to the field, who cleared the memory of the brave and wise from the unjust aspersions which had rested upon it for centuries. Byron says that Archdeacon Cox did the same for Marlborough; but of this we rather doubt, for Cox's book, though deserving of every praise, will never be a very popular one. If what is here stated be really true, and Horace sides with us, it follows that penmen, mere scribblers, have, after all, been the actual dispensers of glory; for, except where the classical writers of antiquity and ordinary class-books have kept particular heroes before our eyes, we have retained but faint impressions of the mighty men of past ages. The stirring and world-shaking events of the time in which we have lived

have also tended to obliterate them from our recollection, or diminish them in our estimation. We have measured the moderns by the events in which they have performed parts, instead of measuring them by the actions they achieved; and because these transactions were gigantic—occasioned by the conflict of mighty masses set in motion by a ground-swell—we have concluded that our contemporaries were greater than their predecessors, because they were actors in mightier scenes, though the reverse is, perhaps, the case. The mariner who faces the rising gale in his frail fishing-bark, keeps her head bravely to the heaving sea, and makes the foam fly far from her swelling bows as she tops each curling wave, is soon distanced by the leviathan steamer that cuts its resistless way through the yielding surge; but he is not on that account inferior to the seaman who steers the mightier vessel in her course: he is, on the contrary, more dependent on his own exertion, has fewer aids to rely upon, and stands, individually, on a higher pedestal than the mere director of a vast piece of powerful machinery.

Not, however, to follow up speculations that would lead us far from our proposed subject, let us take a brief view of the mighty men of an earlier period. Let us, for a few pages at least, divest ourselves of the hard rust that in our progress through life gathers but too often round the better sentiments of the heart, and dims the most brilliant reflecting mirror of the mind; let us return, if we can, to the feelings of early years, when hope was high, and before the world's envy, malice, and selfishness, with all the defiling blackness of its ways, had been forced upon the unwilling observation of elastic, buoyant, and joy-breathing youth. We could then follow the heroic Swede with delight in his victorious course, cheer on our illustrious countryman to the field of Blenheim, and exult in the glory gathered by a single-handed King of Prussia when contending against the combined powers of France, Austria, Russia,

and Sweden. Men of might! has your greatness faded before the red glare of the meteors that have dazzled and affrighted the earth in its latter years? Is the spell of enchantment that the lustre of your deeds casts around our youthful imagination broken? Has our heart cooled? Are our eyes dim? And if there is a change, to whom does it pertain? Is it yours or ours? Arise and tell!

"Spirits heroic, spirits that wore
The form of the Stoic or soldier of yore,
Come as ye were, that our eyes may behold
The model in air of the form I will mould.
Spirits of beauty, spirits of power,
Rise to your duty, this is the hour!
What's here? whose broad brow, and whose curly beard
And manly aspect, look like Hercules,
Save that his jocund eye has more of Bacchus
Than the said purger of the infernal world."

'Tis Schulenburg, the very Dalgetty of field-marshals, exactly as represented on the Venetian medals, and in the paintings of the Chevalier Francesco Rusca: he wears not the beard of Mark Antony, but the full-bottomed wig of Louis XIV., which falls in well-ordered curls over the shining cuirass—a device for disfiguring the human form that surpasses even the military costume of modern times.

John Mathias of Schulenburg was born in 1661, on his father's estate of Emden, in the county of Magdeburg, a property which his ancestors had held since the early part of the thirteenth century. He received an excellent education, and his numerous letters and journals show that he profited ably by the pains which had been bestowed upon him. Like most young German noblemen of the period, he began his military career by serving as a volunteer in Hungary against the Turks. The ambitious projects of Louis XIV. having, in 1688, occasioned the renewal of the war on the Rhine and in the Netherlands, Schulenburg entered the service of Ulric, Duke of Bruns-

wick; for whose contingent he raised a company of infantry that "cost him," as he says, "a great deal of money." It seems to have been well laid out, however, for he rose rapidly from rank to rank, and in 1693 we already find him a colonel of cavalry, distinguished for talents and bravery. Nor were his services limited to his military pursuits; his education had fitted him equally well for other duties, and in 1695 he was sent on a special mission to England, where he was particularly well received by King William III., who on his departure presented him with a brilliant ring valued at 1500 crowns, and intrusted him besides with the final orders for preparing the attack on Namur, which the King afterwards conducted in person.

The peace of Ryswick having restored tranquillity to Europe, Schulenburg went to Paris on an embassy from the Duke of Brunswick, and he himself gives us an account of his reception by Louis XIV. The rules of etiquette which foreign ministers and ambassadors had to observe on their presentation at Versailles are divided into twenty-one sections, of which we can here give only the sixth, as describing the audience of the *Grand Monarch* himself:—

"The King is seated, with his hat on his head. The princes, children of France, are by his side, his officers stand behind his chair, and his ministers are ranged by his side in right line (*en haie droite*). As soon as the ambassador beholds the King, he makes a bow; the King takes off his hat. Midway the ambassador makes a second bow, and advances with a third up to his Majesty, who replaces his hat as soon as the ambassador begins to speak, but takes it off from time to time when any compliment is paid him. When the ambassador has ended, the King takes off his hat, and, having replaced it, answers to the address; after which the ambassador is again at liberty to reply in terms of submission, delivering at the same time his credentials. If the ambassador has any one to present

to the King, he does so at this moment, stating who the persons are."

The fees paid to different attendants for this lesson in politeness amount to no less than thirteen louis.

From being a colonel in the service of Brunswick, Schulenburg becomes a major-general in the army of the Duke of Savoy. Regular step by step promotion was little known at the period: sovereigns and governments selected useful officers wherever they could find them; and we often see captains, colonels, and generals, who had any reputation, offering their services to almost all the different governments of Europe. Adventurers of this kind deemed themselves entitled to retain whatever rank they had acquired in one army in the next to which they might be disposed to transfer their services. It was only when princes were anxious to gain over some man of peculiar merit that they tempted him with superior rank. If the practice was attended with disadvantages, particularly as it regarded foreigners, it was not so very far inferior to the present system as might at first sight be believed; for the regular promotion, whether by purchase or otherwise, implies the absurd notion that because a man is fit to be a lieutenant and captain, he is fit also, if he can live long enough—and, in England, if he have money enough—to be a colonel, and a general also. Schulenburg was known as a man of talent, and was therefore purchased by this step of promotion, which he was partly induced to accept at the recommendation of King William III., who, already anticipating the troubles likely to arise from the Spanish succession, was anxious to have a friend at the Court of Turin.

On the first breaking out of the war the Duke of Savoy took part with France; and at the battle of Chiari, in which Prince Eugene repulsed the allied army, Schulenburg was wounded while fighting against his countrymen the Germans. Whether this really affected his conscience as much as he pretends, or whether he was more particu-

larly moved by a hint from the King of England, that "his Majesty knew him too well to believe he would continue in the service of the *enemy*," is uncertain. At all events, he left the Sardinian army, to the great regret of the Duke, who, as we afterwards find, would have made him commander-in-chief of his forces. His purpose was evidently to obtain service under the King of England, or to get the command of one of the German contingents destined to serve under his orders in Flanders.

News of William's death having been received, Schulenburg had to try his fortune in another quarter, and his high reputation soon obtained him promotion and employment. Augustus II., Elector of Saxony and King of Poland, offered to make him lieutenant-general, an offer which our hero accepted after some negotiation; thus entering the third army in which he had served in the course of twelve years. In the Saxon army he had to try his fortune against Charles XII.; and, as his life now before us throws some new light on the origin of the war carried on against the high-hearted King of Sweden, we shall here briefly transcribe what he says; for it appears that he was well acquainted with the real author of the contest, and the causes which gave rise to it.

John Patkul, a Lithuanian nobleman, whose death is charged as a heavy crime against Charles XII., seems to have been the evil genius of that gallant monarch. General Dalberg, the Swedish Governor of Riga, was married to a lady of great beauty, whose charms made some impression even on the coarse heart of Patkul, then a captain in the Swedish service. His rude attempts at gallantry excited the jealousy of the husband; and when the lover was afterwards sent to Stockholm as one of the deputies of the Lithuanian nobility, Dalberg represented him as an agitator and instigator to mischief and disaffection. The conduct of Patkul, who was by nature turbulent, violent, and vindictive, gave semblance to these

charges; and, as Charles XII. was as jealous of his power as Dalberg of his wife, he caused the deputy to be arrested and thrown into prison. Patkul effected his escape, and went to Berlin, where he became intimate with the two Flemmings, and their relative Pedrobensky, who had all great influence with Augustus II.; and to these he represented so strongly the facility of depriving Sweden of her transmarine provinces, that a treaty to effect that laudable purpose was entered into between the Czar, Peter I., and the King of Poland, to which the King of Denmark afterwards acceded. The war that followed was already in full progress when Schulenburg entered the Saxon army.

Having shared in some of the disasters of the contest, in which he had at first no independent command, he was next sent to the Danube at the head of a corps of 12,000 Saxons, which, notwithstanding his own difficulties, the King of Poland sent to the aid of the Grand Alliance. Here Schulenburg fought against Marshal Villars, and clearly foretold the defeat which the allies experienced in the first battle of Hochstadt. When he saw what was preparing he proposed some other dispositions, but was told, as he relates in a letter to Prince Eugene, that "such things were very well on paper; but would not suit the Imperialists, who made dispositions and carried them into effect at the same time." The allies were defeated, and only saved from destruction by Schulenburg, who overthrew the French corps with which General d'Usson attempted to impede their retreat. His conduct during this campaign obtained him great credit, but the necessities of his sovereign called him away to another theatre of war.

Charles XII. had continued his victorious career in Poland; and if Schulenburg was not destined to check its progress, he was at least the first who could boast of having maintained a front against this redoubted adversary. The Swedes having forced the passage of the Vistula, the

King of Poland retired with his cavalry to Cracow, and directed Schulenburg to lead back twelve battalions of infantry and five hundred horse on the direct road to the Saxon frontier. The retreat began on the 3d of November; and, as the General soon learned that Charles XII. was pursuing him at the head of nine regiments of Swedish cavalry, every nerve was strained to reach the banks of the Oder.

No stop, no stay was now allowed, and short halt was there for those whom Charles pursued. Over moss and moor, through wood and glen, the rout hurried along; and many a gallant Saxon breathed out the last remnants of life before the haven of safety was gained, and many a Finland steed sank panting to the earth before the prey was attained. Schulenburg, by sacrificing some small parties to hold difficult posts or passes, gained upon the pursuers; but the obstacles once cleared, the dauntless Charles was again on the flying traces of the foe. Five days the chase continued with unabated ardour; the sixth would bring safety to the Saxons; they had reached Punitz, within a single march of the Oder. The sinking sun already touched the verge of the horizon; one hour more, and friendly night would shelter them beneath her mantle of darkness, and surrounding forests would protect their further progress. But safety had yet to be fought for; and it is well for those who, sword in hand, can hold their ground in such extremity. As day was sinking, the Swedes were seen advancing rapidly to the attack. Charles was at their head, and his name alone told how stern the onset would prove. Schulenburg knew his adversary, and took measures accordingly. He availed himself skilfully of the ground. A garden-ditch, some hedges, and a morass, were great aids against cavalry, and the Swedes had neither infantry nor artillery. But they were the soldiers of Charles XII., and came on at full speed, overthrew the Saxon cavalry at the first onset,

captured the guns, broke and cut down two battalions. The rest of the infantry stood firm; and the assailants, disordered by the attack and the nature of the ground, retired to form their squadrons. Night closed upon the scene before the charge was renewed; "and well for us," says Schulenburg, "that the fire of the muskets, flashing through the darkness, terrified the horses, and made them unmanageable as wild beasts," so that the second attack failed completely.

The Saxon general, though wounded, and having had all his aides-de-camp killed, profited by the respite thus gained, and retired unmolested from the field. Striking into wooded by-roads, he reached the river Bartsch in the morning, at the very moment when the Swedes, who had followed the main road, advanced upon it from another direction. Some buildings here gave the advantage to the infantry, who effected the passage, and broke down the wooden bridge. The Swedes, however, found a passage, and again overtook the fugitives just as they reached the Oder; but here, too, the ground was against them, a dyke and strong hedges rendered the efforts of cavalry unavailing. A pontoon bridge had been prepared for the Saxons; it was maintained till the troops had passed, and then broken down. Schulenburg was the last who remained on the right bank, and crossed the river in a fishing-boat at the very moment when Charles XII. reached the scene. "To-day," said the gallant King, on seeing that the enemy had escaped, "Schulenburg has vanquished us."

Such was at this time the fame of the Swedish monarch, that this successful retreat was looked upon as an actual victory, on which Schulenburg was greatly complimented, by none in more flattering terms than by Prince Eugene. The King of Poland, on receiving the news of the action, immediately promoted him to the rank of general of infantry; a step of preferment which Schulenburg, though not rich, declined, in a very disinterested manner, saying

that, for reasons which he would explain to his Majesty, he thought he could serve him more effectually in the rank he then held than in a higher one. The reasons for declining the promotion are not given; but his letter is altogether a very curious document, and written with a degree of frankness, which shows that sovereigns have sometimes listened to pretty severe truths. Saying that he required no preferment to augment his zeal for the King's service, the General continues—

"I can declare on my conscience, that I have taken so deep an interest in your Majesty's affairs since I have had the honour of being in your army, that they have caused me sorrow and anxiety to the extent of weakening me both in mind and body. There is no feeling of honour among the troops; they serve without zeal or attachment, have no exactness of discipline, and are as destitute of knowledge as of subordination. There is no justice to be obtained; there is only chicanery and persecution, the administration of justice being in the hands of incapable and imbecile men. Promotion and rewards are granted without regard to the merits of the persons so distinguished; the operations of war are carried on, therefore, without system or combination, and in a manner highly detrimental to your Majesty's service."

This was plain language to be addressed to a king; and yet, to the credit of Augustus, it must be said that he did not take it amiss. The fact is, that Schulenburg was, or wished to be, a military reformer, and necessarily brought all the ignorant and prejudiced upholders of antiquated practices and abuses against him. It led to a duel between him and General Flemming, to which he alludes in one of his letters. In mentioning the command he continued to hold at Dresden, he says, "It reminded Flemming of the duel which had taken place between them, and out of which he, Flemming, only extricated himself by aid of Colonel Teisenhausen, while his adversary fought

without any assistance." Could it be that seconds still aided their principals at this late period? The intrigues carried on against him in the Saxon army, induced Schulenburg to tender his resignation, as he declared that he would not serve under the immediate orders of Field-Marshal Steinau, the commander-in-chief, or under General Flemming, who was his senior in rank. The King, however, was unwilling to part with him; and the offers made to him at this moment by the Elector of Hesse, as well as by the Republic of Venice, who both invited him to take the command of their forces, convinced Augustus of his value, and induced him to arrange the disputed points between the irritated general and his adversaries. Schulenburg was made general of the infantry, and Flemming of the cavalry; and Field-Marshal Ogilvy, a Scotchman, placed at the head of the army.

It was soon after this arrangement that Patkul, already mentioned as the instigator of the war, was arrested at Dresden under circumstances of great mystery, and, as it is usually said, in direct violation of the laws of nations. Patkul was at this time lieutenant-general in the Russian service, and commanded an auxiliary corps which the Czar had sent to the aid of the King, and which, having been driven out of Poland, had been forced to seek shelter in Saxony: he was also Russian ambassador at the Court of Dresden; his person was therefore considered inviolate.

At a moment when the King was in Poland, the Saxon regency was unexpectedly called together; and Schulenburg, as the senior officer in Dresden, was ordered to attend the secret deliberations of the council. Papers were laid before them, from which it appeared that Patkul was intriguing with the Court of Vienna on the one hand, and with the Court of Berlin on the other. To the Austrians he was to resign the Russian troops under his command, in order that they might be led against the French; while the object of his Berlin negotiations was to effect an alliance

between Prussia and Sweden; in return for which, he was to receive a free pardon from his former sovereign. As it afterwards proved, the Austrian treaty was really signed; the other had not made so much progress, as Charles XII. refused to pardon one act of treason in favour of another.

The question for the Saxon council was, how to deal with such an offender, the minister of an allied sovereign, and the commander-in-chief of an allied army? Schulenburg voted for his immediate arrest, as he had forfeited all claim to protection from his official character: the plan was adopted, and the unhappy man arrested, and sent a prisoner to the Castle of Sonnenstein. "This event," says the General, "caused a good deal of talking, and much murmuring, particularly at Moscow, Berlin, and Vienna." When the Swedes afterwards invaded Saxony, and forced Augustus to sue for peace, they made the delivery of Patkul one of the conditions of the treaty. The King dared not refuse, but was yet anxious to save the prisoner's life; he therefore called a council together to deliberate on the best mode of effecting it. Schulenburg was present; but as the members were sworn to secrecy, the proceedings are not mentioned. It is generally thought that the unhappy man was to be allowed to escape; but the dread of Charles XII. prevented even this wretched expedient from being resolved or acted upon.

Soon after Patkul's arrest came the battle of Frauenstadt. Augustus attempted to strike a blow at the Swedish army in Poland; and Schulenburg entered the country with a Saxon and Russian army of 16,000 men. He had not gone far, when General Renschild advanced with about 10,000 Swedes, to give him the meeting. The Saxon took up a very advantageous position, and seeing the Swedes advancing with squadrons of cavalry between the battalions of their infantry, he requested his troops to do their duty for a quarter of an hour only, and victory would be theirs. But cowardice has neither eyes nor ears;

and this action proves, like a hundred others, how vain are the effects of strategists and tacticians, the moment the hearts of the soldiers are wanting. The allied cavalry fled at the first charge; the Russian infantry only fired a single volley, and then dispersed, to be cut down without mercy by the pursuing enemy. Schulenburg, though wounded, brought up five battalions of reserve, to restore the action; but they remained panic-struck at the sight of the Swedes, such was the dread with which these brave troops inspired all their enemies. When every hope of victory was gone, the active commander still endeavoured to bring off the right wing of the Saxon infantry, who retained something like order; but this also failed, for they had hardly got a few hundred yards from the battle-field, before they were overtaken by two squadrons of Swedish horse. Schulenburg reminded his men of the victory of Punitz, where they had resisted Charles himself, at the head of all his cavalry: but nothing could restore the confidence of the troops; the enemy no sooner offered quarter than the whole of the trembling mass threw down their arms and surrendered at discretion. The General escaped from the field with only two attendants.

This was a heavy blow to an aspiring soldier, but Schulenburg bore it manfully. He threw the whole blame distinctly and without reserve on the troops, and insisted on a full investigation into his conduct. The result completely justified him, and several officers and soldiers who were tried suffered death for misconduct. It is not clear how such investigation would always turn out in modern times.

In all actions of this period, the Russian and Polish troops, who have since acquired so high a reputation, are mentioned as mere poltroons, flying generally at the first onset. When Charles XII. was preparing to force the passage of the Duna, Guiscard, the French ambassador, observing that the defenders of the opposite bank were

Saxons, warned the King, saying that "these were not Russians, but Saxons." "*Et si fuissent Galli,*" was Charles's reply—an answer that Voltaire has, like a good Frenchman, not neglected to insert in his history.

As our object is not to follow the thread of military events, we shall suppose the Swedes arrived in Saxony, Augustus forced to yield, and the peace of Altranstadt concluded.

Among the many who visited Charles on this occasion was Schulenburg; and the following is the account he gives of the northern conqueror:—

"A few days afterwards, General Schulenburg went to pay his respects to the King of Sweden. On being shown into the apartment, he made his bow without speaking; on which the King advanced close up to him without saying a word, and almost forced him into a corner. At last he inquired whence the General came at that time, and, having once entered into conversation, spoke of the various actions they had lately fought; till, from one subject to another, he began to laugh, jest, and discourse in the most gracious and agreeable manner possible."

As several of the generals present joined the conversation, it was kept up for an hour with great spirit and pleasantry. Dinner was then announced. At table Schulenburg was placed near the King, who, during the half-hour that the repast lasted, never spoke a word, hardly raising his head, or looking round at any one. Boiled, roast, and fruit were all placed at once upon the table; the King himself ate little, and drank only small-beer.

On rising from table, Charles withdrew into another apartment, followed by all those who had dined with him. Here the conversation was resumed, and continued with great cheerfulness for more than an hour. General Schulenburg then took his leave, and went to call on the ministers; among others, on the Marshal of the Court, Düben, who was married to a very beautiful woman, and lodged

in the same house with the King. "This lady, as well as wife of General Renschild, told Schulenburg that the King of Sweden often spoke to them, and frequently jested and reasoned with them on the subject of love. He disclaimed all hatred of the sex, confessed, on the contrary, that he was afraid of them, dreading that his attachment to them would engage too much of his attention, and distract his thoughts from other occupations." Indeed, from Max's 'Memoirs,' we find that he was more of a man of gallantry than is generally supposed, and that he actually led off a dance at General Meyerfield's marriage.

"The King," continues Schulenburg, "was tall and well made; he had fine eyes, and a noble face; he knew several languages, but did not like to speak any except the German. He was witty, very secret, and as great a master in the art of dissembling as any strict observer of his word could be. If his merit and his virtues had not been intermixed with a great deal of evil, he would have been one of the most accomplished of monarchs. But he was vindictive above all expression; and such was his hardness of heart that he never regretted the loss of friends he had most esteemed."

We must recollect that it is an enemy who speaks.

"In short, there is no mind, however powerful, that is altogether free from follies, and this king had his; for, though extremely devout, it was whispered that he yielded to fancied inspirations, and was not free from superstition."

General Schulenburg dined a second time with the King, and saw and spoke to him on a third occasion. He entered with his Majesty into a number of military details, and was always treated by him in the most gracious and familiar manner possible.

The two kings paid each other occasional visits. Augustus endeavoured, by his elegant manners and great complaisance, to soften down his cousin a little (they were sister's sons); but Charles, though always very polite,

desisted in nothing from the severity of his general proceeding. Though frequently invited to dine with the King of Poland, Charles never went. Augustus, on the contrary, dined with him, and attended the review of a regiment of Swedish cavalry, which Charles exercised in person. Though it lasted the best part of a day, Charles expressed his regret that time prevented him from going through the whole series of manœuvres.

The King of Sweden invented a number of movements himself, and had written several volumes on military subjects. These manuscripts, which were lost after the battle of Pultowa, would contrast strangely with the pipeclay regulations of the age that followed.

"All the Swedish troops, cavalry as well as infantry, were extremely fine; they were well dressed, well armed and mounted, and there was not a single man among them who was not perfectly fit for duty. Every regiment of infantry had a portion of pikemen, and all who had an opportunity of seeing this infantry allowed that their appearance was really imposing. The discipline of these troops, and their devotion to the service, were truly edifying; and though the army was composed of the natives of several countries, desertion was totally unknown among them. The King of Sweden caused his whole army to be paid before leaving Saxony. The captains were obliged to put every soldier's money into a linen bag, which was sealed up and given to the man, who thus carried his own money, and who, when he wished to make any purchase, came to his captain, had the necessary sums taken out, and the bag again sealed up and delivered to him.

"Every two dragoons had a baggage-horse for carrying the baggage. The King of Sweden would not allow the cavalry to be burthened and weighed down by anything, in order that they might be always fit for long marches and energetic duty."

This single regulation, if we knew nothing more of

Charles, would show that, as a commander of cavalry, he was immeasurably superior to any of the fur-cap and plume-crested leaders who came after him. It is almost a question whether a really greater *cavalry force* would not have been brought into the field last war than was done, if one half of the horsemen had been made baggage-carriers to the other, so completely were the horses worn down by the loads they had to carry. In the French cavalry, the power of galloping was altogether a rare quality. As we shall not speak much of Charles's military actions, we shall here quote only a few words from the celebrated Berenhorst, who, in mentioning some addition that Charles made to his light artillery, says that he entertained, "nevertheless, a great scorn for all combats with fire-arms, and was strongly impressed, like every truly brave man, with a deep sense of the infamy of such a mode of fighting."

The King of Sweden marched against the Russians, and for a year Schulenburg seems to have led the life of an idle man of gallantry about the Court of Dresden, where he became acquainted with our eccentric countryman, Lord Peterborough, who writes him some extravagant letters about his amours. In 1708, a more active period of his life begins. Having been sent on a special mission to the headquarters of Prince Eugene and the Duke of Marlborough, he was present at the battle of Oudenarde, and at the siege of Lisle. We pass over his account of the military details; but, in speaking of the battle, which was brought on by a very unexpected meeting between the parties, he says, in a letter to a friend:—

"Rest assured that in this difficult trade" (of war) "everybody makes false steps, and he who affects to have been free from them" (as Napoleon does in the St Helena Memoirs), "never really understood the business, and knows little about it. Believe me when I tell you, that the fate of the greatest actions, the fate of empires, even of

Europe, depends often on officers of very subordinate rank: good colonels, commanders of battalions and squadrons, bring most actions to a successful termination."

An awful comment this on the English practice of selling military rank for money, and with a total disregard to merit.

Schulenburg, though he held no military appointment at the siege of Lisle, was often consulted by the two great commanders. He gave the most decided preference to the Duke of Marlborough:—

"Prince Eugene," he says, on one occasion, "is sometimes for three or four hours talking on the science of war, and on military affairs. The moment he is not writing—and he writes as little as possible—every one calls upon him, and joins in the conversation. The Prince declared the other day, that he had never made a disposition in writing but once, for the attack on the lines at Turin, and then only because the Duke of Savoy wished it, otherwise he would not have done it even then."

Augustus II. also came to the siege of Lisle to consult Eugene and Marlborough, the real heads of the Grand Alliance, on the propriety of renewing the war against Sweden. Both generals were opposed to this breach of faith, though on different grounds, as may be conjectured from the following passage in Schulenburg's journal:—

"In the presence of Prince Eugene, I have had several very serious conversations with my Lord Duke on the affairs of the King of Sweden. His Grace thinks that it is best to let him run his head against the Muscovites, of whom we will never get the better, as he will only ruin himself and his army in their inhospitable country, and thus cease to be formidable."

Marlborough could see in 1708 what Napoleon could not see even a century afterwards.

"Prince Eugene," continues Schulenburg, "who is as hostile to the King of Sweden as possible, is by no means

of this opinion; he is afraid that things may be carried too far against the Czar, and that the continued success of the Swedes may give an unfavourable turn to the war against France. At the head of 40,000 men, Charles, he says, could overthrow the empire as often as he pleased, while the Emperor was engaged against the French."

At this time Schulenburg was, at the request of Marlborough and Eugene, appointed to the command of the Saxon contingent serving in the allied army, and in the following campaign he took his post as commander of the infantry of Prince Eugene's army. We pass over, as usual, the great military events in which he acts an important part, and give some extracts from his letters and journal affecting our great countryman. After Charles's defeat at Pultowa, he writes confidentially to the King:—

"My Lord Duke is greatly embarrassed about the affairs of the north. He desired me to assure your Majesty of the high regard he entertains for your Majesty's person, as he trusts the result will show. But neither England nor Holland can ever, he says, consent to see the affairs of the north overthrown. There are, no doubt, stupid and incapable persons in the government of both countries; but those who know the general interest of Europe will, nevertheless, open the eyes of the rest."

The result has shown, however, that the Whigs of the nineteenth century could not see so clearly as this one Whig of the eighteenth. Schulenburg concludes this letter by saying that "My Lord is far more cunning and sagacious than people suppose."

In a familiar letter to a friend, dated from the camp before Mons, Oct. 6, 1709, he writes:—

"My Lord Duke is the most cunning and sagacious man of his time (*le plus fin et le plus rusé*). 'Your two commissioners,' he told me the other day (the Saxon commissioners, Werthern and Legnusco), 'do not know the real interest of their master.' As to Prince Eugene," continues Schulen-

burg, "he has no idea but to fight whenever the opportunity offers; he thinks that nothing equals the name of Imperialists, before whom all should bend the knee. He loves *la petite débauche et la p*—— above all things. To-day he will say that Legnusco is a vagabond, to-morrow the latter will tell him his mind as freely as any one; the Prince listens quietly to everything, never gets angry, for he has the happiest temper in the world."

After the capture of Bethune, the siege of which Schulenburg had himself conducted, he thus writes to the King on the 31st of August 1710:—

"The two princes are rather at a loss what to do during the remainder of the campaign; they do not like to enter a low and marshy country at this late season of the year, and there is none other to be found. My Lord Duke is particularly anxious not to remain idle, but more anxious still not to fail; for affairs in England become more entangled every day, as well indeed as with the army, where there are many influential persons belonging to the party opposed to his Grace. He told me the day before yesterday, that according to appearances everything would get into confusion in England; that he did not expect to return to the army; that they were already casting their eyes on the Duke of Ormond for a commander, and that France would not fail to take advantage of the confusion. The Duke of Argyle is at the head of the discontented in the army; he is young, quick, and enterprising. Cadogan is principally aimed at, and his ruin is to be effected at any price. I told the Duke that Prince Eugene could aid and support him more than any one else; from his answer, it would not appear that he expected any very material assistance from that quarter; in this I may be mistaken, however. The discontent in the army still continues; all seem to think that *Le piquet*" (meaning Prince Eugene) "occupies more space than is his due, and that nothing is done except giving dinners and paying visits."

In 1711, another change takes place in Schulenburg's fortune. Marshal Ogilvy, the commander-in-chief of the Saxon army, died, and was succeeded by Count Flemming, the enemy and former adversary of our hero. Schulenburg immediately sent in his resignation to the King, who accepted it in course, giving him a very handsome gratuity for his services. The General, in all his subsequent letters, speaks in a friendly manner of Augustus II., and represents him in a far more favourable light than the generality of historians.

During the four inactive years that follow, we find Schulenburg on his travels. He visits the Chevalier Folard, whose writings had already attracted a great deal of notice, though they had not obtained any favour for him; he was, on the contrary, in a sort of disgrace. He had exposed the military errors of his time, and naturally drew down upon himself the hatred of the dull men, who could see nothing beyond existing practices. The names of his enemies, ministers and generals, have long been forgotten, while the name of Folard is associated with distinguished talent and merit, in the recollection of the educated men of all nations. This able soldier was long in friendly correspondence with Schulenburg.

During these inactive years, our hero endeavoured to obtain employment in the Austrian service, and the hopes of success which were held out to him by Prince Eugene and the Emperor himself, led to a belief that everything was settled. On the 24th of May 1712, the celebrated Count Bonneval, then high in Prince Eugene's confidence, writes to him thus:—

"I expect to see you immediately, and I beg you will neglect nothing to come; the Prince wishes it also; at Lord Albemarle's, he said, in the hearing of everybody, that you were to enter the service; that it was a settled thing, and no longer a secret. I therefore beg to congratulate you."

The appointment never took place, and from letters written in after years, it appears that Prince Eugene, who pretended to forward his views on this subject, counteracted them in reality, and thus foiled Schulenburg's most anxious wishes. This is not a very bright page in the Prince's history, and there is, unfortunately, too little reason to doubt its accuracy. Some poor feeling of envy was probably at the bottom of the affair. There was a manly frankness about Schulenburg, which, joined to his high talents and mental as well as personal accomplishments, might render him obnoxious to one who to many great qualities joined much puerile vanity, and sorely felt his inferiority of personal appearance to many who were in all other respects so far beneath him. The ultimate result was probably advantageous to Schulenburg, for, with the exception of the Belgrade and Peterwardein campaigns, the Austrian arms suffered only a succession of disasters during the remainder of Prince Eugene's long life.

In 1713, Schulenburg was in England. He had always been a warm friend of the house of Hanover, and it is likely that he was sent over to remove some estrangement which had, at this time, taken place between Queen Anne and the family of her intended successor. His own opinions seem to have been misrepresented, for Baron Forstner, the ambassador of Charles Duke of Lorraine, afterwards writes to him from London in the following terms:—

"You are accused here of having returned to Hanover a complete Tory, imbued with all their principles. Your only heroes in this country are, they say, the Lord Treasurer and my Lord Bolingbroke; and that you describe the Whig party as completely put down, and never likely to rise again, together with a thousand other tales of the same kind. I should never have done, were I to send you all the details of these reports; the leading Whigs are rather mortified in consequence, and have complained to me on the subject, regretting the attention they had shown

you. I answered as I thought was my duty, but expect to hear from you on the matter."

Schulenburg replies thus:—

"I must confess to you that reports of this kind had already reached me in Holland, where some evil-minded and ill-informed persons asserted that I did nothing but chant the praises of my Lord Treasurer and Lord Bolingbroke. At first I treated these matters as mere jest; but since they have gone so far, I think it right distinctly to avow my sentiments on the subject; for though I can do neither good nor harm to Whigs or Tories, it is unpleasant to see the most innocent things thus maliciously represented. I may often have said that the Lord Treasurer is an able man, and likely to prove very dangerous to his adversaries; I may also have said that Lord Bolingbroke is one of the pretty men (*un des jolis hommes*) of his time; that he is endowed even with genius, and may go far, if he applies himself to business; but it does not follow, therefore, that I approve their measures."

There is also a letter from Marlborough on the subject.

Our limits prevent us from inserting the curious correspondence between Schulenburg and the ambassador from the Palatinate in London, from which it appears that they were engaged in counteracting the ill-judged proposal of the Duke of Marlborough to have the electoral Prince of Hanover called to the House of Peers. They also carry on some communication between the Queen and the Elector of Hanover, through a channel that the ambassador declares to be totally unknown to the ministers.

Another change comes over the dream of Schulenburg.

The Turks were at this time at war with the Republic of Venice, and had driven the lion of St Mark from the Morea, and from various other possessions long held by the Republic in the Levant. As the infidels were preparing to extend their conquests still further, the signoria applied to Schulenburg to take the command of the army.

At first he refused to comply; but, urged by the Emperor and Prince Eugene, he ultimately consented, and entered their service as field-marshal, and commander-in-chief of all their forces, amounting to about 25,000 men. His salary was a very large one, being, besides allowances, 10,000 sequins a-year. He was soon called upon to act in support of his new dignity. The Turks were threatening to attack Corfu, and a large fleet was expected in the Adriatic; the Field-Marshal was obliged, therefore, to visit the different posts likely to be assailed. Corfu, as the most important, was the first inspected. He found the works in the most deplorable condition, and had few means at his disposal of remedying the deficiencies. Schulenburg exerted himself to remedy the evils, and after some stay left the island, giving instructions to the Venetian officers for finishing and arming the most essential works during his absence. These instructions are as clear and detailed as if they had been issued by the Duke of Wellington himself, and were carried into effect exactly as some of his Grace's instructions were occasionally carried into effect by Spanish authorities; for when Schulenburg returned, he found that not a single one of his orders had been attended to.

The Turks arrived, and courage and activity had now to atone for every deficiency, as the garrison did not exceed 2250 effective men, which was but slightly reinforced during the siege; but Schulenburg's energy overcame all difficulties. The enemy landed on the 10th of July, and after some delay set about their work with incredible activity. On the 25th a heavy fire was opened upon the place, and some of the most important outworks were soon taken. On the 19th of August a general assault was given. The scarpon, and other works on which the fate of the town depended, were carried; and the place itself would have fallen, had not the force of the onset been broken by the ill-regulated fury of the assailants, who rushed in wild

confusion against the strongest points of the works. The loss of the scarpon, however, was decisive of the fate of the place; and no sooner was a little breathing-time gained by the disorder of the enemy, than Schulenburg, placing himself at the head of the few soldiers he could collect and re-form, and, acting the part of a captain or field-officer, attacked it sword in hand. It was retaken, after a murderous combat, which so much reduced the garrison, that they considered their destruction as inevitable. Schulenburg, though conscious that he could not stand another assault, determined to hold out, in hope that reinforcements would yet reach him, or that the Turks, awed by their loss, would decline to renew the onset. His gallantry was fully rewarded; for, on the 22d of August, the infidels broke up their camp, and re-embarked, after being forty-two days before the place. The defence of Corfu spread joy through all Europe; for the Turks, who only thirty-three years before had besieged Vienna, were still looked upon as the most dangerous enemies of Christendom; the conqueror was, therefore, overwhelmed with honours and congratulations from every quarter.

The remaining operations of the war call for no particular notice. Schulenburg remained in the Venetian service. In 1721 he made a journey to England to visit his sister, the Duchess of Kendal, and was received with great distinction by all parties. From some papers in the present collection, it would appear that George I. married this Duchess, on the death of his wife, the Princess Ahlen.

During the war that broke out in Italy and on the Rhine in 1733, Schulenburg commanded an army of observation, intended to protect the neutrality of the Venetian provinces of the *terra firma*. In this he succeeded perfectly. He carried on at this time an intimate correspondence with the Court of Vienna. Among these letters the following, giving an account of Prince Eugene, on his return from the campaign of 1734, is the most in-

teresting. It is from the Countess Fuchs, a lady who filled a high situation near the Empress:—

"Our Prince Eugene is returned as he departed—that is, feeble in mind and in body. He passed some days here" (the Castle of Schlosshoff), "where there was a large party, who used all their efforts to amuse him by masques and other childish games, more suitable to the feebleness of his age than to his great character.

"Yesterday our good Guido Starenberg completed his seventy-eighth year, but he reasons as accurately as ever on past as well as passing events, to the great admiration of all who hear him; whereas our poor Prince Eugene does not recollect the very words he has just pronounced."

The declining faculties of this great commander induced the Imperial Cabinet to turn their eyes towards our hero, who was pressingly invited to enter the Austrian army. The Emperor wrote even to the King of Prussia, Schulenburg's sovereign, requesting him to recall the Field-Marshal from the Venetian service, and to do so "in strong and decisive terms." The King of Prussia, who had shortly before offered Schulenburg the appointment of field-marshal in his own army, sends him the Emperor's letters, saying that he would be glad to see the Imperial request complied with; but would not order him to leave the service of the Republic, if he thought that his duty as a man of honour obliged him to remain. Schulenburg was desirous to stay where he was, and extricated himself out of the difficulty by the aid of Prince Eugene, who was as anxious as ever to avoid having him for a rival. In a private letter, he assigns his advanced age as a reason for declining to enter the Austrian service, "knowing how many difficulties he should have to contend with." The latter years of his life were dedicated to literature and the fine arts. He retained his command, and remained on good terms with the Venetian Government, and died at Verona, in 1747, in the eighty-fifth year of his age. He

left a moderate fortune, having at different times, as it seems, given away not less than a hundred thousand crowns to different members of his family. Though not insensible to the charms of the sex, he was never married. As far back as the year 1691, he expresses in a letter his intention of remaining single, and adhered to his resolution; and in 1734, when plagued as usual for money by some of his nephews, he says he is glad that he never thought of marrying, concluding with the words, "Libertas inestimabilis res est."

Among the curious letters contained in this collection is one from Frederick II., then Crown-Prince of Prussia. He applies to Schulenburg to obtain for him at Venice "a young *soprano*, already versed in music." The Field-Marshal promises to use his best efforts; but recommends in the mean time a "lady of good character and great musical talents." The Prince, however, declined the lady, and insisted on the *soprano*.

It was a good deal the fashion, at the period of which we are speaking, for men of rank to carry on private as well as public correspondence in French; and Schulenburg very generally writes in that language. His French is very good, and would be good French even at this day; whereas his German is already perfectly antiquated, proving how much progress the one language has made, while the other has remained perfectly stationary.

In conclusion we can only add that these memoirs of Schulenburg form an important contribution to the history of his time.

MAX EMANUEL AND CHARLES XII.

CHARLES XII., against whom it has been made a fault that he carried virtues to extremes, was born at Stockholm on the 27th of June 1682, during a storm that

> "Rived the mighty oak, and made
> The ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
> To be exalted with the threatening clouds."

Astrologers observed that the star called the "Lion's Heart" predominated at his nativity, and that the "Fox" was on the decline—omens and prodigies well suited to announce the birth of a prince who was himself a living tempest. Charles's infancy has nothing very remarkable. His education was strictly attended to; and he proved an attentive scholar. He acquired considerable knowledge of history, geography, mathematics, and the military sciences; and became perfectly familiar with several languages, though he never, after his accession to the throne, spoke any but Latin, Swedish, or German. The gallant Charles Stewart, the same who afterwards led the King across the Duna, was his instructor in the art of war, and is said to have communicated to the young prince much of the fiery spirit for which he was himself distinguished. In his fifteenth year Charles ascended the throne, and, contrary to usual assertion, already evinced considerable ability and application to business, though no particular predilection

for military affairs, unless his bear-hunting expeditions may be so considered, for they were more than "faint images of war," being attended with great danger. No arms were used in these encounters; the sportsman was provided only with a single doubly-pointed stick and a cast-net, like the one, perhaps, used by the ancient gladiators. The object of these fierce combats was to capture and bind the bear, and to carry him in triumph from the scene of action! Charles was, it seems, a great proficient in this dangerous sport.

Of the Northern League we have already spoken; and Lundblat shows us the full treachery of the Czar's proceedings in the affair. At the age of eighteen, Charles was obliged to take the field against the four greatest powers of the north. Forced to contend with small means against vastly superior foes, he made genius and courage supply the place of numbers. Heroism was never more nobly displayed than by this gallant monarch and his followers. What men could do was done. For nine years he triumphed over constantly augmenting enemies. And when the "unconquered lord of pleasure and of pain" fell at last, crushed by the weight of masses, fortune more than shared with his innumerable adversaries the honour of his overthrow.

It was during the Polish campaign of 1703 that Max Emanuel of Wirtemberg, then only fourteen years of age, joined Charles. When introduced, the King asked him whether he wished to go to Stockholm for a time, or to remain with the army. The Prince, of course, preferred the latter. "Well, then," said Charles, "I will bring you up in my own way," and immediately placed the boy, tired as he was from his journey, on horseback, and led him a long and fatiguing ride. From this period to the battle of Pultowa, Max continued to be his constant companion, shared his dangers, and attended him in all his adventures, many of which border almost on the fabulous. The affec-

tionate kindness evinced by Charles towards his pupil could not be surpassed. When the boy, as sometimes happened, was worn down by sickness and fatigue, the monarch attended him with parental care; and when on one occasion he fell speechless from his horse, and his recovery was despaired of, the King never left his couch till he was pronounced out of danger.

The adventures they encountered together were endless. On inspecting the regiments before the opening of the campaign of 1706, they rode 500 miles in six days, were never in bed, and hardly ever out of the saddle, and frequently reduced to milk and water as their only nourishment—

> "Alike to Charles was tide or time,
> Moonless midnight or matin prime."

Having on another occasion lost their road and escort during a stormy night, they arrived in the midst of a tempest before the town of Tousha. Neither calling nor firing brought any one to the gates. The King at last dismounted and sought for an entrance, while the Prince held the horses in the pelting rain. An entrance having at last been discovered, they took possession of a hut in which was a fire. The King threw himself, booted and spurred, on a bundle of straw, and fell fast asleep. The Prince, less hardy, took off his boots, filled them with straw, and placed them by the fire. While sleeping, the flame caught and consumed the valuable gambodoes. The Prince was next day obliged to get a pair of peasant's boots, in which he rode about for eight days; a proof that the princely wardrobe was but slenderly furnished.

And yet the camp was not without its gaieties either; for while the headquarters were wintering at Rawitcz, the town became the scene of great festivities, balls and parties succeeding each other as rapidly as battles had done before. Charles was usually present, was always very

polite, but made only a short stay, and retired as soon as he could.

During the stay of the army in this place, a fire broke out and consumed several houses. The King flew to aid in extinguishing the flames. He ascended to the top of a house that was already on fire, and continued working till the building was sinking under him. He escaped with difficulty, was thrown down by one of the beams, and for a moment believed to be dead. "It was discovered two years afterwards," says Bardili, "that the place was set on fire by an incendiary bribed by Augustus II. to slay the King of Sweden in the confusion; and a man actually came forward and denounced himself as the intended assassin, declaring that some unknown power had prevented him from stabbing the King when he got near his person. Charles said the man was mad, and sent him about his business. Napoleon would have sent him before a military commission and had him shot, as he caused the student at Schönbrun to be shot.

An instance of the dread then entertained of the Swedish troops may be here mentioned. A lieutenant, Gustavus Pistol, was stationed at Clissowa with a detachment of twenty-four men. He was attacked by a body of six hundred Poles. The commander of the assailants sent him a summons written in three different languages, French, Latin, and Polish. Pistol replied that he understood only Swedish, and would hold out; and taking post in a detached house, he defended himself during the greater part of the day, till he was at last relieved by the arrival of his countrymen. The Swedes had two men killed and eleven wounded; the Poles more than six times the number: a proof what determined men are capable of effecting. We wish, for the sake of our old friend, for the association of old ideas, that the hero of this exploit had borne some other name.

We regret the works here quoted give no sufficient

account of the Duke of Marlborough's visit to Charles's headquarters at Altranstadt; for what Voltaire says on the subject is but an idle fable. That the English general should easily have penetrated the views of the Swedish conqueror, which the latter took no pains to conceal, is sufficiently probable; but that the conversation between two such men should have turned principally on the King's large boots, which, as Voltaire says, Charles told Marlborough "he had not quitted for seven years," is of course a mere puerility. He could hardly have slept in his boots from mere partiality, must surely have had them cleaned sometimes, and it is not likely a cobbler could have performed his office upon them while they still encased the royal feet. Besides, we find, from Max's Memoirs, that Charles was not so coarse in his dress as is usually represented, for his clothes were made of fine materials. He always wore a plain blue coat with gilt buttons, buff waistcoat and breeches, a black crape cravat, and a cocked-hat; a waist-belt, and a long cut-and-thrust sword. He never disfigured himself by the full-bottomed wig of the period, but always wore his own brown hair, combed back from his forehead. His camp-bed consisted of a blue silk mattress, pillow, and coverlid; materials that would have suited even a dandy guardsman.

What Voltaire tells us of Charles's fear of meeting the beautiful Countess of Königsmark is another puerility, which, like the former, has been ridiculously followed by all historians. Count Piper was to give an entertainment at Altranstadt, in consequence of the marriage of his sister-in-law. The Countess of Königsmark requested to be invited, and the Minister consulted the King, who assented at once. A question of etiquette arose, however, on the subject; and the Minister was again obliged to speak to Charles, saying that, "as hostess, his wife would willingly yield precedence to the Countess, but that the Countess of Reinschild and Lady Hamilton would not."

Charles said they were right not to give "the step to a lady of easy virtue." And when Piper represented that she belonged to an ancient family, and had only forgot herself with a king, he replied, that "in such matters there is no difference between a king and a common fellow." A doctrine that would not have suited the meridian of Versailles, or of Carlton House in the time of George IV.

The invasion of Saxony occasioned great uneasiness at Vienna; Charles's arrival being considered alike dangerous to the Catholic states of the empire, and to the success of the Grand Alliance. It happened, under these unpleasant feelings, that at a party the Swedish Minister, Count Stralenghielm, proposed his master's health as a toast. An imperial chamberlain, a Count Zabor, a magnate of Hungary, refused to drink it, declaring that "no honest man ought to drink the health of the Turk, the devil, and of a third person." The Swede struck the offender, and swords were drawn; but the adversaries were of course separated. The Ambassador demanded satisfaction for the insult; and Zabor was arrested, and sent in irons to Stettin, and delivered up to the Swedes. Charles instantly set him at liberty, simply desiring him to "be more guarded in his speeches for the future."

The Saxon nobility (*Ritterschaft*, chivalry) having been taxed to aid in defraying the Swedish contributions, applied to Charles, claiming their privilege of exemption from all taxation, except that of furnishing horses for the chivalry engaged in defence of the country. "Had the Saxon chivalry," said Charles, "acted up to the duties to which they owe their privilege, I should not have been here."

The King of Sweden left Saxony, and set out on his Russian expedition at the head of 43,000 men. Of these 8000 remained in Poland; so that he undertook the march to Moscow with only 35,000—a force amounting to about

one-fifteenth part of the army with which Napoleon set out on a similar expedition. The Russians followed the same system they afterwards employed against the French,* retiring and laying waste the country. The difficulties the Swedes had to encounter, in consequence of bad roads and want of provisions, are almost incredible. The soldiers were forced to contend not only against the enemy, but against the localities also: roads for the advance of the army had to be opened through forests and morasses before the least progress could be made; and it often happened that a league a-day was the greatest extent of march gained after immense toil. But nothing checked the ardour of these gallant soldiers. The Russians attempted to defend the passage of rivers and swamps that impeded the march of the foe. Their efforts were vain: no superiority of numbers, no strength of position, could arrest the indomitable valour of Charles and his troops. And the actions performed during this march would be deemed absolutely fabulous, were they not recorded on authority which cannot be doubted.

During the severe winter of 1709, the army suffered dreadfully from want and cold. When, early in spring, the thaw set in, the whole of those flat countries were overflowed, and long marches had to be made through complete inundations, by which quantities of stores were lost, and the powder greatly damaged. It was, as we now find, in consequence of the losses thus sustained that Charles accepted Mazeppa's proposal of marching into the Ukraine. Finding his army too much weakened to penetrate further into Russia, and not wishing to fall back upon Livonia, which he thought would look like a retreat and encourage his enemies, he determined to march to the south, and there

* It was not, as generally supposed, according to a previously arranged system that the Russians fell back, during the campaign of 1812. It was the result of entirely accidental circumstances, which this is not the place to explain.

await the supplies and reinforcements which his generals were to bring up.

The loss of the convoy which General Lewenhaupt was conducting to the army rendered further delay necessary, and obliged the King to undertake the siege of Pultawa, in order to gain a firm footing in the country, and to secure the supplies which the place contained. The Swedish battering-train was weak, the powder not only bad, from having been frequently injured by the wet and dried again, but very scarce besides. Still, courage and energy were making progress, when, on the 27th of June, on his very birthday, Charles, in repulsing a sally, was struck by a musket-ball that entered his left foot, above the root of the toes, and went out at the heel. The King continued in the field for an hour afterwards, giving his orders as usual; but when he retired to his quarters, the leg was so much swelled that the boot had to be cut off, and the wound had so unfavourable an appearance as greatly to alarm the attendants.

Charles behaved heroically, as usual. He held his leg to the surgeon with his own hands, nor did a single groan escape him during the terrible operation which the cutting away of some of the fractured bones rendered necessary. At one time his life was despaired of, and a general panic seized the army; but though the wound proved decisive of his fate, the unhappy monarch had what may well be termed the misfortune to recover.

The foe drew near. The Czar, well aware of the importance of Pultawa, advanced to its relief with an army of 80,000 men, besides 40,000 irregulars, Kalmucks and Tartars. He brought 150 pieces of artillery along with him. Even with this vast superiority, and after the training of a nine years' war, the Russians did not venture to attack the Swedes, but drew closer and closer around them, till they began at last to intrench themselves within a league of the King's camp. Charles's illness gave them but too much leisure.

A hostile fortress on one side, a hostile army on the other, nothing but a victory could save the Swedes; and on the morning of the 8th of July, only ten days after Charles had been wounded, they marched out to battle. Their whole army did not amount to 20,000 men, 4000 of whom were left in the trenches and with the baggage. Their artillery consisted of four field-pieces; and their powder was so bad that it did not, as Count Poniatowsky and Lewenhaupt both affirm, throw the musket-balls more than thirty yards from the muzzle of the pieces. And yet these brave soldiers balanced fortune even against such overwhelming numbers. Three out of the seven Russian redoubts were taken; on the left wing the cavalry were victorious, and it is really difficult to say what the result would have proved, had Charles been able to exert his usual energy and activity. Certain it is that errors were committed which could not have happened under his immediate command; for the cavalry of the left wing did not follow up their success, and the cavalry of the right wing lost their direction, and took no share in the action. The King, who was carried on a litter between two horses, was present in the hottest of the fire, and exerted himself as much as was possible for a man in such a situation. A shot broke the litter, and the wounded monarch was for some time left alone on the ground. A lifeguardsman brought him a horse, and he endeavoured to rally the yielding troops. The steed was shot under him, and—

"Giorta gave
His own, and died the Russian slave."

Having assembled and reformed the remnants of his broken host round the forces which had been left for the protection of the baggage, the fainting monarch was placed in Count Piper's carriage, and conveyed towards the Turkish frontier. The exertions of the wounded Charles to rally his army at Pultawa contrast singularly with the total

want of any such exertion displayed by the unwounded Napoleon at Waterloo. We take this want of exertion for granted, because, had any been displayed, the world's echoes would have rung with praise bestowed upon the heroic effort.

The first result of the battle of Pultawa—its ultimate results are only now becoming apparent—was the entire destruction of the Swedish army, the famished and exhausted remains of which were some days afterwards obliged to lay down their arms on the banks of the Dnieper, which they had no means of crossing.

With this battle, which opens a new era in European history, the history of Charles XII. may be said to end; for his subsequent career was only a succession of disappointments, his poor and thinly-peopled country not affording him the means of recovery from a single defeat.

On his arrival at Bender, the King learned the death of his sister, the Duchess of Holstein; and he who had calmly supported the loss of his fame and his army yielded to the most impassioned burst of sorrow, and was during four days unable to converse with his most intimate attendants—a proof how unjust are the accusations of want of feeling so often brought against him. His long stay in Turkey is certainly evidence of obstinacy, or of that pride which could not brook the thought of returning a vanquished fugitive to his native land, which had done so much for him, and which his best efforts had failed to protect from unjust violence. In Charles's high and noble countenance it is seen at once that he was endowed with—

> "The glance that took
> Their thoughts from others at a single look."

He knew the worthlessness of his enemies; and it is doubly galling to the generous and the brave when fortune, in her base fancies, obliges them to succumb to mean

and malicious adversaries. And such was the fate of Charles. His defeat was no sooner known than Denmark, Poland, and Saxony again flew to arms. Hanover and Prussia joined the unworthy league against the fallen monarch, who had been so dreaded, and was therefore so much hated; for Charles had injured no one—he was the aggrieved from first to last. His return to Sweden, the defence of Stralsund, the invasion of Norway, call for no particular attention. He was killed at the siege of Frederickshall, in Norway, on the 30th of November 1718, under circumstances that long gave currency to the belief that he had been assassinated. Schott and Bardili positively assert the fact; but we are on this point disposed to agree with Voltaire, who, to save the honour of his countrymen, as positively denies it. After evening service, the King went out as usual to visit the trenches. He was attended by two French engineers, Megret and Siquier. A heavy fire was kept up by the enemy. Near the head of the *boyau*, or zigzag, he kneeled down, and, leaning against the parapet, looked towards the fortress. As he remained motionless for a long time, some one approached and found him perfectly dead, a ball having entered his right temple and passed through his head. Even in death the gallant hand had grasped the hilt of his sword; and this probably gave rise to the belief in the murder, which was afterwards confirmed by Siquier's own confession. But this confession was only made while the pretended criminal laboured under an attack of brain fever, and was retracted as soon as he was recovered. "They still preserve at Stockholm," says Voltaire, "the hat which the King wore at the time; and the smallness of the hole made by the ball is the principal ground on which the believers in the murder rest their opinion." We are by good fortune enabled to settle that part of the question. A lady, as fair as she is amiable, was, at our request, so good as mark off on a piece of paper the exact shape and size of the

aperture made by the ball in the royal hat, and we can safely affirm that it is much larger than any which a musket or pistol ball could have made, and must have been occasioned by a grape-shot; whereas an assassin could only have used a pistol for his murderous deed.

Thus fell, in the 36th year of his age, one of the most extraordinary men that ever acted a part on the great stage of the world. Endowed by nature with a noble person, "a frame of adamant, a soul of fire," with high intellectual powers, dauntless bravery, kingly sentiments of honour, and a lofty scorn of all that was mean and little, he became, from the very splendour of these gifts, perhaps one of the most unhappy men of his time. Less highly gifted, he would have been less hated and less envied; of humbler spirit, he would have been more pliant, and might possibly have been more successful.

Charles has been called cruel and vindictive, but not a single proof has yet been brought forward to justify the accusation; whereas both the works we have quoted furnish ample evidence of his humanity, generosity, and clemency. The death of Patkul is the principal charge preferred against him; and it certainly bears injustice on its face, but it proves how unfairly modern history is written. Patkul was a Swedish subject, who had not only instigated foreign nations to take arms against his native land, but had fought in their ranks against his sovereign; he was therefore a traitor by the laws of all Christian and civilised nations, and perished as such. That he held a Russian commission could not alter the question, because it could not relieve him from the allegiance due to his native land.

In manners, the King of Sweden was mild, gentle, and polite. He never, even when angry, so forgot himself as to make use of coarse language, and was never guilty of those outbreaks of passion for which low and vulgar men are so often distinguished.

> "He left a name at which the world grew pale,
> To point a moral or adorn a tale."

A lesson of deep humility is the lesson we must gather from the life of Charles; for who shall make a claim to happiness which the highly endowed failed to obtain? And the tale he has to point must be a tale of honour, which no one has yet been found capable of relating.

Whether Captain Lundblat's second volume will throw any light on the King of Sweden's supposed intention to invade Great Britain in favour of the house of Stuart, remains to be seen. We have never believed that he entertained such a project; for, infamous as the Elector of Hanover's conduct had been, Charles had nearer and more formidable enemies than George I.

PRINCE EUGENE.

It is a reproach to literature that there is no good biography of this distinguished soldier and statesman,—for Krausler's work is too exclusively military to deserve that appellation. The present generation can no longer be expected to take any interest in the minute details of military actions performed more than a century ago: the subordinate officers—second-class heroes, so to term them—who figured in these wars, have long passed away from general recollection, and readers will not stop to form an acquaintance with unknown generals or colonels, merely to know how some particular corps or regiment marched or fought in a third-rate action, the very name of which has long been forgotten. The public will now only consent to have the leading events of history, and the most influential actors who figured in them, brought forward; and even these must be depicted in what we may call a Rembrandt style,—that is, great characters and events must be placed in the foreground, in full and brilliant light, and everything not essentially necessary to the just understanding of the subject cast completely into the shade. Minute details of military events, unless where they are preserved to illustrate some particular principle, can be written for contemporaries only.

Schiller's 'History of the Thirty Years' War'—the most memorable war in which Christian nations were ever

engaged—is contained in two small volumes, and, though certainly not free from errors, will be read as long as the German language is known and spoken; whereas the voluminous histories of the wars of our own time will descend to oblivion before even the sons, friends, and relatives of those who shared in them shall be gathered to the dust along with the forgotten brave themselves.

Eugenio von Savoye, as he signed himself in three different languages, was an Italian by family, a Frenchman by birth, and a German by adoption. He was fifth and youngest son of Moritz, Prince of Savoy-Carignan and Olimpia Mancini, the niece of Cardinal Mazarin, and was born at Paris in 1663. Being the youngest son of a man of high rank, and being besides of feeble constitution, he was intended for the Church. Having no turn, however, for the study of theology, he endeavoured to obtain service in the French army; but as Louis XIV. refused him a regiment, he accompanied the Princes of Conti when they went to serve as volunteers against the Turks in Hungary. Here he was soon distinguished for personal courage; and, having offered his services to the Emperor, Leopold gave him a regiment of cavalry, and, as his eminent qualities soon became known, promoted him rapidly from step to step. In 1693 he was already field-marshal, when Louis XIV. endeavoured to gain him back to France by offering him the baton of marshal, the government of Champaign, and a pension of 2000 louis d'or a-year. All these offers were refused; and, in 1696, Eugene led 50,000 Austrians into Hungary, and gained the great and decisive battle of Zenta, fought against the Turks, commanded by Mustapha II. While the fame of this brilliant action filled Europe with admiration, the victor's enemies at court used all their malicious efforts to detract from his merit. He had, shortly before the battle, received positive orders to undertake no offensive movement against the enemy, but did not at the moment think it right to obey such untimely com-

mands. He was placed in arrest, his sword was taken from him, and he was about to be brought before a court-martial, when the Emperor himself interfered, put a stop to the proceedings, and replaced him at the head of the army. Eugene only resumed his command on condition that he should for the future have full and uncontrolled authority.

At the very opening of the Spanish succession war, a task of great difficulty devolved upon him. He had to assemble an army of 40,000 men at Roveredo, and, Hannibal-like, to force a passage over part of the snow-covered Alps. Masses of ice and frozen snow had to be cleared away at every step; and on many points of Mount Baldo, rocks had to be blown up with gunpowder, before a practicable road could be opened. The victories of Carpi, Chiari, and the conquest of Mantua, rewarded this laborious march. In 1704 we find Prince Eugene acting on the Danube, in concert with our great countryman Marlborough; and the constant good understanding which existed between these distinguished commanders, during the whole course of this long and difficult war, and when so many causes likely to produce discord must have happened, is a circumstance as curious as it is altogether unexampled. It does not appear that any great personal friendship or peculiar harmony of disposition and character bound them together; on the contrary, Marlborough was laborious, calm, tranquil, and courtly in his general manner, and had no complete heart-expanding intimacy with any one, unless, perhaps, with his Duchess. Eugene, on the other hand, was of lively temperament; personally active, but mentally idle; fond of society, pleasure, conversation, and relaxation; and exposed himself to liberties from those who surrounded him, which no one would ever have dreamed of taking with the high-mannered Duke of Marlborough. But, however different in these respects, they always co-operated most zealously together, whether acting

in Flanders in the same field, or separated by the half of Europe. As we have seen from Schulenburg's 'Mémoires,' they entertained upon many points very different opinions; but on no occasion, during this long contest, did they ever act except with the most perfect unanimity.

This uninterrupted cordiality between two persons so different in character, and placed, above all, in positions so likely to excite mutual jealousy, speaks highly in favour of both generals. It shows that an honourable devotion to duty was with them paramount to all other considerations, and that they were totally free from those mean and contemptible feelings of envy which so constantly influence little-minded persons in military as well as in civil pursuits. It also speaks well for the good temper of both parties, as we can well suppose that, during the years of joint-command, there must have been occasions when to forget and forgive were indispensable virtues.

There was little of this kind of harmony witnessed during the last war. Napoleon's marshals could never agree; and during the early part of the contest, the silly rudeness which the English naval officers so often displayed towards the military when embarked in ships of war, occasioned disunion and quarrels highly prejudicial to the interest of the nation. On one occasion, the officer commanding the troops at Guadaloupe was actually obliged to expose the Admiral's rudeness in general orders. This is completely changed, however, and before the end of the contest it was impossible for services to be on better and more friendly terms. The Duke of Wellington and Blücher got on admirably together during their short campaign; but the imbecile arrogance so constantly displayed by the Spanish commanders rendered it impossible for English officers to act in concert with them.

When along with our great countryman, Eugene was constantly successful; when at a distance, he was not always so fortunate. He failed in his well-concerted sur-

prise of Cremona, after having taken Marshal Villeroi prisoner, and been in possession of the town for the best part of the day. It was the gallantry of an Irish regiment then in the French service, and composed in a great measure of the followers of the unhappy James, that foiled the Imperial commander on this occasion. The sanguinary combats of Cassano and Luzzara, though generally counted among Eugene's victories, were so undecisive that both parties sang *Te Deum* for them. In the campaign of 1703 he evinced a rare degree of honourable disinterestedness, by resigning to the Markgraf of Baden, for the sake of general harmony, the command of the Imperial troops destined to act with Marlborough on the Danube, and contenting himself with an inferior command, in which no laurels were to be acquired. In 1704 he shared in the glory of Blenheim, but his most brilliant action during the war was the relief of Turin. Having obtained some funds from the city of London, he set out, at the head of only 24,000 men, to join the Duke of Savoy, who was separated from him by a distance of more than 200 miles; the whole of the intermediate country being in possession of the enemy. He passed the Po in sight of Marshal Vendome; crossed the Tanaro under the eyes of the Duke of Orleans; took Reggio and Carreggio; stole a march upon the French, and effected his junction with the Piedmontese forces. The combined army was still greatly inferior to the enemy, and exhausted by a long and fatiguing march; but Turin was reduced to extremity, and nothing but a victory could save it from falling into the hands of the besiegers, who were strongly intrenched within their lines. But neither the works nor the number of the foe arrested the gallant spirit of Eugene; he attacked them in their camp on the 7th of September 1706, and, after a severe struggle, completely routed them. The conquest of the whole of Italy was the result of this decisive and splendid victory, which excited the admiration of all Europe. After the battle, Eugene wrote to the

citizens of London, saying "He flattered himself he had laid out their money to their entire satisfaction."

The invasion of Provence followed on the conquest of Italy, but the enterprise was not attended with much success. The allies were forced to raise the siege of Toulon; and the capture of Susa and the passes of the Alps were all the advantages derived from the undertaking.

In the Netherlands, Eugene was more fortunate. In company with Marlborough he gained the battle of Oudenarde. During the long, trying, and laborious siege of Lille, he conducted the operations before the town, while Marlborough commanded the covering army which foiled all the attempts of the French, under the Duke of Burgundy and Marshal Vendome, to relieve the place. Our brief limits, unfortunately, oblige us to forego the satisfaction of giving the reader even a brief sketch of the highly skilful and interesting movements that distinguished this great act of the war. It shows us the reduction of one of the strongest and best-supplied fortresses in Europe, undertaken and achieved, after four months' trial, in the face of a powerful hostile army. A ready front is everywhere presented to the foe, whether advancing in masses or by scattered detachments; heavy convoys, long trains of cumbrous waggons, containing indispensable stores, are brought forward under the very guns of brave and watchful enemies. The battle of Wynnendale is fought and gained; the counterplans of the Court of Versailles are foiled; and Brussels is relieved, while the siege of the French fortress is continued. Princes and peers, the noblest in Europe, hurry from afar to witness this great display of valour, strategy, and soldiership; and the gallant actions and gallant men grouped together in this great military tableau, render it one of the most brilliant to be gathered out of the wars of the eighteenth century.

Prince Eugene had been wounded at the siege of Lille. In the sanguinary battle of Malplaquet, which followed

soon afterwards, he was again and more severely wounded. His attendants requested him to leave the field, if only long enough to be dressed, but he refused. "If we are all to perish here," he said, "it will be needless; if we are victorious, it will be time enough when the battle is gained." The successive conquests made by the allies in Flanders cannot, of course, be related here; it is sufficient for our purpose to say that victory remained constant to them as long as they remained constant to themselves; but as soon as they forsook each other, fortune also forsook their cause.

On the change of ministry in England, and the fall of the Duke of Marlborough, Prince Eugene undertook a voyage to London, in hopes of effecting a reconciliation between the Court and their former general, and of inducing the British Government to continue their efforts in support of the good cause. The Prince landed at Greenwich, and the ministers had the indifferent taste to send one Drummond, a broken stock-jobber, and a quack doctor of the name of Brieden, to welcome the first and foremost man of continental Europe. They had, farther, the meanness to insinuate, not only through the medium of these worthy agents, but by letter also, that the less attention he paid to Marlborough, the more agreeable it would be to the Queen. The answer they received could not be doubted. "It is inconsistent with my character," said the victor of so many fields, "to be wanting in respect to a friend in his adverse fortune, for whom I always expressed so much regard in the time of his prosperity." Eugene was received with great distinction by all ranks in England, and the nation at large were highly flattered by the visit of this victorious soldier: but he did not effect a single object of his mission; and though the Queen presented him with a diamond-hilted sword worth 5000 guineas, it is said that he really displeased her, by appearing before her in one of the tie-wigs, which were then beginning to supplant the full-bottomed wig of Louis XIV., and of which

she entertained an absolute horror. Who knows but the *Grand Monarch* may have been as much indebted for ultimate safety to the fashion of his wig as to the beauty of Mrs Markham's gloves? It is flattering to mankind to perceive by what mighty events their destinies are sometimes ruled.

Notwithstanding the cession of England from the alliance, the Emperor and the States of Holland still continued the contest; and in 1712, Eugene took Quesnoy, in the face of the French army; but fortune turned, and he failed to reduce Landrecy. Lord Albemarle, a Dutchman, and a Dutch commander, having been defeated at Denain by Marshal Villars, before Eugene could come up to his support, the latter was obliged to raise the siege. Scandal tried its tongue against the unsuccessful general on this occasion. His gallantries were notorious; and it is said that his defeat arose from the circumstance of his having placed his depots at Marchiennes, in order that he might have an excuse for visiting a lady with whom he was enamoured. The story is not very probable. He himself ascribed the disaster to the avarice of the Dutch deputies, who refused to bring the stores farther forward; and some one happening at the time to speak of the rapid movements of Alexander, the Prince observed that the Macedonian would not have moved so quickly if he had had Dutch deputies to deal with. Discouraged by the defeat of Denain, the States of Holland, as well as the minor princes of Germany, withdrew from the alliance; and the Emperor, left alone in the arena, entered into negotiations with France. Eugene and Villars, who had been so long opposed to each other in the field, met at Rastadt, as ambassadors from their respective sovereigns, and signed the peace which, in 1714, closed the sanguinary war of the Spanish succession;—the most general of any in which the powers of Europe had ever before been engaged.

Eugene was not long destined to rest upon the laurels

he had acquired. The truce between the Turks and Venetians having expired, and the infidels having driven the lion of St Mark from the Morea, and threatened the ruin of the Republic, he urged the Emperor Leopold to take part with the Signoria, and prevent their being entirely crushed by the power of the Ottomans. War was in consequence declared against the Porte, and Eugene despatched into Hungary with an army of 60,000 men.

The difficulties of a Turkish contest were still considered very great, even to a well-disciplined army, long tried in European warfare. In the battles fought between the French and Allied troops during the Succession War, all infantry combats were, as we know from Folard, as well as from other writers, decided entirely by a distant fire of musketry. The soldiers were neither armed nor prepared for hand-to-hand fighting—the very mode of fighting in which the Turks were most to be dreaded. The infidels had neither discipline, system, nor organisation; but they were personally brave, active, and dexterous in the use of the sword—a weapon with which they sometimes struck most terrible and sanguinary blows. Though Eugene could not always secure his troops from sustaining heavy losses by the superior soldiership of his adversaries, he opposed firm and well-combined masses to individual daring, and skilful generalship to wild and ill-regulated numbers: the result of such conduct could not be doubted, and "wisdom won the day where valour failed." The first meeting proved, indeed, how dangerous were the new enemies which had now to be encountered. General Palfey, having been sent out with a thousand horse to reconnoitre the foe, was fallen upon by a party of Turkish cavalry, who not only routed, but almost entirely destroyed, the Imperial detachment,—only the commander and about two hundred men escaping from the scene of slaughter.

The battle of Peterwardein soon followed. Both parties were intrenched opposite to each other. On the 5th

of August 1716, Eugene, having formed his army in two lines, with a strong reserve, sallied from his works to attack the enemy. On the left, the Imperialists, who advanced under the protection of a vastly superior fire of artillery, experienced little opposition; but the first line of the right wing had hardly reached the plain which divided the two camps, when they were assailed by a wild swarm of janissaries, who rushed in upon them sword in hand, broke them at the first onset, and, strewing the ground with the slain, followed the fugitives back into their very camp. Generals Lanken and Wallenstein, who commanded this wing, were cut down at the head of their troops; and Count Bonneval only escaped by the devotion of a corps of 200 men, who brought him safely out of the bloody throng, leaving on the field more than 170 of their own number. Quick and unerring were the blows of the Moslem scimitars; the carnage was dreadful, and the battle seemed lost to the Austrians. But Eugene knew the enemies he had to contend with, and, well aware of their total want of discipline, did not allow this heavy disaster to shake his firm purpose. He no sooner perceived that the hostile bands were disordered by their own impetuosity, and that their right flank was completely exposed by their rapid advance, than he ordered General Palfey to break in upon them with the reserve cavalry. This movement was decisive.

> "The horsemen dashed amid the rout,
> As deer break through the broom;
> Their steeds are stout, their swords are out,
> They soon make lightsome room."

The infidels, taken in flank, fled as rapidly as they had advanced, and the fugitives, throwing themselves upon their own troops, brought the whole army into confusion. The Vizier was mortally wounded in vainly attempting to rally the disordered troops; as fruitless were the efforts of the pashas and superior officers; the broken bands, dis-

regarding all control, hurried in wild disorder from the field, leaving, as usual on such occasions, guns, tents, stores, and arms in the undisputed possession of the victors. The Imperialists acknowledge to have had 6000 men killed and wounded in the action, and estimate at a similar number the loss sustained by their vanquished enemies.

The capture of Temeswar was the first fruit of the battle of Peterwardein, and was soon followed by still more important events. Belgrade, the capital of Servia, the key of Hungary, and the most important military post between Vienna and Constantinople, was now to be besieged. The town is of great strength, and built round a high castellated rock, situated at the very confluence of the Save and the Danube. It has from earliest times been the scene and object of strife.* Preparation had long been made for the siege of a place of such strength, garrisoned by a force of 28,000 men, and defended by 500 pieces of artillery. The provisions in the town were not equal to a very long defence, as the troops and inhabitants together amounted to nearly 60,000 persons; but the Grand Vizier had given positive assurance that he would relieve the place within fifty days, and his head was to answer for the fulfilment of his word. Promptness was therefore necessary on the part of assailants, as a stout resistance was sure to be experienced from the defenders. On the 13th of June 1717, Eugene appeared before the place with a well-appointed force of 80,000 men, and, taking post between the Danube and the Save, immediately began to fortify his camp with lines of circumvallation and contravallation, between which the army was stationed. Bridges

* As a matter of curiosity, we may here mention, *en passant*, that, according to an old MS. chronicle preserved in the library at Vienna, artillery was used at the siege of Belgrade as early as 1073, when Solamo, King of Hungary, reduced the fortress,—nearly three centuries earlier, therefore, than the siege of Alicant, at which guns are first supposed to have been used.

were thrown across the rivers, and protected by forts and lines, so that the place was completely invested, and cut off from all communication with the surrounding country. These works, mounted with 143 pieces of artillery, were of great strength and solidity, and resembled far more the intrenchments constructed by the Roman legions in the days of their fame, than the mere outlines of works sometimes cast up by modern armies, and often more suited to designate a weak point than to defend it. The Turks had opposed the progress of these labours at every step, and a month had elapsed before they were completed, and the actual siege entered upon.

On the 17th of July the batteries opened against the fortress; but little had been effected, when, on the 29th, the vanguard of the Vizier's army was already seen advancing to its relief. Troop followed troop; and, under an exulting salute from all the guns of the fortress, the mighty host, computed at 150,000 men, settled along the amphitheatre of hills by which Belgrade is surrounded. Their boundless camp, their thousands of many-coloured tents, flags, and streamers; horse-tails waving in the wind, and trains of waggons, camels, and other beasts of burden, extending farther than the eye could reach, formed a picture of the most animated and stirring magnificence.

An attack on Eugene's camp was, of course, expected; but the Vizier, having reconnoitred it, declared that "one Belgrade was besieged by another," and that an assault upon the latter would only lead to failure. Regular approaches were opened, therefore, against the Imperial works, and the extraordinary spectacle of a besieging army besieged within its own camp—a spectacle not witnessed since myriads of Gauls encompassed Cæsar and his legions before Alesia—was again exhibited. But Eugene, following the example "of the world's great victor," remained steady to his purpose, and unmoved in his position: the works against the fortress were vigorously pressed on the

one hand, while every effort was made to check the advance of the Vizier's troops on the other. But no serious impression had yet been made on the town, and the situation of the Austrians became every day more precarious. The Turkish host had brought their approaches to within pistol-shot of the Imperial works, and numbers were daily killed by their fire within the lines of the camp, which no longer afforded protection even against the hostile musketry. Provisions and forage also began to fail, and dysentery was rapidly thinning the German ranks, and the Prince himself was suffering from fever.

A decisive resolution was now necessary, and a battle was determined upon. Eugene, having obtained certain intelligence that the Turks intended to make a general attack upon his camp on the 17th of August, resolved to be beforehand with them. A strong force being left to guard the works toward the town, the rest of the army, consisting of about 28,000 men, prepared for the sally. They were formed in two lines, with a strong reserve; and at one o'clock in the morning of the 16th, a general fire from all the besieging batteries gave signal for the onset. The Turks are proverbial for the negligent manner in which they perform every kind of outpost duty. On the present occasion the assailants met with neither guards nor pickets; but two of their columns having got entangled in the dark, some confusion ensued, that retarded the advance; and daylight would have exposed them to the enemy before the mischief was remedied, had not a thick and almost impenetrable mist favoured them, and continued to hang on the ground till long after the hour of dawn. When the morning cleared, the Turks discovered the cavalry of the right wing; but, supposing the horsemen to be merely a patrol, sent only a small body against them.

The fire opened upon these few *sapahics* flew, without cause, along the whole Austrian line, and convinced the Turks that they had an army to deal with: their confusion

was boundless, and their fire as fatal to their friends as their foes. On several points they made, however, some successful but unconnected charges; on the right, they overthrew the Imperial cavalry, and, passing through an interval in the centre, broke and cut down some regiments stationed there. Marshal Saxe, who was present, thus describes one of these onsets:—

"At the battle of Belgrade," says this great soldier, "I saw two battalions cut to pieces in an instant: the affair happened in the following manner:—A battalion of Lorraine and one of Neuperg were posted on a height that we called the battery; and just when a breeze of wind dispersed a fog which had impeded our view, I observed these troops on the brow of the hill, separated from the rest of the army. Prince Eugene asked me if my sight were good, and who were the cavaliers coming round the hill. I replied that they were a body of thirty or forty Turks. 'These men are lost,' said the Prince, meaning the two battalions, though I could not perceive that they were attacked, or likely to be so, as I could not see what was beyond the hill. But I galloped towards it at full speed, and at the moment I arrived behind the colours of Neuperg's regiment, I saw both battalions make ready, come to the present, and, at thirty yards, fire a volley at a body of Turks who were rushing in upon them. The volley and closing were one and the same thing,—the two battalions had no time to fly, and were all sabred. Except General Neuperg, who, fortunately for himself, was on horseback; an ensign with his colours, who seized the mane of my horse, and embarrassed me very much; and two or three soldiers, none escaped. All the rest were cut down within a space of ground that did not measure above thirty or forty yards from front to rear.

"At this moment Prince Eugene arrived, almost alone—that is, with the gilded troop (*troupe dorée*)—and the Turks retired, I hardly know wherefore. It was here that a shot

passed through his (the Prince's) sleeve. Some infantry and cavalry having come up, General Neuperg requested that a detachment might be appointed to take care of the clothing, and sentinels were accordingly posted at the four corners of the ground occupied by these defunct battalions, so that piles of hats, coats, and shoes were soon collected. While this was going forward, I amused myself in counting the dead, and found that only thirty-two Turks had been killed by the volley of the two battalions—a circumstance that has not tended to augment my respect for the fire of musketry."

At the head of the second line the Prince himself restored the battle, driving the disordered masses of the enemy in total rout from their own camp. The Osmanli, seeing the day turn against them, betook themselves to flight, according to laudable custom; and, leaving viziers and pashas to tear their beards and shift for themselves, proceeded as fast as possible each towards his own home, in the good hope that, though defeated to-day, they would, Allah willing, be more fortunate another time.

That the camp, stores, guns, and baggage of the vanquished fell into the hands of the victors, it is needless to say; for the Turks took no precaution against disasters, and knew nothing of orderly retreats. The garrison of Belgrade, discouraged by the defeat of their countrymen, surrendered on the following day; and the peace of Passarowitz, the result of these great victories, concluded in the next year, left the important fortress in the hands of the Austrians.

These were the last and brightest exploits performed by Eugene, who had attained the height of fame and greatness. He was now Governor-General of Italy, Knight of the Golden Fleece, and President of the Aulic Council; but his reappearance in the field, at a later period, added nothing to his glory. When, in 1734, war again broke out between France and Austria, he once more assumed the

command of the army destined to act on the Rhine; but his constitution, originally weak, could ill support the weight of years that pressed upon him. Personally and mentally enfeebled by age, he feared to risk in a battle the fame acquired in eighteen general actions, and allowed Philipsburg to be captured in sight of his army. In the following year he again appeared in the field, but only to show himself to the troops. He was then, as we have seen stated by one of Schulenburg's correspondents, almost in second childhood, and died at Vienna, April 21, 1736, in the seventy-third year of his age.

Eugene's success in war was not owing to any particular system of tactics or strategy which he followed or adopted, but to a just appreciation of his adversaries, to a skilful seizure of the proper time for striking with effect, and to a careful calculation of his means compared with the obstacles he had to overcome. He introduced no novelties into the science of war, and made no change in the tactical system followed by the armies he commanded—a circumstance that told seriously against the Austrians at a later period, as it gave dull men, who had served under him, a pretext for rejecting the improvement of the Prussian system, by declaring that what was good for Prince Eugene was good enough for them, and that so great a warrior would not have overlooked these innovations had they been required.

Though a strict disciplinarian, Eugene was a friend of the soldiers; and, owing to his kindness of disposition and easy affability of manners, greatly beloved by officers as well as by privates. His exertions to secure regular supplies of provisions for the troops were constant and unremitting; and many of his letters, written on this important point, bear the strongest possible affinity to those by the Duke of Wellington on the same subject.

There are few anecdotes of this distinguished warrior. In reply to the Countess de Prie, who asked him "why he signed his name in three different languages?" he said that

it was to "show the threefold nature of his heart, which was Italian to his enemies, French to his sovereign, and German to his friends." When the Emperor Charles VI. afterwards put the same question to him, "Sire," said the Prince, "I have to thank Italy for my life, France for my fame, and Germany for my fortune." Eugene was a lover of the arts, and a patron of letters. He long befriended J. B. Rousseau, who only lost his favour by lampooning his friends. Rousseau, in exile and distress, happened to be at Baden, in the suite of Count de Lue, when some one accidentally mentioned the circumstance to Eugene, who immediately desired to see him. "That man," he said, "once gave me occasion to make a very just reflection. Some days after the unfortunate action of Denain, I read his Ode to Fortune, and found my own picture so strikingly drawn, that I recollect the passage to this very day." He immediately recited the following lines, which would have made the author's fortune, had it not been marred by his own malicious and ungrateful disposition:—

"Montrez-vous, guerriers magnanimes,
Votre vertue dans tout son jour,
Voyons comment vos cœurs sublimes,
Du sort soutiendront le retour:
Tant que sa faveur vous seconde,
Vous êtes les maitres du monde,
Votre gloire nous éblouit;
Mais, au moindre revers funeste
Le masque tombe, l'homme reste,
Et le héros s'évanouit."

Rousseau only retained for three years his situation in the Prince's establishment. The exterior appearance of Eugene did not by any means correspond to his great qualities; he was meagre in person, hollow-chested, and rather below the middle size. He had high features, and fine dark eyes and eyebrows, but nothing prepossessing in his face; and the quantities of snuff which he took gave him a habit of always keeping his mouth open, which weakened

the intelligence it might otherwise have expressed. Though of quick and lively temperament, he spoke in a slow and deliberate manner. He was never robust; but was distinguished, even in the last years of his life, for bold, elegant, and graceful horsemanship. Like many other illustrious men, he was the slave of women; but was never married. The intervals of business he filled up with historical researches and other literary pursuits. He left at his death a number of MSS., which have never been very clearly accounted for, as the memoirs published under his name are known to be a mere fictitious compilation. Except the great Wallenstein, who surpassed him in genius as much as he was below him in fortune, it may safely be said that no man equal to Eugene ever directed the armies and councils of Austria. And the disasters that after his death broke in on the monarchy made Charles VI. exclaim, in bitterness and sorrow, "that the fortunes of the state seemed buried in the grave of Prince Eugene."

THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

JOHN CHURCHILL, Duke of Marlborough, who never fought a battle that he did not gain, and never besieged a fortress that he did not take, and of whom it was said that he possessed the coolest head and warmest heart of his time, was born at Ashe, in Devonshire, on the 24th of June 1650. He was the second son of Sir Winston Churchill, a gentleman of good family, who, from his position in society, was early enabled to place the future hero in the fair path of preferment. Young Churchill received a good education for the period; and one of his tutors happening to be a clergyman of the Church of England, he became so sincerely attached to that Church as to show in after life his full readiness to sacrifice the most brilliant advantages to its security and maintenance. On leaving school Churchill became page to the Duke of York, brother of Charles II., who soon afterwards presented him with an ensigncy in the Guards.

His first service was performed at Tangiers, which was then in possession of the English, and where he fought against the Moors—formidable soldiers in the mode of fighting they pursued, and admirable instructors in the first elements of the science of war. He next accompanied the troops sent by Charles to aid Louis XIV. in the unprincipled invasion of Holland; and he was distinguished in the army for his bravery and good looks, and generally

went by the name of *Le bel Anglais*. It is said that Turenne foretold his future greatness—a prediction likely enough to be made; but the anecdotes related by Bucke and others, as having occurred during these campaigns, are but foolish tales, invented by those who know as little of war as of the manners, tone, and conversation of princes and marshals. Churchill rose rapidly in rank and dignity.

Distinguished for talents and accomplishments, remarkable for his good looks and elegance of person, he could hardly fail, with the protection he enjoyed, to be Fortune's favourite.

That Colonel Churchill was soon initiated in the dissolute gallantries of the court of Charles II. need not be doubted. His only sister, Arabella Churchill, maid of honour to the Duchess of York, became the favourite of the Duke; and report went so far as to say that the King himself had cause to be jealous of the handsome colonel. Be this as it may, certain it is that the Duchess of Cleveland (who was, however, nearly related to him by the mother's side) made him a present of five thousand pounds, with which he purchased an annuity from Lord Halifax, the grandfather of Lord Chesterfield, who relates the circumstance. His marriage with Sarah Jennings, daughter and co-heiress of Richard Jennings of Sandwich, in the county of Hertford, which took place in 1678, rescued him from this life of gallantry and intrigue. The lady was distinguished for great beauty, wit, vivacity, and accomplishments. The courtship was a long one, and often, as it appears, interrupted by complaints, quarrels, bickerings, and reconciliations. The notes that passed between them have not been published, but are mentioned with high praise by Coxe; and those of Marlborough in particular breathe romantic tenderness and keen sensibility, which to the churchman appear foreign to the general sedateness of his character. The good archdeacon did not seem to know that the "stern have deeper thoughts than our

dull eyes discern." There is, in fact, no error greater or more general than the belief that a calm exterior denotes a cold and phlegmatic disposition, or that a fierce or vivacious look and manner indicate warmth and depth of feeling and a fiery temperament. We are confident that the reverse is the case, and that a calm exterior—and we are of course not speaking of the dull look of imbecility or the gravity of affectation—denotes a depth of feeling and a power of passion which is rarely combined with the fierce or vivacious air that often deceives the superficial observers, but which rarely covers more than mere shallowness of pretension. The sincere attachment which Marlborough and his lady entertained for each other lasted to the end of their lives; it was a source of the greatest happiness to both, and though the lady's proud, hasty, and impetuous temper was often the cause of great trouble to her husband, and influenced his fortunes in many important points, it never for an instant weakened the affection which he entertained for her. This serene constancy, under so many trials, redounds, we think, very greatly to his honour. Though we have not seen the remark made before, we believe it ought to strike every close observer who reads 'Coxe's Memoirs,' that the lady not only ruled the commander of mighty hosts, the conqueror in so many battles, but seemed to feel her superiority, and to exercise it with the ease of one who never supposed that it could be questioned.

When the Princess Anne, daughter of the Duke of York, was married to Prince George of Denmark, Lady Churchill, who was her most intimate friend and confidant, was, with the Duke's permission, attached to her household in the character of lady of the bedchamber—an appointment that brought her and her husband into close connection and almost daily intercourse with the future Queen of England. And as they were both persons of superior talents, elegant manners, and courtly habits, they soon acquired over the

mind of the Princess that ascendancy which, for the glory of England, they had so long the good fortune to retain. It is not to be denied that a lucky combination of circumstances tended greatly to forward the rise of Marlborough. We do not mean to say that these circumstances would have raised a man of inferior merit—far from it; but they prepared for him that sort of path to glory which his peculiar talents and character fitted him to pursue; as it may be doubted whether, from his mild and often yielding, not to say soft disposition, he could have carved his way to power through the opposing obstacles which we sometimes see men of far inferior genius, talents, and courage, overcome with success.

His first steps on fortune's ladder were due to royal favour, gained, no doubt, by his merit and courtly accomplishments; and he already stood upon a high pedestal when his career of glory began, and when, properly speaking, he had to perform the labour himself; for he appeared on the Continent not only as the commander of an English army, but as the representative of England, and therefore the purse-holder, in some respects, of the Grand Alliance. That his duty was not an easy one we shall see presently. All we mean to say is, that his great qualities were not of a nature to have led him successfully through difficulties in a subordinate rank, such as we have seen overcome by men who could have made no progress if placed in Marlborough's situation. Napoleon made his way from a subaltern's rank to a throne without any particular patronage, the momentary protection of Barras perhaps excepted; but placed as Marlborough was, he would never, probably, have made a single step of progress, for his vulgar rudeness could have gained neither the favour of King James II. nor of Queen Anne, still less would it have obtained for him the heart or hand of the beautiful and influential Sarah Jennings. Marlborough, again, could not have risen as Napoleon did; for he could never have been the friend of young Robes-

pierre, or the ardent member of a Jacobin faction. Nor could Napoleon, the conqueror of Germany, have submitted to the endless and vexatious difficulties which every petty prince of the empire thought himself entitled to throw in the way of all Marlborough's projected operations. Shall we be told that it is needless to repeat what Shakespeare has said long before?—that

> "Great Cæsar, on the mountain bred,
> A flock of sheep perchance had led;
> He who the world subdued had been
> But the best wrestler on the green."

We are not sure, however, that these lines, or the lines of Byron—

> "Men are the tools of circumstances when they think that circumstances are the tools of men"—

explain exactly what we would wish to say; which is, that many men of real genius, talents, and courage, stop short of greatness, because fortune refused them the opportunities for employing their talents to advantage—while other men, of far inferior means and merit, make their way by the aid of circumstances of which the more highly gifted could not have availed themselves. We are not here speaking of unprincipled men, availing themselves of circumstances that men of honour would shrink from profiting by, though that also may happen, for men have sometimes risen as much by the qualities they wanted as by those they possessed; we would rather say that as fools will rush where angels feared to tread, so Fortune, to show her power in all sublunary affairs, will sometimes crown the mere adventurer with success, leaving the wingless angel to rail in vain at her unjust partiality. The lines of Gray also come to our aid here:—

> "In this neglected spot perchance is laid
> Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
> Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
> Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre."

The reader who has seen biographers and historians draw just distinctions between what the great of the earth owe to themselves, and what they owe to mere "circumstances," has been more fortunate than we have been, for we have hardly seen one who has ventured to bring forward a hero denuded of the stage trappings with which Lady Fortune so readily invests her favourites. By all this we mean to say, that great as Marlborough's genius certainly was, it was still of a nature calculated only for the peculiar path in which he had the good fortune to find himself placed, when he set out on his real career to greatness.

On the accession of James II., Churchill was made a lieutenant-general, and raised to the peerage under the title of Baron Churchill of Sandridge. He was sent as an ambassador to France; and afterwards commanded a brigade in the army that crushed Monmouth's rebellion; and it was owing principally to his skill and gallantry that the royal forces were victorious at Sedgemoor.

On the landing of the Prince of Orange, Lord Churchill was one of the generals appointed to command the troops destined to oppose the invaders. But, strongly attached to the Protestant cause, and hearing that Lord Feversham, who might, perhaps, be a little jealous of the reputation his subordinate had acquired at Sedgemoor, had proposed to the King to have him arrested, "as a terror to the rest," he followed the example of Lord Cronebrugh, and went over to the Prince, along with the Duke of Grafton, and several officers, and a few privates of his regiment. This was an important event in Churchill's life, and one that tended greatly, perhaps, to influence the destinies of his country, as it very much contributed to shake the *morale* of the troops, and hasten the general defection that followed; for in civil broils a first step, however trifling in itself, will often give an impulse that leads to the most important results. For this decisive step historians

and biographers, and Hume among the foremost, have—if not directly, indirectly at least—charged Marlborough with the blackest ingratitude, we could almost say treachery,—a charge which we think totally unjust.

Churchill had no doubt been raised by King James from the humble station of page to a peerage, and to the rank of lieutenant-general, and had received many other favours at his hands; he was at the very moment of this desertion in a post of influence and authority; and yet forsook his unhappy sovereign in the hour of his utmost need. It is certainly unnecessary to look back to the times of the Revolution, and bear in mind the situation of the country, and the general state of excitement into which the dread of Popery had thrown the nation at large, to enable us fully to justify a step that under other circumstances would hardly admit of palliation. But Marlborough was, and ever had been, a conscientious Protestant, strongly attached to the liberties and constitution of his country; and he lived in times nearer the great religious struggles which had shaken all the states of Europe, when political institutions were less clearly defined, and had less strength and consistency than they have at present, and when men and masses were consequently led to act, and draw the sword more readily in the support of the views they entertained, than they are in comparatively settled and tranquil periods like our own. Under such circumstances Marlborough saw, or thought he saw—what the nation at large also thought they saw—the religion and liberties of the country endangered by the measure which the King was pursuing.

Marlborough had never approved of the King's proceedings; he had even on one occasion, in the recorded conversation at Winchester, remonstrated against them, and had, as we know, informed Lord Galway of his resolution to forsake the cause of James, if any attempts were made to subvert the established religion. The time had now

unfortunately arrived when no alternative was left but to choose between his native land and his sovereign—between the allegiance due to the person of the monarch, and the obligation which in all times patriots and men of honour have considered themselves as owing to the country that gave them birth. He was to aid in enslaving or in liberating England, and he chose the part every honest man must have chosen in his situation.

That, independent of party politicians, Catholic writers, and all those who approved of the King's measures, would revile him, was natural to suppose; but we should no longer allow ourselves to be influenced by attacks emanating from party or sectarian feelings; and it certainly is time to do justice to the character of this great and long-libelled soldier and statesman. That Marlborough was totally free from interested motives in the step he took cannot be doubted for an instant, as the high rank and station he held under King James hardly admitted of his looking forward to preferment under any change of government, least of all under a prince who, like William, always commanded his own armies in person. How strongly adverse the nation was to James's measures may be judged from the fact that his daughter, the Princess Anne, forsook his cause, and withdrew from Court soon after her husband had set the example. This also was ascribed to the influence of the Churchills; but who will believe that a "bedchamber woman"—for Marlborough was at a distance—could so far influence a daughter, and that daughter a princess possessing a fair share of talent and resolution, as to make her turn against her own father in the hour of need and trial, had she not been carried away by the general feeling which seemed to influence the whole nation? Well might the unhappy James call upon "God for support, when his very children abandoned him in his distress."

As may readily be believed, Churchill was well received

by the Prince of Orange; but old Marshal Schombergk is said to have paid him the awkward compliment of observing, that "he was the first lieutenant-general who had ever deserted his colours." The story, though possible, is not very likely, as the old and tried soldier would probably know better how to treat those who came to aid his master's cause. As to carrying out the objects of the Prince's proclamation, Churchill lent him most efficient aid; but when, after the King's hasty flight, the subject of his actual deposition came to be debated, he absented himself from the House of Peers, and took no part in the proceedings which led to the elevation of William and Mary. He was, like many others, anxious to check James's unconstitutional proceedings, even by foreign aid if necessary, but had no wish to dethrone the monarch altogether. This idea was entertained by many of the most distinguished men engaged in the Revolution; but it was evidently an erroneous one. Having once gone the length of subduing their sovereign, of forcing him to flight, they had evidently no alternative but to depose him altogether. In the seventeenth century, however, men were not yet aware of what the events of the last fifty years have rendered so fully evident, that in revolutions it is impossible to say when and where a halt can be made.

Though Churchill did not vote for William's elevation, he took service under him when he was placed on the throne, and was created Earl of Marlborough a few days before the coronation. The new Earl was immediately employed in the Netherlands, where he served with distinction; but declined to accompany William in the Irish expedition, when he went to encounter the unhappy James, Marlborough's former benefactor. After the battle of the Boyne, and the flight of the exiled King, the Earl was less scrupulous; and having been appointed to command the troops in the south of Ireland, reduced Cork and Kinsale with a rapidity that already placed his military talents in

a brilliant and conspicuous light. He returned to England, and soon afterwards accompanied the King to Flanders, where he again distinguished himself, and attracted particular notice by his conduct, gallantry, and bearing.

We now come to the most serious accusation, as well as the most difficult one to meet, of all those brought against the great man, of whose character and career we are here striving to give a brief sketch—we mean the charge of his having corresponded with and betrayed secrets of State to his former sovereign, while serving under King William. The accusation is made on the authority, real or supposed, of James himself; and is not only contained in the 'Life of James II.,' "collected out of memoirs writ of his own hand," published in London, 1816, but in several earlier works, the authors of which derived partial information at least from the same source. We possess no means of directly disproving these statements; but, whatever may have been the tenor of the conversations which Marlborough is said to have held with the Jacobite agents, Colonel Sackville and Mr Bulkely, it is at least perfectly certain from all we know of his calm, reflective, cautious disposition let us call it, that he never expressed himself in the tone, and never behaved in the manner described in the Memoirs on the authority of the above-named persons. The passages in which the interviews are related are marked by the strongest possible spirit of partisanship, and bear the clearest evidence of the ready credulity of confidential agents, and the exaggerated reports they are so likely to make when anxious to gain favour by the success of their exertions. That Mr Charles Bucke should not have perceived this need not surprise us; he merely gives his book as a compilation from other works, and lays no claim to original inquiry or investigation, and cannot therefore be blamed for omitting it; but then it may be a question how far this is a legitimate style of writing history, how far it is fair to overload a historical subject—

above all, the history of a great character—with additional volumes that furnish no new light, and give us no additional information on any points of general interest. We ask the question, without pretending to discuss it. But if we do not blame Mr Bucke, the author of a single volume of moderate dimensions, we cannot so readily acquit Archdeacon Coxe, an author of learning, talents, and ability, and whose ponderous and voluminous tomes left "ample room and verge enough" for an examination of this important point of his hero's life.

In considering the charges preferred against Marlborough, we are also bound to recollect the singular and almost romantic history of the Memoirs from which they are taken. The 'Life of James' already mentioned is compiled by a strong advocate of the exiled family, and a bitter enemy of Marlborough, whose name is besides inserted in the passages most hostile to his character, at a much later period, and by a different hand altogether. These interlinings of the MS. are supposed to be by the Prince of Wales, James's son, whose prejudices may readily be supposed to have been as strong, or stronger than his father's, but whose information could not be so perfectly relied on, as he was not thirteen years of age when the latter died; and then consider the number of ruined and disappointed men, of whom an exiled court is composed, and among whom the young Prince grew up.

That both Marlborough and Godolphin, like many other men of the period, corresponded at times with the Court of St Germain, is very possible. The frequent revolutions which the seventeenth century had witnessed, tended, unfortunately, to make men too fatally familiar with changes of rulers; their attachment to princes was not so firmly founded on just and well-understood views of loyalty, as it may be hoped that it now is, at least in this country; but notwithstanding the unsettled and uncertain political creed of the period, there is nothing whatever to show that

either Marlborough or Godolphin ever contemplated aiding the restoration of the exiled monarch by acts of treachery towards King William or his Government. Both noblemen may, in general terms, have expressed regret that events should have carried them so much farther than they intended to go; they may have acknowledged the wish that times and circumstances should replace the Stuarts on the throne, without holding out the least hope that they would aid such a change, by taking active steps against the reigning monarch, though it certainly is stated that Marlborough at least promised to do so. We must here, also, notice the massacre of Glencoe, which happened in 1692, and shortly after Marlborough's correspondence with James is supposed to have commenced. This frightful deed made the Government of William absolutely odious to the nation; and may, no doubt, have caused many of his early supporters to repent the aid and assistance they had given him.

The most direct charge against Marlborough is, that he gave information of the expedition fitting out against Brest, and thus caused the failure of the enterprise. This would have been dark treachery not only to his sovereign, but to his country also; and we candidly confess that we have great doubts on the subject. There was no particular armament fitting out at Brest in favour of James, so that he could only be served indirectly by the failure of the attack on that port. The expedition directed against Brest was a national one, directed against the national enemies of England, rather than against the interest of the house of Stuart; and its betrayal would have been an act of treason to the State, rather than an act of friendship to the exiled monarch. There is another circumstance which should be considered before we allow so dark a charge to be substantiated against so great a man as Marlborough. At the time when his victories were shaking the throne of Louis XIV., would not the documents which could have es-

tablished so terrible a charge against him have been brought forward by some of the King's friends, so many of whom must have been acquainted with their existence? And when we recollect how numerous and powerful Marlborough's enemies were, it is not to be doubted that such proofs of treachery would have overthrown him even when at the height of his power. Would not clear evidence of treason have served the work of Harley and St John better than the wretched intrigues of a "bedchamber woman"?

We know that it is considered dangerous to defend the Duke of Marlborough on this point, as the Stuart papers are said, by those who have good means of information, to contain documents which completely substantiate the charges made against him. We have not examined the papers in question; and when the proofs are brought forward, we shall be as ready as others to acknowledge our error; till then we can only reason from what we do know, leaving the reader to decide whether those who have drawn different inferences from the same information have arrived at juster and more probable conclusions than ourselves.

Marlborough was, however, dismissed from all the situations he held under William III., and committed to the Tower on charges connected with this real or supposed correspondence. No proof appearing against him, he was soon liberated; and, at a later period, again taken into favour, and named governor to the young Duke of Gloucester, son of the Princess Anne, and future heir to the Crown. On giving him this appointment, William said, "Only teach him to be what you are yourself, my lord, and he will not want accomplishments"—a high compliment from a monarch who was rather sparing of them, and, individually, not over-partial to the person to whom it was paid. The young prince soon died, but Marlborough continued to be employed in the most important services and negotiations that distinguished the last years of William's reign; and the King, even with his

dying breath, recommended him to his successor as "'the fittest person to command her armies and direct her councils."

And now it was that Marlborough's genius shone out in full splendour. Placed at the head of the allied armies in Flanders, intrusted with ample powers by his own Government, possessing the confidence of his Sovereign, he raised the glory of England to a height which it had never before attained. It is, of course, impossible in the course of these few pages to give even a sketch of the many splendid actions he performed, and the difficulties he overcame: volumes would be required to do justice to the subject, and we regret to say that these volumes have not yet been written. Victorious in every battle and military enterprise, successful in every negotiation, we hardly know whether Marlborough is more to be admired, when skilfully calculating the movements that forced the French lines on the Mahague and in Picardy, when gallantly charging at the head of his cavalry in the plains of Ramilies, or calmly submitting at Vienna to all the tedious delays by which the Imperial Cabinet retarded the progress of the most important affairs at the expense of the most valuable time. In the difficult and trying situations in which he was placed, he seems always to have been the fittest person that could have been chosen for whatever duty devolved upon him. At Vienna he had to concert operations with an intractable council, used only to dictate, greedy of conquests, but avaricious of the means of obtaining them, and as slow in resolves as in movements. At Berlin we find him allaying the displeasure of the King of Prussia, and inducing that monarch to augment his contingent by 8000 men, instead of withdrawing it altogether as he had threatened. And when the fiery Charles XII. burst into Saxony with his victorious Swedes, it was the English general who was sent to avert the storm from bursting over the German empire. Marlborough seems to

have made a favourable impression on the northern conqueror, who, at parting, gave him a diamond ring valued at a thousand pounds. Speaking of the journey in a letter, the Duke says, "It has given me the advantage of seeing four kings, three of whom I had never seen before.* They seem to be all different in their kinds. If I were obliged to make a choice, it should be the youngest, which is the King of Sweden."

The difficulties Marlborough had to overcome, during this long career of success and glory, seemed to augment, rather than diminish, with every additional victory. Not only had the jarring interests of the different States of the Alliance to be reconciled, every petty German prince to be conciliated, the jealousies of their generals to be appeased, the tardy movements of their troops to be hurried, their constant craving for money to be satisfied; but at councils of war, and in the very battle-field, opposition had to be encountered from the agents, generals, and representatives of the allied states. At moments when victory might have been gained by merely striking home, the adverse obstinacy of Dutch deputies lost the golden opportunities, and the envious incapacity of Dutch officers arrested the arm of the commander raised to strike the decisive blow. Nothing but the admirable calmness and temper with which Marlborough was endowed, could have withstood the constantly recurring train of vexations heaped upon him by the obstinacy, envy, and incapacity of so many of those with whom he had to act.

At home, too, the party opposed to him was daily acquiring additional strength. The Duchess of Marlborough lost the friendship of the Queen, not without much haughty and foolish conduct on her part. Mrs Marsham, a tool in the hands of the Opposition, obtained a complete ascendancy over the royal mind, and the victor of a hundred fights was ultimately sacrificed, the crown of Spain pre-

* The King of Prussia, the King of Sweden, and the King of Poland.

served to the house of Bourbon, by the wretched intrigues of a "bedchamber woman." And yet, with this example fully before our eyes, we have seen bitter and imbecile attacks directed against Sir Robert Peel, because he declined to accept office unless allowed to exercise control over the ladies of Her Majesty's household.

The Duke of Wellington had, no doubt, many and great difficulties to contend with during his Peninsular campaigns: the obstinacy, incapacity, and silly pride of the Spaniards, the jealous vanity of the Portuguese, the mistaken economy and timid policy of the English Cabinet, kept in constant awe by a fierce opposition, the friends of their country's foes, formed all serious obstacles to success. But they were far inferior to those which Marlborough had to overcome; for the Duke of Wellington was not only zealously supported by the Government at home, so far as their means and ability went, but he had a more perfect command over his army, the greater proportion of which was composed of British troops, whereas Marlborough never had even 15,000 British under his orders; his army consisted of Danes, Prussians, Dutch, Hessians, Hanoverians, Brunswickers, and Saxons, all under their own officers, and receiving more frequently orders from their own Governments than from their Commander-in-Chief. The Dutch, too, were principals in the war; a great proportion of the Allied army was in their pay, and they demanded a proportionate degree of control over its operations; whereas Lord Wellington had absolute power over the Portuguese army, and, in a great measure, over the resources of the country also. The Duke of Marlborough had not only to fight the enemies in the field,—he had to fight the battles of the Ministry in Parliament and at court, so that the whole burden of the war and government seemed to rest upon his exertions.

There was, indeed, no one equal to Godolphin in the Ministry that supported Lord Wellington; but then his

Grace was backed at least by the firmness of Lord Castlereagh; whilst Marlborough, on the contrary, had on every occasion to hurry to Godolphin's assistance.

The charges of corruption, avarice, and peculation, of continuing the war for his own objects—charges which party rancour brought against Marlborough—it is now needless to refute, time having long since exposed their falsehood, as well as the vile spirit whence they emanated; while it is grievous to see a man like Swift lending the aid of his high genius to the support of such base proceedings. Most historians assert, on the authority of Voltaire, and in a manner injurious to the character of Marlborough, that the Marquess of Torcy offered him, on the part of Louis XIV., a bribe of 2,000,000 livres, "*which was only not accepted.*" But if we look the matter fairly in the face, let us ask, what more than not to accept such an offer could be done? No one has pretended that the Duke offered to take a few pounds more than the sum tendered, or that he offered to take it on less onerous conditions than those proposed—that he coquetted with it, in fact. No one has dared to say anything of this kind. He did not accept the bribe, and that was all which he could do, or was called upon to do. He might, no doubt, have flown into a towering rage, as a person liable to suspicion would probably have done; he might have challenged the Marquess de Torcy, but this would not have been in accordance with his usual calm manner; and would, after all, have amounted only to a refusal of the proposed bribe, though a quarrel with the French Ambassador must have broken off the negotiation. The blame would, of course, have been cast upon Marlborough; it would have been said, that he allowed petty feelings of personal resentment to influence his public conduct in a matter of the highest consequence to the welfare of the nation and the world. We certainly think that the passing over such a proposal without notice or reply, was the most dignified mode of

treating it. This is saying nothing of the circumstance that, to some extent at least, the times warranted such offers. Marlborough himself had often given sums to foreign ministers—to those of Charles XII. for instance; and Charles II. of England was an actual pensioner of the same Louis XIV. who now offered the bribe to Marlborough.

The most imprudent step the Duke ever took was probably the application he made to be appointed captain-general and master of the ordnance for life. The object of his ill-judged request was no doubt to support his influence, then on the decline, but it had a contrary effect altogether; it proved that even he could experience a refusal; gave a colouring to the charges of insatiable rapacity urged against him, and augmented the base and infamous libels by which he was assailed.

Tried by our present ideas, something like a want of dignity will, no doubt, appear in Marlborough's bearing towards his enemies and opponents at home: and the bold and intrepid soldier who, in the battle-field, was as ready to charge at the head of his troops as to direct their movements, is, in favour of his friends at least, a very humble petitioner indeed, and that to men who had proved themselves his bitterest and most ungenerous enemies. His submitting to the many slights experienced in the latter years of his command, both from the Queen and Government, the withdrawing his often-tendered resignation, and his continuing to serve under such mean and ungrateful persons as St John and Harley, seem, no doubt, to cast a shade over the brilliant part of his character—a slender cloud that slightly dims, perhaps, the lustre of the setting sun, but cannot obscure the blaze of living light which still illumines the path it has traversed in its glory.

To a certain extent Marlborough could afford to be meek and humble; whether he exceeded the proper limits, it would not, judging by altered manners, be easy to decide.

That he withdrew his resignation redounds, we think, to his credit. After the honours acquired by the campaigns of Blenheim and Ramilies, he could, individually, gain nothing more by remaining in the command; and the probable failure of his successor would only have heightened the glory he had achieved. But then it required not his sagacity to perceive that the success of the war depended, in a great measure, on his exertions, both as a general and minister; and to have resigned would have been to sacrifice a national and European cause to a poor pique, excited by the malevolence of party. The Duke of Wellington had many causes of dissatisfaction during his Peninsular command; and he often, if we recollect the despatches rightly, expressed his full readiness to resign; but, though party might have applauded his conduct if he had withdrawn from his post, posterity would not have held him guiltless for sacrificing the cause of three nations to personal resentment, excited by the folly or malice of his English, Spanish, or Portuguese adversaries. What is now evident to all, must then have been sufficiently evident to him,—that the whole success of the war rested mainly upon his shoulders. Men as able—abler perhaps—than the Duke of Wellington, might have been found in the ranks of the British army; but no one who united to military and political ability great habits of business, self-confidence, and impassability to the attacks of slanderers and party maligners—who united to all these, we say, the influence he possessed at home, and the ascendancy his early victories had secured for him in the Peninsula.

The circumstances of Marlborough's fall are well known: he was deprived of all his offices; and the peace of Utrecht, signed 11th April 1713—the foulest blot ever inflicted on the honour of England—was the first consequence of his dismissal. So fierce and violent were the attacks on this great man, even before the signature of the treaty, that he

thought it advisable to leave England. He proceeded to the Continent in November 1712, being everywhere received with marks of the highest distinction, and returned to England in 1714, at the very moment when Queen Anne expired. On the accession of George I. he was reinstated in all his dignities, and continued for many years to perform the ordinary duties of captain-general and master of the ordnance, but never took any very leading part in public affairs. Though his great libeller, Swift, "expired a driveller and a show," it is not true that the "tears of dotage" ever flowed from "Marlborough's eyes;" he retained the faculties of his mind to the last, and died at Windsor Lodge, on the 16th of June 1722, in the seventy-third year of his age.

As a general, Marlborough added as little to the science of war as Prince Eugene. Like the Imperial commander, he well knew how to use the troops intrusted to his charge; but it does not appear that he ever tried to alter or improve the system of tactics then in vogue. Though a strict disciplinarian, he was beloved by the soldiers, who called him "Corporal John," to which the epithet of "good" or "brave" was sometimes added, according to the humour of the parties who bestowed it. In this attachment of his subordinates, he had an advantage which another victorious commander never possessed. No one has ever thought of accusing the Duke of Wellington of personal selfishness; from that mean passion he is as free as the mountain-wind is free from the impurities of the mire over which it holds its elevated course; but he is accused of having been as indifferent to the fortunes of those who served under him, as of his own personal aggrandisement. Ambitious of honour, but making light of power, wealth, and possessions, he has been charged with a want of sympathy for those of his inferiors, who could ill brook to forego the advantages it was easy for him to disregard. To the victor of a hundred fights it mattered little whether he was called

General Wellesley or Duke of Wellington; the conqueror of Salamanca and Waterloo required neither stars, ribands, nor decorations; he was above such idle toys: and, though it is pleasanter to live on ten thousand a-year than on one thousand, yet even the latter sum, where distinction need not be purchased by extravagance, will afford ease, elegance, and comfort. It is, therefore, comparatively easy for one standing already so deservedly high, to be disinterested to slight additions to wealth and decorations; but with men of humble rank and station the reverse is the case. To the poor pensioner, broken with age and toil, and doomed to support the remnants of a cheerless life on a pittance that barely saves him from starvation, even a single additional penny a-day would be of vast consequence, because it would remove him, to that extent at least, from absolute want and wretchedness; but neither the field-marshal, prime-minister, nor the secretary-at-war, who had risen to military rank by the gallantry of the troops, was found to plead the cause of the private soldier. Pensions, honours, and distinctions were heaped upon the high, the rich, and the wealthy; but the privates were left to the tender mercies of political economists, regular disciples of the Sty school, who, if they could not dishonour the army, could at least render the humbler ranks as wretched as possible, reduce the pensions from a shilling to a sixpence a-day. To the friendless officer, of humble rank and long service, who had seen hundreds of more fortunate, if not always more meritorious, men promoted in rapid and glittering succession over his head, some mark of distinction, to show that he too had done his duty as became the brave, would have been a source of pride and gratification amid poverty, sorrow, and neglect; but even this poor boon could not be obtained for them at the very time when the men their gallantry had raised to power swayed the destinies of the empire. Posterity will mark the tale, and grieve not only for those who

suffered, but for those who, with ample means at their disposal, neglected to remove the cause of sorrow.

We must conclude our present sketch with two anecdotes relating to the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, and which we think highly characteristic of this singular and highly-gifted couple. None of the Duchess's charms, when they were at their proudest height, had been so fondly prized by the poor Duke, her husband, as her splendid head of hair. Therefore, one day, upon his offending her, by some act of disobedience to her "sovereign will," the bright thought occurred, as she sat considering how she could plague him most, that it would be a hearty vexation to see his favourite tresses cut off. Instantly the deed was done; she cropped them short, and laid them in an antechamber he must pass through to enter the apartment; but, to her cruel disappointment, he passed, entered, and repassed, calm enough to provoke a saint, neither angry nor sorrowful, seemingly quite unconscious both of his crime and his punishment. Concluding he must have overlooked the hair, she ran to secure it. Lo! it had vanished, and she remained in perplexity the rest of the day. The next, as he continued silent, and her looking-glass spoke the change—a rueful one—she began to think she had for once done a foolish thing. Nothing more ever transpired upon the subject till after the Duke's death, when she found her beautiful ringlets carefully laid by in a cabinet, where he kept whatever he held most precious.

We deem this almost affecting. What an adorable vixen she must have been! The Duchess survived her illustrious husband not less than twenty-two years, dying at the age of eighty-four, in 1744. The love she had for the Duke may in no small degree be imagined from the following anecdote:—Though in her sixty-second year, she still possessed some attractions, insomuch that she was sought in marriage by Lord Coningsby and the Duke of Somerset.

What her answer was to the former is, we believe, nowhere upon record. That to the Duke of Somerset is highly characteristic, and greatly to be admired,—"Marriage is very unsuitable at my age; but, were I only thirty, I would not permit even the emperor of the world to succeed in that heart which has been, all my life, devoted to John Duke of Marlborough."

With this testimony in favour of the Duke of Marlborough—the noblest and most touching, perhaps, that could be given—we close this brief notice of his illustrious life. Of Mr Bucke's work we have no intention to speak. The style is without attraction, and even the mechanical arrangements are not good; for the book is not divided into chapters, has neither index nor contents of pages marked, so that you must search through the volume to arrive at any part looked for. The life of the great Duke of Marlborough yet remains to be written. It is a noble theme, and one to which we would gladly call the attention of some of the gallant men whom the fortune of war, or of peace rather, has thrown idle upon an idle world, and who have shown that they can handle a pen as well as they once wielded a sword. Gleig, Hamilton, Norton, Sherer, Beamish—where are you?

MARSHAL SAXE.

HA! the gallant Count de Saxe, the favourite of Minerva, Venus, and Bellona,—three goddesses, the smiles of any one of whom would make the fortunes of a thousand men!

"C'est-là ce fier Saxon, qu'on croit né parmi nous,"

as Voltaire says in his poem of 'Fontenoi.' But the victor of that stern field was not "born among you," Monsieur de Voltaire: Marshal Saxe achieved a victory over a British army;* an exploit that no Frenchman who ever drew the

* Soon after the occupation of Paris in 1815, the writer of this sketch happened to be in the Théâtre Français when an after-piece was performed in which a veteran, supposed to have served under Marshal Saxe, is introduced. The old soldier, speaking in praise of his former commander, says, "Il savoit bien battre les Anglais celui-là." The words were no sooner uttered, than the house rang with applause. Peal followed peal in thundering succession; and, as the writer of this was in uniform and in one of the private boxes, but slightly elevated above the pit, a number of the applauding spectators turned towards him as if to call his attention to the hit at Messieurs les Anglais. There was nothing uncivil in the manner in which it was done, and no remark whatever was made; but the ridicule of the proceeding at such a time—when a British army was encamped in the Bois de Boulogne, and when numbers of British officers, in the uniforms of their regiments, were in the house, never seemed to strike the *gentlemen* of the applauding audience. The ladies were quicker of feeling and perception, and those in whose box the author was, actually blushed for the folly of their countrymen. "Ah, mon Dieu!" exclaimed one of them, "ils ont encore l'épée Anglaise dans les reins, et se donnent en ridicule à ceux même qui la tiennent." It was

breath of life has yet to boast of. Fortune willed that, in a long career of glory, the standard of Britain should go down in one battle-field. Heavy as the blow was, painful as the recollection is, we have still the consolation of knowing that we were vanquished by no ordinary man; and that we battled bravely, though unsuccessfully, against one of the first and foremost soldiers who ever wielded a truncheon of military command.

It is a remarkable fact that, after so many centuries of war, no Frenchman ever gained a battle over a British army. We have failed in campaigns, sieges, attacks of posts, works, and intrenchments; our generals, rulers, and officers, have committed as many errors as those of other nations—more so, perhaps; but except at Fontenoy, no British army was ever defeated in what the French term *une bataille rangée.* May it ever be so, and may Marshal Saxe, as he was the first, be the last of our conquerors! It is right, however, that we should know something of the man whose glory was acquired at our own expense.

Maurice, Count Saxe, was born at Dresden in 1696. He was the son of Augustus II., King of Poland, Elector of Saxony, and Aurora of Königsmark, a lady distinguished no less for her wit and beauty than for her noble descent. She was the granddaughter of Field-Marshal Königsmark, the disciple of Gustavus Adolphus, and who closed the Thirty Years' War by the capture of Prague. Her father was lieutenant-general in the Dutch service, and fell at the siege of Bonn in 1673; and her uncle, having subdued Attica and the Morea for the Venetians, died at Negropont in 1688, a field-marshal in their army. The fate of her brother, Philip of Königsmark, one of the most chivalrous men of his time, has been the theme of many a dark tale

not, of course, for an Englishman to make any remark on the occasion, and courtesy forbade to smile; but it must be allowed that the time chosen for this display of enthusiasm evinced but a moderate degree of judgment.

and mysterious conjecture. He was believed to have gained the affections of the Electress of Hanover, known in history under the title of Countess Ahlen,—the wife of him who, as George I., afterwards ascended the throne of England,—and to have fallen by the hands of midnight assassins, a victim to royal jealousy, in the palace of Hanover. Our hero, therefore, came of a gallant race.

The young Maurice was a wild and idle boy; but being endowed with great personal strength and activity, soon became a proficient in all martial exercises. It is not true, as stated by his biographers, that at the age of twelve he ran away from Dresden, and went on foot to join the Allied army then besieging Lille. It was only at the siege of Tournay that he joined the army, and he did so with a suite becoming his rank. He was placed under the charge of Marshal Schulenburg, who conducted the operations; and it is a singular circumstance, that the young soldier's first essay in arms was performed at the siege of a fortress before which he afterwards acquired his principal fame, in the plains of Fontenoy. Maurice was not present at the battle of Malplaquet, as his biographers assert. Owing to his extreme youth, Schulenburg sent him to a school at Utrecht, where he remained, however, but for a short time, as he was again present with the army in 1710 at the sieges of Douay, Bethune, and Air.

In 1711 he served along with the Saxon troops that took the field against the Swedes, and was present at the first siege of Stralsund. Immediately afterwards he was allowed to raise a regiment of cavalry; and, at the age of sixteen, already introduced a new system of exercise in the corps. At the battle of Gadebusch he led them on with a degree of gallantry corresponding to the ability with which he had trained them; and when the bloody day was completely lost, it was the boy Maurice who covered the retreat and saved the remnants of the Danish and Saxon armies from the uplifted arms of the pursuing Swedes.

Even in these early years, Saxe's life was a succession of rapid transitions from war to love, and love to war again. At the end of the Gadebusch campaigns his mother, who was still all-powerful at Dresden, obtained for him in marriage the hand of the beautiful and wealthy Countess Victoria of Leoben. But the union proved an unhappy one, and the young man's inconstancies and gallantries caused its early dissolution.

Ever since the unfortunate battle of Pultawa, Charles XII. had been buried in Turkey, and lost to the sight of the world; but in 1714 he again burst, like a bright and passing meteor, on the astonished north. No sooner was his arrival at Stralsund known, than the Danes and Saxons, powers who owed their existence to his clemency, collected armies to besiege the fortress. They were aided by Prussia, whose grasping spirit of aggrandisement was then in full progress: all were anxious to share the spoils of the once dreaded and now fangless lion.

Maurice was in Poland when his regiment was ordered to join the army in Pomerania; and such was his impatience to encounter the King of Sweden, the most heroic soldier of the time, that, without waiting for an escort, which the partisan warfare carried on against the followers of Augustus rendered almost indispensable, he set off for the scene of action accompanied by only five officers and twelve attendants. His rashness had nearly cost him dear. While halting to rest in the village of Crachnitz, the house, a sort of Eastern caravansary, in which the party had taken shelter, was suddenly surrounded by several hundred Poles, who summoned them instantly to surrender. Maurice, who well knew what even a few resolute men could effect behind stone walls, sent the assailants a defiance in return, barricaded the building, and prepared for a stout resistance. It was soon to be tried: the Poles, trusting to their numbers, attacked the building on all points; but, repulsed in every effort, they were obliged to retire with

the loss of a number of killed and wounded. Unable to succeed by open force, they encompassed the house by a regular chain of posts, trusting that famine would soon oblige the defenders to sue for terms. In this, also, they were mistaken. Maurice, justly calculating that these different posts could not be very strong, sallied out during the night, fell, sword in hand, upon a party that interposed between him and an adjoining forest, completely dispersed them, and, having gained the shelter of the wood, made his way to Sendomia, which he reached in safety, and where there was a Saxon garrison. Maurice, though badly wounded in this sally, fought again at the siege of Stralsund, and had the fortune to behold the Swedish monarch in a *mêlée*, in which they were opposed to each other: there must have been stout blows dealt where two such men as Charles and Saxe encountered on adverse parts.

Saxony being at peace in 1716, Count Maurice had leisure to travel, but found troubles awaiting him on his return to Dresden. During his absence General Flemming, the influential minister of Augustus, who hated and feared the Countess of Königsmark, and was as hostile to the son as to the mother, had caused the young man's regiment of cavalry to be reduced. This so exasperated the youthful commander, that he not only threatened the minister, but overwhelmed the King, his father, with such severe reproaches, that he was obliged to fly in order to avoid being arrested and thrown into prison. Through the intercession of his mother he soon obtained forgiveness, as well as permission to join Prince Eugene, then besieging Belgrade. Maurice was in time to be present at the great battle fought under the walls of that fortress. This was an admirable school for the young tactician; and one of the actions witnessed on that occasion, stated in our previous sketch, convinced him that the fire of the infantry could not arrest an onset of determined horsemen, and made him think of again introducing the lance into the ranks of war.

The intrigues of the minister Flemming, domestic troubles, and his own restless disposition perhaps, drove him ultimately from Dresden. He visited Paris, where he again met Count Charolois and the Prince of Dombes, with whom he had served under Eugene; and it was at their suggestion that he entered the French service as Maréchal de Camp: this was in 1720, and when he was consequently twenty-four years of age. In Paris he became acquainted with the Chevalier de Folard, with whom he soon formed an intimate friendship, and, at whose recommendation he began the study of the different branches of science bearing on the art of war: he made great progress, and atoned rapidly for his boyish idleness and inattention to knowledge. How justly Folard prophesied the future fame of his friend and disciple, is well known to all who are acquainted with the Chevalier's writings.

Scenes of a character altogether new were now awaiting our adventurer. The States of Courland, fearing that the death of their aged and childless Duke Ferdinand would cause them to be incorporated with the Republic of Poland, proposed to Count Saxe to elect him for their future sovereign. Maurice accepted the offer, and hastened to Mitau, where he was joyfully received, and unanimously elected Duke of Courland. But the Poles and Russians refused to sanction the measure; and the latter sent 800 men to dispossess the Duke-elect from his future capital. Maurice defended his house at Mitau as successfully as he had defended the caravansary at Crachnitz; but 3000 men having entered the duchy, he was obliged to retire, with only 300 men, to an island in Lake Usmitz, where he intrenched himself and made a stand. Obtaining no aid from other powers, and seeing the impossibility of maintaining himself against two mighty empires, he was forced to relinquish the enterprise and return to France. On this occasion Fortune turned against her favourite, both in love and war. Anna Iwanowna,

Grand-Duchess, Dowager-Duchess of Courland, and afterwards Empress of Russia, had received Count Saxe in her palace on his first arrival at Mitau; and was so much captivated with the manners, grace, and figure of the young and gallant soldier, that she promised not only to give him her hand, and would, no doubt, have kept her promise, and placed the fortunate Maurice on the throne of Russia, had not his gallantries, carried on in her own palace, and with the ladies of her own suite, come to her knowledge, and excited her displeasure, and made her break off the engagement. A woman once missed is missed for ever, as Maurice found to his cost; for though he went to Petersburg after Anne had ascended the Russian throne, and strove, no doubt, to rekindle the affection she had formerly entertained for him, his efforts were vain—the Empress treated the French general with friendly politeness, and nothing more. These near prospects of imperial and ducal thrones seemed to have left in Maurice's mind a singular craving after sovereign dominion, which might also have been derived from his birth, and which displayed itself afterwards in a rather ludicrous light.

But if princesses slighted him, events proved that he possessed the affections of a lady whose heart deserved a throne. Mademoiselle le Couvreur, the celebrated French actress, hearing that her lover, Maurice, was in difficulties, and shut up without money or friends in his island fortress in Courland, instantly disposed of all her jewels, plate, and furniture, and sent him the whole sum. Women only are capable of such traits of devoted generosity; but the very qualities that, when cherished and called forth, make angels of the possessors, may be turned to gall and bitterness by man's coarseness and ingratitude, and metamorphose the best of the sex into very fiends.

In 1733, the dispute arising out of the Polish succession caused the trumpet of war to be sounded again; and

Maurice was offered the command of the Saxon army by his half-brother, the new Elector of Saxony. He declined the offer, however; and though reclaimed by the Emperor and Empire, and threatened with the loss of his German estates, remained true to his adopted country. During the short contest that followed he led the advanced-guard of the French, and was everywhere greatly distinguished; and the compliment paid him by Marshal Berwick, when he joined that officer at the siege of Philipsburg, shows the estimation in which he was already held. "I was going to apply for a reinforcement of 3000 men," said the courtly Marshal; "but it will now be needless, as Count Saxe is alone worth the whole number." This was, no doubt, a compliment, and a very high-flown one too; but it was one that could only have been paid to a man of brilliant military reputation.

When the great war of 1741 broke out, Count Saxe, then a lieutenant-general, was sent with a division of cavalry to the aid of the Duke of Bavaria, the so-called Emperor Charles VII. On the invasion of Bohemia, he led the vanguard, as usual; and it was by his advice and under his direction that Prague was attacked and carried by escalade. His conduct and humanity after the capture were no less conspicuous and deserving of praise than his courage and judgment had been during the assault. Maurice was a soldier in every sense of the word, and an engineer as well as a general. Having been ordered to reduce Egra, he conducted the operations of the siege himself, and carried them on with so much celerity, that a fortress of strength was captured in a few days.

Fortune, however, forsook the French arms, and their troops were soon forced to retire across the Rhine. But these reverses did not lessen the fame of Count Saxe, who distinguished himself on every occasion, and was, in consequence, appointed to command the army destined to invade England in favour of the exiled house of Stuart.

He embarked the troops at Dunkirk; and everything was ready, when a severe gale of wind, and the appearance of some English ships, caused the enterprise to be abandoned, as the French Government was probably glad of an excuse to relinquish the undertaking.

We now come to the period of Maurice's glory. Appointed Maréchal de France, he was in 1745 placed at the head of the army with which Louis XV. in person proposed to conquer the Austrian Netherlands. The duties of a general-in-chief are at all times sufficiently arduous and difficult; but the difficulties were here greatly augmented to the responsible commander by the presence of a king, attended by a whole court, instead of a staff; who came to check rather than assist operations; to assume the appearance of command, without sharing in its toils; and to gather in the laurels, while others bore the blame of whatever disaster Fortune might send. Notwithstanding these great drawbacks, which Maurice felt severely, and which, as he states in his letters to Frederick II. and to the Chevalier de Folard, often deprived him of the best advantage that might have been derived from his success, it must still be allowed that the campaigns of 1745, '6, '7, and '8, reflect the highest credit on his military skill and sagacity. The capture of Ghent, Brussels, and Maestricht, the battles of Lafeldt, Roucous, and Fontenoy, were all splendid deeds of arms; and the position taken, as well as the disposition made for the last-named action, were of so masterly a nature as hardly to leave the assailants a chance of success, notwithstanding the brilliant valour evinced by the English infantry. All historians agree in stating that, when the head of the British column came within fifty yards of the French, Lord James Hay, an officer of the Royals, stepped forward, and, taking off his hat, called out, "Gentlemen of the French guards, fire!" "Fire yourselves, gentlemen," was the reply of the French officers; "we never fire first." The invitation was ac-

cepted, and a terrible fire of musketry poured in upon them. Regiment after regiment, squadron after squadron, was broken and driven back, torn and bleeding, in the vain efforts to check the progress of that compact and death-dealing column, which, as Voltaire says, moved along—

> " Comme un nuage épais, qui sur l'aile des vents,
> Porte l'éclair, la foudre, et la mort dans ses flancs.

As the gallant band advanced, their right flank became exposed to the full fire of the French artillery placed in the redoubts protected by the wood of Barry, their left to the effect of the guns in the intrenchments round Fontenoy. Death swept fearfully through their ranks, but nothing arrested their steady and gallant march. Though unsupported by their allies, who were unable to make any impression on the right and centre of the French, abandoned by their cavalry, this band of heroic soldiers, not amounting to 10,000 men, scattering line after line in their course, seemed destined to defeat a whole army. The greater part of the French infantry were in flight; many of the guns dismounted and left on the ground; the King was advised to leave the field; Marshal Saxe alone was composed in this hour of fear, for he saw that even in this extremity the result could not be doubtful. He made the Irish regiment of Clare and the French regiment Des Vaisseaux confront the British column, exhausted by toil and the long-sustained combat. The French regiment was almost completely destroyed—every officer, except Guerchie, killed or wounded; but the Irish kept their ground; and it is painful to think that our countrymen should have lent our foes such important aid on that decisive day. Profiting by the time which the valour of the Irish had gained for him, Maurice brought guns to bear on the front of the British. Round and grape told frightfully in the closely-serried ranks of the brave, who still faced the

iron shower in gallant pride. But ruin was at hand. Following up the effects of artillery, the skilful Saxon hurled the household troops, the chivalry of France, with all the impetus of their heavy steeds, full upon his adversaries. Charge followed charge in thundering succession; for many a horse and rider fell, and many a troop was driven to flight, before that stalwart phalanx was broken and borne down. But after battling with an army, they too were forced to yield. Victory was never within their reach. Honour alone could be gained in the combat; and in such a trial no soldiers ever acquired a greater share.

Marshal Saxe was suffering severely from dropsy at the time this action was fought. He had visited the lines in one of the small wicker-work carriages of the country; and only mounted his horse when the battle began. When carried back to his quarters, after its close, he fainted from complete exhaustion the moment he entered his room.

That attempts were made by loyal Frenchmen to lessen the fame of the actual victor, in order to decorate the brows of Louis le Desiré, need not be told, as it was in the style of the exaggerated French loyalty of the day. The soldiers, who are never flatterers, formed a juster estimate of their sovereign's merits than poets and courtiers had done. The King had taken his stand near the bridge over the Scheldt—a convenient post in case of accidents, perhaps; a circumstance from which the soldiers christened him *Louis du Pont*, a name by which he was long afterwards known among them. The campaigns of Flanders, which Marshal Saxe closed in a manner so glorious for the French arms, were the last in which he was engaged. After the peace he was thrown aside. He was, no doubt, made *Maréchal Général des Armées du Roi*, had the estate of Chambord conferred upon him, received a pension and a regiment of cavalry, with which he was allowed to amuse himself; but was neglected, not

to say disgraced. The King did not like the real victor in the battles of which he wished to be thought the hero; and ministers and courtiers naturally hated the clear-sighted, frank, and free-spoken Marshal.

With the exception of a visit he paid Frederick II., who received him with great distinction, Maurice passed the remainder of his days in the society of artists and men of letters. In the comparative retirement of Chambord, he generally occupied himself with scientific pursuits, and in projecting schemes of sovereignty. He had solicited from Louis XV. the island of Tobago, where he intended to establish the seat of his power; but England and Holland having, it is said, objected to the gift, he became a candidate for the crown of Corsica. Failing here, also, in his object, he formed a plan for collecting the Jews, and re-establishing the kingdom of David in South America. Death put a stop to these *rêveries*, and closed his career at Chambord, in November 1750, in the fifty-fourth year of his age. His last words, addressed to his medical attendant, Monsieur de Senac, were, "Life, doctor, is but a dream, and I have had a fine one!"

Marshal Saxe was certainly one of the most distinguished men of the century to which he belonged. His faults—and they were not few—resulted in a great measure from his neglected education and peculiar position in life; whereas his merits and virtues were his own. In person he was tall, elegant, and well formed; his face also was handsome, and he had dark hair and eyebrows, and blue eyes. In disposition he was kind, generous, and humane. In his *Rêveries* he accounts a mild and gentle disposition, free from all asperity of temper, as one of the most essential qualities of a general. He himself certainly possessed these advantages; but what the consequence would have been had the doctrine ever found favour at the Horse Guards, it is really difficult to say; for the time has hardly yet gone by when to be in a towering rage on every

ordinary parade and drill ground, to stamp and swear till novices trembled, and to overwhelm officers and men with coarse and vulgar abuse, was looked upon as a proof of great soldiership,—the only proof, indeed, which some of our rapidly promoted generals ever gave. In humanity towards the vanquished, whether soldiers of the enemy or inhabitants of conquered provinces, no one ever surpassed Marshal Saxe. He was a strict disciplinarian, and had, as he himself related, been brought up in a strict school. A French general having attempted to excuse some disorders in his corps, on the grounds of not wishing to exercise severity towards the officers, Maurice said, "You are a young soldier, *Monsieur le général*, and do not yet know that forbearance towards the officers may sometimes be severity towards the soldiers, by rendering punishments necessary that attention on their part might have averted. Even I, when colonel of cavalry, was ordered by old General Seckendorff, to follow for three days on foot in rear of my own regiment, in consequence of some disorders committed by the men; and yet I was the son of a king, and a favourite son, too." This was, no doubt, sharp practice. Monsieur de Senac, making some remarks on the low spirits in which he found him the night previous to the battle of Roucoux, the Marshal answered by the following lines from Racine (*Andromache*):—

> "'Songe, songe, Senac, à cette nuit cruelle
> Qui fut pour tout un peuple nuit éternelle;
> Songe aux cris des vainqueurs, songe aux cris des mourans
> Dans la flamme étouffés, sous le fer expirans.'

And all these poor soldiers are yet ignorant of what to-morrow will bring them." This grief of a general for the anticipated sufferings of his troops is an evident proof of a humane and feeling heart. Many instances of his generosity might be furnished. He had on one occasion been forced to speak with great harshness to an officer, who,

stung by the reproof, determined to leave the service. Maurice, informed of the circumstance, called him to the front before all the generals present, apologised to him for the language he had made use of, and expressed great regret that anything he had said should have occasioned him so much uneasiness. This trait alone would show him to be a man of ten thousand.

Marshal Saxe died in the Protestant belief, which he could never be induced to change, and was buried at Strassburg, in the Church of St Thomas, where a highly-finished monument, but in bad taste, was erected to him. The Queen, regretting that he was not a Catholic, observed that "it was afflicting not a single *De Profundis* could be said for one who had caused so many a *Te Deum* to be sung." Marshal Saxe's cheerfulness and unaffected good-humour rendered him a great favourite in society, and many anecdotes are related of his conversation. Madame de Pompadour having asked him, "How it came that he, who was so well calculated to render a woman happy, should not be married?" he had the ungallant frankness to reply, that it was "because he saw few women of whom he would wish to be the husband, and fewer men of whom he would like to be the father."

Maurice's *Rêveries* evince a far deeper insight into the science of tactics than any other work written on the subject. Every page is full of energy, and every sentence a deep lash inflicted on the mere martinet and blind adorer of the pipeclay system. The opening lines of the book already show the man of independent mind and original genius. "War," he says, "is a science covered with darkness, in the obscurity of which it is impossible to march with certainty; routine and prejudice form its only basis, —the natural consequence of ignorance."*

Of his own system we can give no detailed account

* 'Mes Rêveries; ou, Mémoires sur l'Art de la Guerre.' Par Maurice, Compte de Saxe.

here. Like Charles XII., he entertained the greatest contempt for the fire of musketry, and says that he never saw any that could prevent brave and resolute men from going forward and closing with their adversaries. He is, therefore, a determined advocate for the re-introduction of the lance, and return to close combats. It is very clear, that had he been king of France instead of a powerless marshal-general, a very different system of tactics to the one now followed would have been introduced. After describing the feebleness and inefficiency of the "*forefinger*" system, he says, "But then it is looked upon as a sin against all the saints to urge anything in opposition to established practice, and it is a greater sin still to introduce novelties. Be it laziness, stupidity, or vanity, all nations will allow themselves to be punished for ten years,—nay, for a century together, rather than deviate from existing usages. It is only after vast loss of time that improvements can be effected; and even when their benefit is evident, they are treated with coldness, because they are at variance with received practice. And yet we see so many things result from the perfect ignorance which only military stupidity could have produced." Hard hitting this, *Monsieur le Maréchal;* but in the British army we are happily impassible to such home-thrusts.

We confess that we entertain a high opinion of Maurice. He was not only the equal of Frederick II. in military talents, but saw further into the science, and was endowed with more genius for tactical inventions, than the far-famed King of Prussia. Frederick's *forte* was to polish and improve, but not to invent: to combine a knowledge of arms and of human nature, and, thus prepared, strive to reach a new and never-attained degree of excellence, lay not in the composition of his mind. Maurice was not only endowed with the genius, but with the desire necessary to the accomplishment of such a task; and Frederick would not, perhaps, stand in undisputed pre-eminence at the head of

all the commanders of his time, had he not been an absolute monarch, and his rival a private individual only. A mere general, or commander-in-chief, can, in fact, effect but little; he depends on the court and government, and has no control over the treasury; great and leading measures are beyond his sphere, while he is yet made answerable for every failure. It is only the crowned and absolute champion, who is allowed to risk all in the race,—to stumble without reproach, and to fall even without ruin: to any one else a false step is destruction.

By the system of purchase, a system of infamy in all its bearings, the soldier is handed over to the guidance and absolute rule of gold and a chance-appointed officer, whilst the army is deprived of the best qualities its very members might bring with them into the ranks; for a mind enlarged, cultivated, and strengthened by education, is necessarily far superior in power, energy, and range of thought to an uncultivated mind, naturally formed, perhaps, of equal calibre. The consequence is, that the "darkness which covers the art of war" is preserved instead of being dispersed; and the length to which it extends may be judged of from the almost incredible fact, that there is not a known book on tactics or strategy in our language. Governments are kept in ignorance of what military bodies can effect, as many a woeful failure has shown; military enterprises are reduced to mere games of chance, the losses in which must be paid for by the blood and the bones of the soldiers, and by the best treasures of the nation idly squandered in the noble efforts to save farthings.

"Quidquid delirant reges plectuntur Achivi,"

means, in English, that soldiers bleed because dunces are promoted; and are oppressed and made to suffer because vain, dull, and incapable men strive to gain popularity by

assailing the army, by rating money higher than blood, and national wealth higher than national honour. And all this in brute ignorance of the glaring fact, that till the golden age shall arrive, and justice alone rule the world, it is only under the shade of arms that national wealth, industry, and honour can be protected, and rapacity and unprincipled ambition repressed.

FREDERICK II.

AND how shall we describe the "Incomparable," * the extraordinary compound of so many brilliant and repulsive qualities? How is he to be depicted, who was great as a king, and little as a man,—always admired in his public, never beloved in his private, character;—a just, generous, and laborious prince,—a vain, avaricious, and cold-hearted individual: luxurious by temperament, temperate in practice;—a selfish epicurean, and affecting the harshness of the cynic;—peacefully disposed, and cultivating the arts of peace, yet exercising the arts of war in their direst form;—a man of letters, ignorant of the beauties, and disdaining the language of his country;—magnificent and mean; the builder of palaces, theatres, libraries, and museums, and dying, literally, without a whole shirt in which he could be buried:—and, lastly, the most brilliant and successful soldier of his time,—and almost destitute of the soldier's first quality, personal courage?

We find by a German catalogue before us, that thirty German, seven French, and two English biographies of Frederick have been published.† It will be as needless, therefore, as it would be impossible, to enter into any

* *Der Einzige.*

† We do not know whether Lord Dover's very excellent 'Life of Frederick' is included in this number.

detailed account of the great events of his reign. All we can do here is to sketch a few lineaments of his character that seem to have escaped the notice of historians, blinded by the vivid lustre and dazzling halo that surround the name and fame of the poet, legislator, philosopher, and conqueror.

Frederick, by general acclamation surnamed "The Great," was born on the 24th of January 1712. His education was principally military; his very toys were miniature implements of war suited to his age; and no sooner was he able to handle a musket than he was sent to drill, and forced, like all the Prussian officers of the period, to perform the duties and submit to the privations of a private soldier,—obliged even to stand sentinel before the palace in all the severities of a northern winter. Though rather feeble of constitution, he soon became a proficient in martial exercises. The different branches of science bearing on the art of war he was forced to study; but his leisure hours were devoted to reading French verses, and playing on the flute—pursuits that greatly displeased his royal father, who frequently threw the books into the fire, and the flutes out of the window.

Frederick William,—the original founder of the pipe-clay science of tactics, and the stick-and-starvation system of organisation,—the first inventor of pauper armies, dressed in martial uniforms,—became gradually estranged from his poetical son; and often declared that the dandy, "*Der Stutzer*, as he styled him, would ruin everything." He consequently treated him with so much severity, that the young prince attempted to escape, intending to fly to England. The tragical result of the adventure is well known. Frederick was thrown into prison; and his friend and adviser, Katt, beheaded under his window, while soldiers held the prince's head towards the scaffold on which the deed of death was acting. What impression this dreadful scene made on his mind is not

known; but it ought to have been a deep and a lasting one.

It was the King's wish to follow up this execution by the trial of his own son; but the remonstrances of the cabinet of Vienna, of his own council, and, above all, of the upright and honest chaplain, Dr Reinbeck, reluctantly induced him to forego the intention. It is not probable that he actually intended to put the prince to death, but only to force him to resign his right to the throne in favour of his second brother, William; a proposal to which Frederick constantly refused to assent.

But though not tried, Frederick was severely punished; for he was confined to the fortress of Küstrin, where he was obliged to perform the duties of a commissary of finance, and write the reports, and make out the returns with his own hand. All this was, no doubt, of advantage to the future sovereign. On condition of marrying the Princess Elizabeth of Brunswick-Bevern, he was, at the end of eighteen months, released from confinement, and allowed to reside in the small town of Rheinsberg, where he resumed his flute and his French poets; to which the study of French philosophers and French translations from the classics was added. It was during his stay at Rheinsberg that his correspondence with foreign men of letters commenced; and it was here also that, with a party of friends, he formed an order of chivalry termed the "Order of Bayard," the motto of the knights being, "Without fear, and without reproach." But these were vain attempts at knighthood; for there was nothing chivalrous in the character of Frederick.

Two short journeys performed with his father, and a visit to the army which Prince Eugene commanded on the Rhine in 1734, formed the only interruption to the tranquil and philosophical life of Rheinsberg.

In his history of Brandenburg, Frederick informs us that, on his accession to the throne, the population of the king-

dom amounted to 3,000,000 of inhabitants; the revenue was about £1,000,000 sterling; there were no debts; and £1,200,000 in the treasury. The regular army amounted to 76,000 men; of whom 26,000 were foreigners. The greatest order prevailed in all the departments of the administration. The people, almost a new race sprung up from under the ruins of the Thirty Years' War, were laborious, obedient, and well disposed; but trade, manufactures, and industry, were at the lowest ebb possible. This was but a moderate basis, therefore, on which to raise a high structure of royal and martial fame. There was one element of strength, however, far more formidable than might be supposed from the mere statement of its numbers, and that was the newly-formed Prussian army.

The first appearance in the field of the army bequeathed by Frederick William to his son, forms an era in modern history; for a belief in its efficiency was the mainspring that urged on the young king to attack the Austrians; and its excellence became the lever with which he ultimately raised his poor and secondary kingdom to the rank of a first-rate European power. The history of the rise and formation of this army, though a very curious one, would necessarily exceed our limits; but no one will be able to write the life of Frederick, and do full justice to the subject, without giving the reader a proper idea of the nature and origin of the engine which helped so mainly to render him great and famous. He had, no doubt, other claims to greatness besides those which his military actions conferred upon him: but it was the splendour of these actions that brought his other merits to light; and little enough would have been heard of the "Philosopher of Sans-Souci," had not the victor of so many fields made him known to the world.

A curious coincidence of circumstances was necessary to the formation of this army, which soon furnished a model to all the other states of Europe. Leopold of Anhalt-

Dessau was one of the boldest and ablest officers who had served under Marlborough and Eugene. Greatly attached to his profession, a soldier with heart and soul, endowed with a clear head, capable of seeing beyond the mere practice and prejudices of his time, he soon observed that in battle everything was effected by firing; that no other mode of fighting was ever attempted or resorted to; and that those who showed the best countenance, held out longest, and overwhelmed their adversaries with the greatest number of musket-balls, were pretty sure to remain masters of the field. The lesson was not lost upon Leopold. He was the brother-in-law of Frederick William, King of Prussia; and became in time, not only the commander-in-chief of the Prussian army, but prime-minister also. The King himself was a military dilettante, fond of soldiers, and delighting in military spectacle and display; so that both agreed perfectly in their resolution of raising the Prussian army to a degree of never-equalled excellence.

A rigorous system of conscription was introduced, which rendered every well-built and good-looking man liable to serve as a soldier. But as this would have taken too many hands from the pursuits of agriculture and industry, the greater proportion were sent home, on leave, after being drilled, the captains receiving the pay; for which they were obliged to enlist a certain number of foreigners, provided always that they were tall and stout fellows. But as the desire to enter the Prussian service was not universal in the world, these recruits were not easily obtained by fair means, so that unfair ones were resorted to; and Berenhorst assures us that the history of these Prussian enlistments, of the battles fought, tricks and stratagems resorted to, for the purpose of kidnapping and getting hold of good subjects, would fill a volume of melancholy import.* How

* Bauer, in his *Denkwürdigkeiten*, tells us that a clergyman was kidnapped and drilled, as no one would listen to his pretended claim of exception. The university at which he had been educated, having heard

the men were obtained was never asked, provided they came up to the standard. The recruits thus gained were drilled to excess, almost from sunrise to sunset, and withal most unmercifully flogged; for, along with his new system of tactics, Leopold had introduced a new system of subordination into the service. The stick with which the Roman centurions had so liberally visited the backs of their soldiers, but which neither captains nor colonels had presumed to lift to the valiant *soldadoes* of the middle ages, reappeared with redoubled vigour in the hands of the Prussian corporal. The natural docility of the people, the quantity of suffering a man will submit to when he sees himself suffering in company, and in what he deems the regular way of business—above all, the consideration which the soldiers enjoyed over the civilians,—tended, with other circumstances, to obviate some of the evils of these tactical efforts; and the army thus forced into existence soon surpassed, in accuracy of movement and celerity of firing, everything of the kind which the world had before witnessed. If the men were flogged, the officers were abused and placed in arrest. Abuse and harsh treatment of subordinates, each after each, in due degree, became a proof of soldiership, and was submitted to as a rule of caste. That the favourite of his sovereign was to be well dressed need not be told; but, then, well dressed at the least possible expense; for Frederick William was penurious both as a man and a monarch. The sons of Mars were carefully dressed and powdered—forced into tight and short clothes that almost prevented the blood from circulating in the veins. By degrees the public began to admire the martial figures; the powdered and the flogged were also pleased with the consideration they enjoyed, and the gallant dis-

of the affair, appealed to the King, who, being devout withal, ordered him to be released. When Leopold was informed of it, "Why the d—l," he said, "was I not told of it in time? If not a grenadier, I could at least have made a chaplain of him."

play they made. A pride of caste gradually sprang up among them; and led, as Berenhorst assures us, to the most exemplary conduct, and to a general conviction on their part that no one could resist them.

Frederick, while crown-prince, had not shown any great predilection for military affairs; he was rather pacifically disposed; was even a little taken with the philosophy of Wolf; and greatly captivated by French literature, and by French poetry in particular. It is probable, therefore, that the high opinion generally entertained of the newly-formed army, and the favourable opportunity that fortune offered on his accession to the throne, were the spurs "that pricked him on" to the field.

The Emperor Charles VI., the last male descendant of the house of Hapsburg, died in October 1741, leaving his daughter, Maria Theresa, to retain, if possible, his extensive dominions against the various claimants who had not acknowledged the Pragmatic Sanction: an act by which the Emperor had bequeathed to her all the possessions of his house. Frederick William had not acknowledged this deed, so that Frederick was not bound by it; and having some well-grounded claims on the duchies of Silesia, prepared to make them good—by force of arms, if necessary—the moment the Emperor died. The desire "to be spoken of" was, as he himself confesses, one of his principal motives for action on this occasion.

The young King resolved to lead the army he had inherited personally into the field; and as the Austrians were totally unprepared for the visit, the principalities were occupied without resistance. It was not till the 10th of April 1741, that an Austrian force, under General Neipperg, came to give him the meeting; and there was but little wanting to have rendered the battle of Molwitz, the first of Frederick's fields, the last also. The ground was covered with snow. Both parties were of about equal strength, and took up their ground, as the King himself tells us, in a

manner alike unskilful; but, on the part of the tactician, this very want of skill tended to gain the battle; for three battalions of the first line, not finding room to form up, were thrown back *en potence* on the extremity of the right wing, and, as we shall see, repulsed the Austrian cavalry by their fire at the most critical moment of the battle. The Austrians had been very merry at the expense of the Prussian system of tactics, and had promised to beat the pipeclay out of their jackets at the first meeting; and now the words of scorn were to be made good.

After the usual salutation of artillery, the Imperial cavalry, practised in the Turkish wars, fell at full gallop upon the Prussian cavalry of the right wing, and overthrew them in an instant; for, like the infantry, they had been taught only to fire. Following up their success, the Austrian horsemen dashed at the flank of the Prussian infantry; but here the three battalions already mentioned as thrown back *en potence*, presented a steady front, and by their rapid fire repulsed the assailants, who, having their commander killed, seeing the despised and pipeclayed warriors standing immovably in their ranks, from which a fire of never-heard rapidity was pouring out in all directions, soon dispersed, leaving their comrades of the infantry to try their fortune against these well-drilled foes. The infantry were not more fortunate than the cavalry. The Prussians stood firm as rocks, and fired three shots to their one; and as both were equally unskilful in the use of arms, the quantity of shots fired naturally decided the day. After a combat of several hours, the Austrians retired from the field, leaving the victory and battle-ground in the hands of the Prussians.

But where was he, the chieftain of that gallant host, the claimant of dukedoms and principalities, the victor for whose brows a splendid wreath of laurel had been so nobly gained by the blood of the brave? Will blushing glory hide the tale of shame? Alas, no!—vain were the courtly

attempts made to conceal the truth; and history is forced to confess that "Frederick the Great from Molwitz deigned to run." In the scene of death, tumult, and confusion, which followed on the overthrow of the Prussian cavalry, the King completely lost his presence of mind, and fled as far as Oppeln, where the Austrian garrison, unfortunately for their cause, received him with a fire of musketry, that made him take another direction. He passed the night in great anxiety at a small country inn twenty miles from the field. On the following morning an aide-de-camp of the Prince of Dessau brought the fugitive King back to his victorious army. "Oh, Frederick," says Berenhorst, "who could then have foretold the glory thou wert destined to acquire and to merit as well as any conqueror and gainer of battles ever did!"

This "untoward event" in the life of the "Great King" has, of course, been denied, disputed, and glossed over; but it cannot be concealed, and the statement here made is upon the very best and most undoubted authority: for Berenhorst, whose relation we are following, was not only immeasurably superior in point of talents to all those who have written lives of Frederick, but had the best possible means of information, for he was himself a long time on the staff of the Prince of Dessau. That the mere panegyrists of the "Great King,"—and his biographers have yet been little more,—would naturally pass over the writings of this highly gifted man, was to be expected; for Berenhorst, though ready to do justice to Frederick's great qualities, had been too long near his person, had seen him too closely, not to perceive the defects in his character; and he was too high-minded a man to seek courtly favour by concealing them.

The history of Frederick's reign is, of course, out of our sphere; but some of the leading events require to be specified, to serve as landmarks round which to *group* the remarks we have yet to offer. The war of the Austrian suc-

cession having been now kindled, and Maria Theresa been attacked on all the points of her extensive dominions, Frederick made peace, left his allies to shift for themselves, and, having obtained the principalities of Silesia, retired from the contest. That he made good use of the time and additional sources of strength gained, it is needless to say.

The splendid success of the Austrian arms against France, the rapid preponderance that Maria Theresa was acquiring, alarmed him, however, for his late conquests; and he determined again to take the field before the strength of the house of Austria should outgrow his power to repress it. Voltaire negotiated for France on this occasion, and represented the danger with rather more than diplomatic ability. On both sides the protocols were as often written in verse as in prose; and Frederick, who hated George II., having told the poet, "Let France declare war against England, and I march," the latter instantly set out for Versailles, and thus gave the signal for the second Silesian war. This was in 1744. The Prussian troops were again victorious in battle, but the general result was not so much in their favour. The King, after taking Prague, was forced to evacuate Bohemia and part of Silesia; and though afterwards brilliantly successful, particularly in the fields of Hohenfriedberg, he did not hesitate to make a separate peace the moment a fair opportunity offered. On taking the field, he told the French ambassador, "I am going to play your game, and if the trumps fall to my share, we'll go halves." The best part of the promise was soon forgotten, and the French, Spaniards, and Bavarians left, as before, to fight their own battle, the King of Prussia having, in December 1745, amicably concluded all his differences with Saxony and Austria. The young and fortunate conqueror now proceeded to improve and adorn his dominions; and it is almost impossible to speak in too high terms of the great things he effected with comparatively small means.

At this period of his life Frederick was singularly be-

loved and admired by the new court and world with which he had surrounded himself. His wit, fortune, and activity—a figure marked by distinguished bearing, by beauty of a peculiar kind, even by dress and apparel—a total of personal appearance that impressed itself singularly on the eyes of the beholder, excited general enthusiasm. Imitation is a proof and consequence of it; and many an orthodox believer, who trembled in private, ridiculed religion in public, because he had heard that the King was an atheist; and many a gallant soldier, who hated the sight and smell of snuff, disfigured his nose and lip with rappee, because such was the royal fashion. As a general, he was looked upon as the first of his time. The feeble moment at Molwitz had not become generally known; and the few who had witnessed the unpleasant affair, were too loyal and well-disposed to call it back to their recollection.

The King, certainly, did everything to deserve the favourable opinion entertained of him. Arts, science, commerce, and agriculture were encouraged; more than 130 villages sprang up on newly drained lands along the banks of the Oder; men of letters and talents were brought to Berlin; theatres, operas, ballets, were established; a sort of German Versailles arose amidst the sands of Brandenburg: and the "Garden House outside the gate," which was Frederick William's summer residence and place of recreation, soon sank down to the humble rank of a gardener's lodge to his son's palace! The machinery of government was never carried on with such perfect regularity. The King superintended the whole himself, and that without any regular intercourse with his ministers, some of whom, it is said, he never saw in his life. They furnished him every morning with abridged statements of the business to be transacted, and he wrote his order on the margin of the paper: the affairs of state were all settled in a couple of hours. Literary compositions, in prose and verse, military reviews, meals, and conversation, filled up the rest of

the day. "Frederick," says Voltaire in his vile and mischievous 'Mémoires,' "governed without court, council, or religious establishment" (*culte*). It was during this brilliant period of the King's reign that the French poet passed some time at Berlin.

The quarrels, bickerings, parting, and reconciliation of these two extraordinary men, are too well known to be repeated here: the parties were not formed by nature to be friends and associates, for vanity was the ruling passion of both. Even the "Great Frederick" could not altogether forget that he was a King, and lay aside the character; while Voltaire, on his part, seemed constantly to recollect that he was the greatest poet of the two, and claimed an equality which a sovereign was not very likely to grant. Many of the letters that passed between them, in the latter years of their lives, and when age had mellowed down all the petty feelings of vanity and irritation of which they had before been the slaves, are extremely beautiful,—some even affecting, and do them both far more credit than the satires and sarcasms with which they had previously overwhelmed each other. Not to return to this subject, we shall here briefly mention an anecdote relating to the intercourse. When Frederick, at a later period, had established his porcelain manufactory at Berlin, he caused a beautiful bust of Voltaire to be made, and sent a duplicate of it to the poet himself: on the pedestal was written in the King's own hand, "*l'Homme Immortel.*" A stranger at Ferney, to whom Voltaire was showing the bust, being rather short-sighted and unable to make out the inscription, asked what it was. "Oh," said the poet, "it is only the name of the giver."

It is not to be supposed that the army, which had so greatly contributed to the King's rise, was forgotten or neglected in this course of general improvement; far from it. The King paid the most scrupulous attention to all the minute details of the service, and was sometimes seen,

stop-watch in hand, counting the number of shots that were fired in a minute; for, with the infantry, accuracy of movement and rapid firing were still the only objects aimed at: but in general the system of movement was improved and simplified. More was done for the cavalry. Leopold had neglected them; but Frederick, following the example of Charles XII., of whose fame he was evidently a little jealous, instructed them in their proper duties, and taught them to charge sword in hand, and at full speed: they were never to receive a charge at the halt, and all firing, except in skirmishing, was strictly prohibited. The cavalry formed in this school have never been surpassed. They saved Frederick and the monarchy by their conduct at Rossbach and Zorndorff; and, what is more curious still, their conduct is completely at variance with the practice of the boasted French cavalry under Napoleon: for the latter could hardly put their horses to speed, received the hostile charge at a halt more frequently than at a gallop, and resorted as often to the use of the carbine as to that of the sword.

But much as Frederick attended to the improvement of his army, there were already many causes in progress that tended to detract from its excellence. The great increase of force naturally brought an inferior description of men into the ranks. The King, also, without augmenting the pay of the troops, relieved the citizens from some of the burdens of supporting them in quarters: the soldiers lost some of their privileges, but, withal, some of their pride also. The flogging and the drilling went on as usual, which, augmented with the general augmentation of wealth, pressed down the soldier, whose pay and condition remained stationary. The officers, too, soon perceived that they were little more than mere tools in the hands of their philosophic monarch. Frederick no longer associated with them in the friendly manner his father had done; it was evident, indeed, that he had ascended several steps higher

on his throne than the one on which his predecessors took their stand, but had neglected to take up his army along with him. All this was injurious to its spirit.

Properly speaking, Frederick cannot be called the inventor of any system of tactics: what he found in vogue he greatly enlarged and improved; but he only built upon existing foundations, and added nothing new. As a tactician, he must therefore rank below Gustavus Adolphus, Charles XII., and Marshal Saxe. The *morale* of the troops—that spirit which can alone give strength and consistency to tactical rules and regulations, however perfect—he neglected entirely; courage and manly worth were neither cherished nor called forth,—so far from it, indeed, that by foreign and uncongenial manners he rather injured and undermined the national genius of a people which it was his duty to cultivate and amend. Great as he was, no monarch ever lost a nobler opportunity than Frederick to render his fame perfect and unblemished.

If the interior excellence of the Prussian army was decreasing, the obstacles to be encountered were augmenting. The Austrians, who had ridiculed the drilling and powdering, had paid for their folly in many a bloody field, but had profited by the lesson, and could now move as accurately and fire as quickly as their neighbours. The first combat of the great Seven Years' War, which began in 1756, already proved this to the conviction of all parties. The Prussians purchased a slight advantage by a great loss of blood; and on the very battle-field the general remark was, "These are no longer the old Austrians." On the capture of the Saxon army, which surrendered at Pirna, Frederick, who exacted such unlimited allegiance from his subjects and soldiers, gave a strange proof of inconsistency, and of that contempt with which he seemed to treat the feelings of other men; for, without so much as asking their consent, he ordered all the prisoners to be incorporated into the ranks of his army, and expected to make

loyal Prussians of them by merely changing their uniforms. As was to be expected, they deserted immediately.

The progress of the war is out of our province. Spoiled by success, Frederick, after gaining the dearly-purchased victory of Prague, attempted to reduce a city which he could not invest, and in which an army was concentrated. The Austrians advanced with 60,000 men to raise the siege; and the presumptuous King did not hesitate to rush upon them with less than half the number of Prussians: a total defeat, the first he had yet sustained, was the consequence. From this day it is allowed that the Prussian infantry had no longer any superiority over their enemies; henceforth the genius of their sovereign, the confidence he inspired, and the dread entertained of him by his adversaries, are the only advantages they have to depend upon. In the second year of the war he writes to La Motte Fouqué,—"Owing to the great losses sustained, our infantry is very much degenerated from what it formerly was, and must not be employed on difficult undertakings." In the third year he says to the same,—"Care must be taken not to render our people timid; they are too much so by nature already."

Of this battle of Collin we must here report an anecdote characteristic of what Frederick *then* was. The left wing of the Prussian army was obliquing in admirable order to the left, and already gaining the right of the Austrians, according to the prescribed disposition, when the King, at once losing patience in the most unaccountable manner, sent directions to Prince Maurice of Dessau, who commanded the infantry, ordering him to wheel up and advance upon the enemy. The Prince told the officer that the proposed points had not yet been attained, and recommended that the oblique march should still be continued. The King immediately came up in person, and in haughty and overbearing style repeated the order, and, when the Prince of Dessau attempted to explain, drew his sword, and in

a fiery and threatening tone exclaimed, "Will he (*er*) obey, and immediately wheel up and advance?" The officers present were terrified, fancying from his excited manner that he would be guilty of some act of violence; but the Prince, of course, bowed and obeyed, and—the battle was soon lost.

Frederick, as an absolute king and commander, had, no doubt, many advantages over the ill-combined coalition by which he was assailed; but the mass of brute force was so great on the part of his adversaries, that he was more than once on the very eve of being crushed. At one time, indeed, he contemplated the commission of suicide. He said so, at least, in a letter to his sister the Margravine of Baireuth, and in a poem addressed to the Marquis D'Argens. How far such intentions are ever seriously expressed in well-measured poetry—and the poem in question is far from bad—is a question we shall not discuss; but whether written in actual seriousness, or merely for effect, it is very certain that a man only of wonderful strength of mind could so far abstract his thoughts from the brink of ruin on which Frederick was then placed, as to turn his whole attention to the composition of French verses. With the prospect of battle, however, his hopes and courage revived; and when about to march against the French, under Soubise, he writes to Voltaire :—

> "Quand on est voisin du naufrage,
> Il faut, en affrontant l'orage,
> Penser, vivre, ou mourir, en roi."

The wonderful battles of Rossbach and Leuthen reconciled him to life. The former was not, as is well known, his work, as it was almost gained before he well knew what was going on: it was due principally to the indomitable bravery of Zeidlitz and the cavalry. His conduct at Leuthen could not be surpassed; and his manner of promoting General Prince Maurice of Dessau, who had most

nobly aided him in the battle, was highly characteristic. "I congratulate you on the victory, *field-marshal*," said Frederick, when they met on the field. The Prince was still so much occupied with what was going forward, that he did not mark the exact words the King had used, till the latter again called out, "Don't you hear, *field-marshal*, that I congratulate you on the victory gained?" when the newly promoted made due acknowledgments in course. Frederick, in his great contest, was assisted by an English, Hessian, and Hanoverian army, as well as by English subsidies; but, making full allowance for the value of these auxiliaries, it must still be admitted that great genius and courage were required to enable a King of Prussia to resist the combined forces of France, Austria, Russia, and Sweden. Frederick effected this, and his conduct deservedly obtained for him the name of "Great;" but, in rendering full justice to his merit, we must not allow ourselves to be so far dazzled by his glory as to overlook the many fortuitous circumstances that told in his favour, and very materially reduced the difficulty of the mighty and apparently gigantic task which he achieved. We shall state a few of them in general terms; for men are so fond of the wonderful, that they are as unwilling to reduce overstrained praise as overstrained censure to anything like rational proportions.

It is almost needless to mention the ill concert always subsisting between coalised powers and the feebleness of their efforts when compared to the individual strength of the respective states: the early wars against revolutionary and imperial France sufficiently illustrate the fact. The grand alliance directed against Frederick was more discordant in its elements and operations than the most disastrous of those witnessed by the last years of the last century, or the early years of the present.

The delay of Marshal Soubise at Halberstadt, instead of attacking Magdeburg, which was then even without a

garrison. The correspondence into which he allowed himself to be drawn while Frederick re-conquered Silesia. Above all, the anti-Austrian party among the French, who saw with regret that the ancient policy of the country was sacrificed to the offended feelings of a royal mistress: for though Louis XV. had good cause to complain of Frederick's conduct during the war of the Austrian succession, the real cause of quarrel on this occasion was a rather unkingly lampoon, directed by the "Philosopher of Sans-Souci" against Madame de Pompadour.

The extraordinary delusion which led Marshal Soubise to advance against him at Rossbach, and induced Prince Charles to give battle at Leuthen, at the very moment when their inactivity alone, and care to avoid a meeting, was certain to complete his destruction.

The magic power which paralysed 150,000 Austrians and Russians before the lines of Bunzelwitz, occupied by only 50,000 Prussians.

The constant efforts of the Austrians to direct their blows against Silesia, which was covered with fortresses, and to expose themselves while thus engaged to good hard hits directed against them from the side of Saxony.

The petty, cunning policy of Kaunitz and the Cabinet of Vienna, who thought they could effect everything with bribes and intrigues. The mean jealousy which made them stop short after every success, for the laudable purpose of allowing the French and Russians to exhaust their strength in crushing the giant, leaving Austria to reserve her force for the more agreeable task of dividing the spoil.

The friendship and admiration which the Grand-Duke Peter of Russia entertained for Frederick, and which made him fetter the hands of the Russian commanders, and induce them to halt at the very moment when everything was gained. The death of the Empress Elizabeth, at the very time when Frederick was reduced to extremity; and

the momentary accession to the throne of the ill-fated Czar, who lived long enough to save his royal friend from inevitable ruin.

And last, though certainly not least, we must take public opinion into account: its power is far greater than many are willing to suppose, and it was always very favourable to Frederick. He had numerous unbribed and totally disinterested adherents at Vienna, Dresden, Petersburg, and Paris, who rendered him many, and often essential services. The same favour of public opinion also sent him a number of recruits, as well as deserters from the enemy's ranks, and brought several able and excellent officers to his standard.

Notwithstanding Frederick's high talents as a strategist, as commander of an army in the field, it seems that he, nevertheless, wanted some qualities very essential to the perfection of such a character. We state these slight deficiencies on the authority of Berenhorst, who had ample means of judging, and who, in character and talents, ranks far above all those who have written about Frederick.

It would seem that the "Great King," whenever anything like a crisis took place in the course of a battle—and when is a battle without them?—became so uneasy and agitated as hardly to be recognised. He rode unconsciously from one place to another, asked unconnected questions, and addressed persons to whom on other occasions he would hardly have deigned to speak. His quick perception of the enemy's position—a singular gift, considering that he was short-sighted, and obliged to use a glass—his orders and dispositions for the attack, were all admirable; but if he had resigned the command and left the field when the action commenced, it is probable that two or three victories more would have fallen to the share of the Prussians. At the battle of Lowositz, the first of the Seven Years' War, the feeble moment of Molwitz again returned, and he not only forsook the field, but sent orders for a

retreat,—an order which the Duke of Bevern, who in the mean time had made a movement which gained the victory, took good care *not to have received.* At Collin he left the army before the defeat was complete, and might easily, had he remained, have prevented the wild and destructive onrush of the right wing.

The private soldiers were at first well enough disposed to like the King. He was young and victorious, and they might have forgiven some of the encroachments made on their comforts and privileges; but he wanted altogether the art of acquiring popularity. In the Seven Years' War, and when difficulties began to press upon him, he made occasional attempts to acquire the love of the legionaries; but they were rarely successful: he was too high and too stiff for the soldiers; he did not speak their language, though he spoke German; and knew nothing, in fact, of their mode of thinking. And after the defeat of Kunersdorf, and the battle of Torgau, the speeches of the private soldiers, which he was obliged to hear, could leave no doubt as to the opinion they entertained of him. After the close of the last-named battle, he entered several houses of the village of Neiden, intending to take up his quarters for the night, but found them filled with wounded, who literally hooted him out with their loud execrations.

Towards the end of the war, however, the King stood a little better, both with officers and soldiers; and the latter had transferred their hatred from the monarch to their officers and more immediate superiors. His Majesty, in order to pay court to the privates, having, after some reverses, declared "that they," the soldiers, "were good and brave, the fault being only with the officers." In different moods he held a different language, and commanded that the flogging was to be augmented in order to make them advance more boldly!!!

As to actions of gallantry performed by men of humble rank, he never deigned even to inquire about them; and

distinguished merit in officers of high rank soon excited his envy. In general, mere mediocrity was more acceptable in his sight than talents and knowledge, which rarely found much favour. In the latter years of the war, he rarely employed Zeidlitz, whose rapidly rising fame displeased him. The cavalry suffered from this unhappy spirit of envy, and behaved ill at Torgau.

On this subject we may here mention a couple of characteristic anecdotes, well known indeed, but only lately made public. A few years after the war, Frederick, while speaking to some officers on the parade at Potsdam, observed that a colonel of the Guards, well known for his excellent disposition, but slovenly style of dress, and blundering mode of uttering whatever was nearest his heart, happened to be attired in a new and splendid uniform. "Ah, colonel," said the King, "what is going on to-day, that you have got your holiday suit on?" "It is a holiday, indeed," replied the officer; "your Majesty is not, perhaps, aware that we expect the victor of Zorndorf this morning." "The victor of Zorndorf!" said Frederick, coldly; "I thought I had gained the battle of Zorndorf myself?" "No doubt—no doubt," was the answer of the unfortunate colonel; "but your Majesty knows how great a share of the victory the public ascribe to General Zeidlitz." The King turned his back on the speaker, and refused even to see the victor of Zorndorf when he did arrive.

The bitter and tormenting raillery in which Frederick sometimes indulged, at the expense of his friends, is well known; nor did the hospitality of the royal table afford any protection to the intended victims. He well knew, however, how to choose his butts, and never attacked General Zeidlitz, whom he was known to dislike, but whose calm, tranquil, and dignified manner, and severe power of retort, were well calculated to keep frivolity aloof. The reverse was the case with Count Schwerin, the master of the horse, who frequently gave openings, and was not

spared. On one occasion, the cutting raillery was so bitter, that the unhappy count, unable to support it any longer, sprang up from table in the greatest agitation, saying, "Your Majesty can take these liberties with me; I must submit to everything: but there is one," pointing to General Zeidlitz, "who will not; only try your skill upon him, if you can." All the party present were terrified. The King looked grave, and was silent, and the raillery had an end for that day. But it did not, as may well be supposed, augment the favour of the incomparable leader of the cavalry. When we think that envy could make its way even to the heart of the "Great Frederick," we are really tempted to look with modified scorn and contempt on the poor little men, of high and low degree, the mere crawlers along the earth's surface, who are so constantly swayed by this base and malignant passion.

We have endeavoured to depict Frederick as he appeared to the ablest of those who had good opportunities of observing him, and they did not think that he could at all times command the sort of composure most essentially necessary to a general-in-chief. This kind of composure demands an unshaken power of attention to the events passing within the circuit of operations—total blindness and abstraction to whatever is not actually *there*, and a calmness that never forsakes the possessor. A lively imagination, a quick perception of all the chances within the range of possibility, towering ambition, and rapidly-circulating blood, are, in the hour of battle, dangerous gifts to a commander; and Frederick had to combat them all, as well as to combat the enemy to whom he was opposed, and he did not always succeed in suppressing and overcoming them.

During his first two wars, and till the period of the battle of Rossbach in the third war, he always kept at a distance from the scene, which may be allowed in a commander who has to overlook the whole, and is not called

upon to defend posts, or lead attacks in person. After the above period, however, and when he perceived that the nature of the contest, and public opinion itself, demanded greater exertions from him, he several times, on due deliberation, exposed himself to the danger of an ordinary brigadier. Several occasions of this kind might be specified. At the battle of Kunersdorf, when attempting to assemble some remnants of the infantry, who were still holding their ground here and there, his horse was shot under him. At Liegnitz, a spent ball struck him in the calf of the leg. At Torgau again, when a newly-advanced brigade began to give way, like all its predecessors, he rode into the heaviest fire of musketry, and received a shot on the breast, which penetrated his shirt, and for some moments deprived him so completely of all power of breathing, that he was believed to be dead. The mere sound of cannon-balls, forcing their way through the air, never at any time produced the least effect on his composure. That, in his ungenerous disposition, he often entertained feelings of dislike to his own army, is evident from his letters: it seemed as if he thought their merit detracted from his fame. On one occasion he writes to La Motte Fouqué:—"It is evident that the Austrians are, like ourselves, in want of enterprising officers—the only persons after all who, in this horde of armed and timid men, deserve to become generals."

As a monarch, Frederick deserves the highest praise and admiration for his firmness, love of order, indefatigable assiduity to business, and beneficial application of the national treasures. As an individual he is equally entitled to praise, for the admirable use he made of his time, and the vast fund of knowledge it enabled him to acquire. On many points his character is doubtful. Much that he might have been, and could have been, he declined to become, owing to his imperfect and unjust appreciation of mankind. French wit, sophistry, and philosophy,

estranged him from his people, and possibly from his own heart also. If we look upon the other side of the picture, and behold Frederick in his domestic character, we find him the hero of table conversation: sparkling with wit, indeed, but with wit of *every kind;* the leader in drawing ludicrous and exaggerated caricatures of ancient, honest, and revered national manners and habits. We find him casting ridicule upon revealed, and doubt upon natural, religion; and following up the precepts thus preached, by living completely estranged from a faithful and deserving consort. Except on business, he rarely deigned to speak even to a German who did not at least speak French fluently; and his companions were mostly Frenchmen or Italians. His love of money and natural tendency to avarice were well known; and it was in vain that he strove to conceal the selfishness of the epicurean beneath the affected harshness of the cynic. Such in his domestic life was Frederick; such was the all-admired king of a religious, pious, and extremely well-disposed people.

There is probably no sovereign or individual of whom so many anecdotes are related as of Frederick II. By far the greater proportion of these—nine-tenths, at least—are mere fables, invented by persons blinded by his fame, and totally unacquainted with his character. Frederick was quick, shrewd, and witty, but destitute of that generous hilarity, frankness, gallantry, and kindliness of feeling for which so many writers have tried to give him credit. It is more difficult to forge anecdotes than is generally believed, and as the volumes of folly every day written about Napoleon amply attest. We shall here only relate one which concerns Frederick, as it is well authenticated. The Prussian guards were composed of good-looking soldiers, selected from the army at large. They were all Germans, no foreigner being admitted into the corps; and as the King himself examined the new recruits, no deception could well be practised. In the latter years of his life he

had, however, got into the habit of asking the men only three questions, and those in regular succession, so that it was easy to instruct even foreigners how to answer in German. The King's questions were, "How old are you?" "How long have you served?" "Have you received both your pay and clothing for your last regiment?" The officers of the guards wishing, on one occasion, to obtain a very good-looking young French soldier for their corps, instructed him in the German replies which were to be given to the King's successive questions; and when the time for inspection came, brought him up right boldly to the front of the parade. By some accident, however, the King changed the order of his questions, and put the second first, saying, "How long have you served?" "Twenty years, please your majesty," was the reply of the unconscious Frenchman. The King looked at the young man and inquired, "How old are you, then?" "One year, please your majesty," said the composed soldier. "Are you mad, or do you think me mad?" asked the King. The Frenchman, thinking that the King was now inquiring about the pay and clothing, calmly replied, "Both, please your majesty." A peal of laughter, which burst from all around, and in which the King himself joined most heartily, prevented any displeasure from being manifested against the projectors of the deception.

In improving his army after the war, Frederick carried discipline—what has been called the Prussian system of tactics and organisation—to the highest degree of perfection, and the Prussian reviews became the school in which all the young military men of Europe strove to acquire a knowledge of military science. Among those ambitious disciples was the late Duke of York, so long commander-in-chief of the British army: he saw Frederick when at the highest of his fame, and beheld those far-famed reviews where troops manœuvred with a degree of accuracy never before attained by men trained for deeds of arms.

Captivated by the martial display, his royal highness, whose intentions were excellent, but whose abilities were of the humblest order, introduced into the British army not only the uniform system of movement of the Prussians, but much also of their system of discipline and organisation, which was totally uncongenial to British habits and British feeling. Overbearing rudeness from superiors to inferiors became general in all ranks; extreme harshness towards the privates, with severe and cruel modes of punishment, were introduced; and the best pride of the men was too often crushed by the disdain and contempt with which they were looked upon by their officers. All the wretched duties of the martial school were carried to excess, and considered as indispensable requisites of good soldiership. Black-ball, heel-ball, pipeclay, and hair-powder, seemed to constitute the foundation of the whole military system, and their just and scientific application became the study of all aspirants to military rank; many, indeed, studied nothing else, there not being a single book on military science in the English language. The proper use of button-sticks and burnishing-brushes was far more attended to than the proper use of arms, which, in the infantry at least, was totally neglected; and high authorities presided over the buckling of stocks, the fixing of hats and caps, with as much interest as if the world's fate had depended upon such important points. That there was much good in the Prussian system, that the uniformity of movement and just principles of discipline and subordination were indispensably necessary, cannot be denied; the misfortune was, that it fell into the hands of men who could not see that the good and the bad were totally unconnected with each other, and that the latter might have been discarded, while the former was retained. No; to them the gaudy exterior was everything. To little minds the little things were great, and the great ones unintelligible; and soldiers were worried about trifles, discreditable

to manly sense and understanding; buckled, buttoned, and strapped into dresses that were disgraceful to common taste, and completely at variance with the aim and object of military duties. And all this at the very time when the tortured men were not even instructed in the use of arms! But notwithstanding all these wretched puerilities, it will be said that our troops beat the French. No doubt, Englishmen have always beat the French, and we trust ever will; but that the pipeclay system had nothing to do with the matter, is evident from the fact that, at the commencement of the war, the French beat the Austrians and Prussians when they carried that system to the highest degree of its foolish—we might say, criminal—perfection, and were defeated after their adversaries had laid these absurdities aside. Frederick himself was rather indifferent about the dressing, brushing, burnishing of the martinet system; he had found these things in vogue when he came to the throne, and affected, as Berenhorst tells us, to be scrupulous in retaining the practices introduced by his father.

Frederick outlived his last great war for twenty-three years; and died in 1786, in the seventy-fourth year of his age. Every hour of this last period of his life was assiduously occupied, almost to the hour of his death, in zealous exertions to improve his country and ameliorate the condition of his people. He certainly effected great things, but left much that he might have achieved totally unattempted. Living in the solitude which his dazzling fame had cast around him, separated from all immediate intercourse with his species by the very barrier his glory had interposed between him and other men, he acted his part to admiration before the crowds who, from far and near, came to behold him; but, blinded by the halo that encompassed him, he saw little, and deemed less, perhaps, of mankind and their doings. In the mass they may possibly not be deserving of high admiration, but Frederick had never

done them even justice; and, in the latter years of his life, he entirely lost sight of the direction they were taking: he formed an ideal world to himself, and governed his country and subjects accordingly. He was the admired wonder of the age; a brilliant, if not spotless sun, that cast far aloft its vivid beams, indeed, but remained stationary and concentrated within itself, while all surrounding nature was in motion and in progress.

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It was our intention to have concluded these sketches with a brief account of the Duke of Brunswick, the same who fell at Jena, termed the last commander of the martinet school, and whose untractable disposition and morbid *hauteur* seemed to have occasioned the overthrow of the Prussian monarchy in 1806; but as these papers have run to a far greater length than was originally intended, we must content ourselves with giving a single anecdote illustrative of his highness's character, and then proceed to introduce the authors from whom we intended to quote; and whose works, little known in England, are essentially necessary to all who wish to make themselves acquainted with the history of the period to which they refer.

The Duke of Brunswick had served with distinction as a general of division during the Seven Years' War. Whether the shadows of coming events were already visible to the "great king," we cannot tell; certain it is that he disliked the Duke, and it was only with regret that he allowed him to retain rank in the Prussian army. His successors, however, entertained the highest opinion of the prince's ability, both as a soldier and a statesman; so that he not only commanded the army, but almost governed the monarchy. He was tall, handsome, stately, polite and elegant in his manners, but reserved in his disposition, and cold of heart and feeling. An idea of his soldiership may be formed from his having, at a review at Magdeburg, and when a field-marshal, sprung from his horse, allowing

the animal to run loose, merely for the satisfaction of caning with his own princely hands a non-commissioned officer who had made a mistake in the manœuvre. It required not the prophetic mind of Berenhorst to foretell, long before the event justified the assertion, that such a man was ill suited to command an army.

Of the authors we have to mention, Berenhorst, as the ablest and most ancient, comes first. This writer, of whom not much is known, served as a staff-officer in the Prussian army during the second Silesian, as well as the Seven Years' War, but retired from it as far back as 1762. In 1790, he published a work entitled 'Considerations on the Art of War,' in which the value of Frederick's system and manœuvres was severely questioned, and the great king himself spoken of as he appeared to one who could render justice to his merit, without being altogether blinded by his fame. Doctrines so novel naturally drew down upon the author a whole host of enemies, who, unable to cope with him in argument, abused him as usual in similar cases; and accused him even of Jacobinism, a charge that might have exposed him to great danger at such a time, had not high family connections, great wealth, and advanced age, tended to show its absurdity.

At a later period an abler and worthier champion stood up in defence of Frederick's system: this was Colonel Massenbach. He had served with reputation in the early war of the French Revolution, was distinguished for gallantry and activity, held a high staff situation, and was universally looked upon in the army as an officer of the first merit. In the idle hours of peace, he took the field against Berenhorst, and published his 'Considerations on the Considerations.' The old soldier of the Seven Years' War was already far advanced in the vale of years; and, as he tells us himself, delayed his reply till he should have celebrated his eightieth birthday in peace and tranquillity; having done so, he girded up his loins for the

fight, and published a triumphant reply to the upholder of the martinet system, which would have done honour to his best days. Here the controversy ended, but the mighty events then in progress were soon destined to provide it with a singular and striking comment.

The war of 1806 broke out; and the Prussians, proud of their former fame, took the field against Napoleon. Massenbach, then a colonel, was quartermaster-general to Prince Hohenlohe's army, and, as the storm-clouds of battle drew on towards each other, foretold with wonderful clearness, accuracy, and precision, the ruin which the measures in progress were certain to bring upon the army and the country: looking back to these terrible times, trying the avowed and registered predictions delivered day after day by Massenbach in the Prussian council of war* by the subsequent events, we are, in profane language, bound to confess that no man ever spoke before in a more perfect spirit of prophecy. All that he foretold came to pass to the letter; but as the gifted seer of the north cannot detect in his visions the hand that deals the blow he is himself destined to strike, so also was Massenbach blind to the heavy wound he was himself destined to inflict on the nation and army, the ruin of which he predicted.

The battle of Jena was fought, and destruction fell upon the Prussian host. Massenbach had toiled, fought, and bled; had, as before, been distinguished for gallantry and activity, and where he was Fortune for a moment smiled upon the Prussian standards: but he who foresaw the storm could not avert the thunderbolt. The Duke of Brunswick had fallen; and the army, without a chief or leader in the hour of ruin, fled in utter confusion towards the Elbe. At Magdeburg Prince Hohenlohe was appointed commander-in-chief, and Massenbach became quartermaster-general to the helpless and disorganised mass which was hurrying in broken fragments towards the

* Massenbach's 'Mémoires.'

Oder; gaining some sort of form and discipline on one side, while famine and fatigue were diminishing its numbers on the other.

Under toils and combats, Prenzlau was reached; the road to Küstrin, a fortress on the Oder, was, as we *now know*, perfectly open. The quartermaster-general, who had been so clear-sighted, who had seen so much, did not see this; and the defender of Frederick's system advised and signed the capitulation, by which the last compact remnants of Frederick's army laid down their arms in open field before a mere detachment of French cavalry, commanded by Prince Murat! "Oh, Berenhorst, Berenhorst!" exclaimed the unhappy captive, "dreadfully indeed have thy wisdom and prophetic spirit been justified; science, indeed, may be infallible, but men are not." The misfortunes of Massenbach did not end here. In his 'Memoirs,' published some years afterwards, he exposed the faulty policy pursued by the Prussian Cabinet from the commencement of the French Revolution, as well as the errors committed during the war of 1806. His conduct at Prenzlau had not been spared, nor did he in his turn spare his enemies. Truth, however, was not acceptable; and, after the peace of 1815, he was thrown into prison and died, like Colonel Bülow, a captive in a Prussian fortress. This last-named and highly-gifted individual had written several works on military science, in which he had attacked the martinet system, and been oppressed in consequence. Persecution, probably, embittered his feelings, and he became more severe as the hand of affliction pressed upon him. He had stated in one of his essays that the authors of all military writings distinguished for talents and originality, had invariably been oppressed and ill-used; and he proved the assertion by the well-known cases of Folard, Puysegure, Marshal Saxe, and Berenhorst: his own fate was destined to place the truth of the statement in a still more striking light. Re-

duced to great poverty, and forced to write for bread, Bülow was obliged to write for effect also, and unfortunately overshot the mark. His military and political history of the year 1805 excited too much attention; it aroused the wrath of emperors and kings, who caused the unfortunate author to be thrown into prison, in which he soon afterwards ended his unhappy career. His fate casts a dark blot on the fame of the Emperor Alexander, who was his principal persecutor. Most of the officers who acquired any reputation during the war of 1813 were looked upon as disciples of Bülow; among the most distinguished was his own brother, the victor of Dennewitz, the same who was the first to join the British on the plains of Waterloo. On the other hand, mark, the hero of Ulm was his bitter enemy. The Duke of Brunswick also, who fell at Jena, hated him on account of his reputation for talents, and refused to employ him. When applied to in his favour, his Grace declared that he had never read a single line of his works: thus the enmity of dunces becomes in the end a proof of merit. The fate of these authors proves how impossible it was for military science, which, like others, could only advance by the aid of letters, to make any progress on the continent of Europe: what greater latitude it enjoyed in England may be judged from the fact, that we have not a single work on military science in the language. And in this case the want of a book speaks volumes; it shows that no interest is taken in military subjects, and that military merit is not encouraged by the military administration; for if preferment and distinction were to be gained by professional knowledge, study, and application, plenty would read and study, even as plenty study law, medicine, chemistry, and mechanics; and where there are readers and students, books, whether good, bad, or indifferent, will always be found in abundance.

IX.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE FRENCH ARMY.

THE great influence exercised by the French army on the events of modern times, renders a full and sufficient account of its rise and progress interesting to the general reader. But there are evident difficulties in the way of such a work; and if the many voluminous histories written on the subject have met with only moderate success, though adorned in some instances with beautiful and highly-finished illustrations, it may be well believed that the short sketch our narrow limits permit us to furnish must be imperfect indeed. This results not merely from our want of space, but from the nature of the subject itself, which in a great measure confines our delineation to externals, to mere form and appearance. The peculiar spirit which influenced the troops and levies at different periods we have no means of tracing beyond such as are imperfectly furnished by the actions of war. What the country gained by victory, or lost by defeat, history tells us; but what beyond the influence of particular leaders led to victory or caused defeat, rendered the same army formidable at one time and indifferent at others, we have no means of tracing. Still less do we know what political station, if any, was in earlier times held by an army whose political opinions have un-

fortunately tended in our own days to unseat dynasties and overturn established thrones. We make use of the word "unfortunately" here as applied to the exercise of political power by armed bodies; whether the results have been fortunate or unfortunate is a question that a thousand volumes of controversy have left undecided, and which events will yet perhaps have to determine.

The Franks who issued from the forests of Germany and conquered Gaul seem generally to have fought on foot. And as the victories achieved over their Gallic adversaries, who were mostly horsemen, tended to strengthen their belief in the superiority of infantry, their armies long continued to be mainly composed of that favourite force. The introduction of the feudal system effected a change. Peers, princes, and nobles took the field on horseback, and their pride induced them to bring as many mounted and gorgeously-armed followers in their train as they had the means of equipping. The heavy-armed horsemen, glittering in helm and haubert, had, of course, the most decided superiority over the infantry soldier, who, in his slight jacque, or simple peasant's frock, was exposed almost defencelessly to the telling blows of war-mace or battle-axe: cavalry thus came to form the strength of armies.

These feudal bands had, however, the great disadvantage of rendering the sovereign too dependent on the goodwill of his peaceful vassals, and in France some of these were nearly as powerful as the king himself. The latter was naturally anxious, therefore, to shake off the trammels, and Louis le Gros having, in the early part of the twelfth century, acquired considerable control over his principal barons, availed himself of the advantage to enfranchise the towns and boroughs, authorising them, at the same time, to raise soldiers for their own defence. These troops, when called upon to attend the King at a distance from their own hearths, were supported at the expense of the state,

and formed the main strength of the French infantry in the great battles of Cressy, Poitiers, and Agincourt. During the long wars between France and England, these bands became very numerous; but in an age when discipline was as slack as the punishments were atrocious, and when, in the absence of regular pay and supplies, the troops were too often obliged to live by pillage, these bands became frequently more formidable to the country they were to protect than to the enemies against whom they were to fight. During every interval of truce, they ravaged the lands far and wide, and, joined by adventurers of all nations, they waged war on their own account, and committed, wherever they appeared, the most frightful excesses. Louis the Younger sent an army against them, and failing to subdue them, took 20,000 of them into pay. Philip-Augustus acted in a similar manner, and with no better success; and it was only Bertrand du Guesclin who cleared the kingdom of these hordes of *brigands, écorcheurs, malandrins, brabançons,* and whatever else they were called, by leading them into Spain, when he assisted Henry of Trestamar against Peter the Cruel, King of Castile.

It was under Philip-Augustus that chivalry—which it has been so much the fashion to deride, and to which civilisation is yet so deeply indebted—began to extend and to assume that brilliant appearance which it displayed at its zenith. Its influence extended rapidly among the nobles of France; but highly honoured and respected as the knights were, it does not seem that chivalry itself effected any change in the military institutions of the country. As nobles had before led their vassals to the field, so they now led their knights; but it does not seem that the dignity itself ever gave any authority, though we sometimes find knights-bannerets assuming, by right of that rank, authority over others. But even this rule was by no means general.

Of the tactics and mode of fighting of the troops of this early period it is difficult to give any account. Though at sieges heavy machines were used for throwing darts and stones, we rarely find projectiles employed in the battle-field; and if we believe P. Daniel and others, Philip-Augustus was the first who introduced the crossbow into France. The arms of the infantry, as well as of the cavalry, were mainly calculated for close combat, and consisted principally of swords, spears, war-maces, and battle-axes, with here and there a few slings and javelins; but that there was any system of organisation sufficiently perfect to enable commanders even of small divisions to bring compact bodies of these soldiers to a simultaneous onset, may be very much doubted. And at the great battle of Bovines, gained by Philip-Augustus against Otto, Emperor of Germany, the infantry seem to have acted altogether a very inferior part; for the Count of Boulogne, who held an important command under the Emperor, is mentioned as having formed his infantry into a hollow circle within which he took shelter to recover strength, when exhausted by his exertions in fighting. Notwithstanding this great victory of Bovines and the many conquests of Philip-Augustus, it is still evident that the kings of France did not look upon their own troops as equal to the necessities of the state; for we already find Philip le Bel entering into treaties with John Baliol, King of Scotland, Eric, King of Norway, and Albert, Duke of Austria, for the purpose of obtaining auxiliary soldiers. In the battle of Cressy, a corps of Bohemians, led by their adventurous king, John of Luxemburg, who was slain in the action, fought in the French ranks; and fought, it seems, most bravely, for historians give us the names of a long list of nobles who fell in defending their blind sovereign. Their Prince, afterwards Emperor under the title of Charles IV., was also wounded in the battle. Besides these, were the well-known Genoese archers,

estimated by most historians at 15,000, though the number is more correctly stated, we suspect, by Villani, at 6000.

It has pleased modern historians of all nations, the so-called liberal historians of England more particularly, to repeat a fable respecting this battle, for which there is not the slightest foundation whatever. They all assert, that the English used artillery at Cressy, though neither Froissard, Knyghton, nor Baker, the best authorities on the subject, make any mention of such a circumstance, and though it is well known that artillery was not even used at Agincourt, sixty-nine years afterwards.

A passage in the 'Grandes Chroniques de France, vulgairement de St Denis,' quoted into nonsense, forms the foundation of this tale, and is made to say, in the account of the battle, that the English *jettèrent trois canons*, "threw three cannons," as if our good ancestors had actually hurled their very guns at the enemy. Now the folly of this was surely apparent enough in itself, and should at least have been examined before it was made the foundation of a grave historical assertion of an interesting nature. And the least attention, indeed, would have made the matter perfectly clear, for the original passage is as plain as possible. "The English," says the writer in the 'Chronicle,' "threw so many arrows that they looked like flakes of drifting snow—*ils en jettèrent trois canons*—they threw three quivers full of them;" the word *canon* being generally used at the period for tube or quiver.

The confusion occasioned in France by the dreadful disaster of Cressy was greatly heightened by the defeat of Poitiers, and the captivity of King John, taken in that battle so fatal to his country. Law and order instantly gave way, the bonds of military discipline were broken, and anarchy ruled supreme in every part of the land. There were marshals and constables of France, grand-masters of the crossbows, but they had few troops and

less authority, for even the few were unwilling to obey. The foreign soldiers deserted for want of pay; the great vassals of the Crown remained at home to fortify and defend their castles against the bands of adventurers who ravaged the country, and against the revolted peasantry who collected in groups to plunder wherever they were strongest, even as they had themselves been plundered before.

Charles V., aided by the gallantry of Bertrand du Guesclin, who, as we have before seen, liberated the country from the brigand bands by which it was infested, restored some sort of order in the state, and discipline in the army. But the battle of Agincourt, and the mental infirmities in the latter years of the reign of Charles VI., again threw everything into confusion. The English occupied Paris, and unfurled their victorious standards even on the banks of the Loire.

The enthusiasm inspired by the appearance of the generous and unfortunate Joan of Arc, together with the civil war in England, which called away attention from the conquests in France, enabled Charles VII. to restore the affairs of his kingdom; and in 1445 that wise monarch commenced the formation of the corps generally looked upon as the first standing army in Europe. The subject was long and secretly deliberated upon by the King and his council, as one of the great objects was to disband the troops not required in the new levies, without allowing them to collect in lawless bodies, similar to those which, as we have seen, had previously ravaged the country.

Proper measures of precaution having been taken, Charles formed fifteen companies of men-at-arms—*compagnies d'ordonnances* — every company consisting of a hundred lances, and every lance of a man-at-arms, three archers, a *coutelier*, a *varlet* or page—a full lance, as it was called, thus counting, in fact, six men. This gave a force of nine thousand cavalry, composed entirely of noblemen

and gentlemen, supported by the districts in which they were stationed. But the service became so popular, and so many volunteers attached themselves to these companies, in hopes of succeeding to occasional vacancies, that a company amounted sometimes to twelve hundred horse. As every company wore the livery or device of its captain, we may also perhaps trace the first appearance of uniform to these first troops. In his history, P. Daniel ascribes the first decline of chivalry to the formation of these companies.

Besides these heavy horsemen, to which bands of light cavalry, termed *argoulets* and *creucquins*, were added, the King also raised a large force of infantry. They were termed *francs archers*, free archers, in consequence of being free from taxes and imposts, and were also supported by the districts in which they were stationed. They were armed with swords, bows, and crossbows; and for defensive armour wore a *salado* or light helmet, and a cloth or buff *jacque*, as it was called, resembling the present *blouse* in shape, but well stuffed and lined, and affording some protection against the blows of an adversary. These archers, sixteen thousand in number, were divided into four great bands of four thousand strong, each minor band being again subdivided into companies of five hundred commanded by a captain. As the pay of every private archer was four francs a-month—a large sum for the period—it tended, together with the privileges enjoyed, to render the service extremely popular. The whole force was under the orders of the Grand-Master of the Crossbows, an office of great power and distinction.

Of the French artillery of the period we have no very distinct account, though it was evidently both numerous and of heavy calibre; and at the seige of Orleans, 1448, the artillery of the besieged was, in both respects, superior to that of the besiegers.

In his 'Esquises Historiques,' Ambert estimates the strength of the French army at this time at 65,000 men,

which cost the state, he says, 44,000,000 livres of our present money. Such a force, mainly composed of native soldiers,—for Charles VII. admitted only Scotch auxiliaries into the service,—must, if in any state of discipline, have constituted by far the most formidable army then in Europe.

However this may have been, Louis XI., better known, perhaps, as the sovereign under whom Quentin Durward served, remodelled it to a great extent. He abolished the *francs archers* altogether, took 6000 Swiss infantry into pay, and raised a body of 10,000 French infantry. The French part of this force was raised by voluntary enlistment, every soldier receiving the sum of one crown on joining the ranks, and another on renewing his engagement at the expiration of his period of service. In 1480, Louis XI. assembled these forces, together with 2500 pioneers, in a camp at *Pont de l'Arche*, near Rouen, where the soldiers were not only instructed in the use of arms, but, what was probably the most difficult point, trained to the observance of strict military discipline also.

His successor, Charles VIII., augmented the number of foreign troops in the French army, and to his Swiss now added German auxiliaries also. These were bands of those *landsknechts*, or *lansquenets*, as the French term them, so celebrated in the military history of the middle ages, and who were at least as much dreaded for their licentiousness in the countries they traversed, as for their military prowess and daring. Known on every shore, from the Vistula to the Tagus, and from the Straits of Messina to those of Calais, these fierce soldiers found their way even into Britain. Those described in the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel,' in a manner rather complimentary to their costume perhaps, belonged to a period later than the one of which we are speaking; but as the family likeness is evidently well preserved, we give Scott's spirited lines:—

> "Behind the English bill and bow,
> The mercenaries, firm and slow,

Moved on to fight in dark array,
By Conrad led of Wolfenstein,
Who brought the band from distant Rhine,
And sold their blood for foreign pay.
The camp their home, their law the sword,
They knew no country, owned no lord;
They were not armed like England's sons,
But bore the levin-darting guns.
Buff coats, all frounced and broidered o'er,
And morsing horns and scarfs they wore;
And, as they marched, in rugged tongue
Songs of Teutonic feuds they sung."

French writers of the period, though they claim a superiority for their cavalry—their men-at-arms, at least—over the cavalry of other nations, admit that the Swiss and German infantry were superior to their own. Philippe de Comines gives indeed a very unfavourable account of the French infantry, and represents them as the very refuse of the population—*gens de sac et de corde*—as thieves, robbers, escaped fellows, and worthless characters of every description.

Paul Jove, in his account of the army which Charles VIII. led to the conquest of Naples, speaks with great admiration of the Swiss and German infantry, who marched, he says, in cadence to the sound of instruments, and preserved the most incredible order under their colours. Their arms were swords, halberts, lances ten feet in length, and a hundred in every thousand carried arquebuses. The historian also mentions 5000 Gascons, slingers and cross-bow-men, who were present with the army. These he describes as skilful in the use of arms, but short of stature, wild of aspect, and ill-looking compared to the tall and handsome Germans. The cavalry, their arms, horses, and splendid appearance, excite the Italian's particular admiration. They consist, as formerly mentioned, of men-at-arms and mounted archers, many of the latter bearing the long-bow, so formidable in the hands of the English. It was during this expedition that the French first became

acquainted with the Stradiots, or Albanian light cavalry, of whom we soon afterwards find two thousand in their service.

The artillery of this army seems to have been on a formidable footing for the period; and we already find guns mounted on carriages resembling those now in use, and iron shot substituted for the stone shot of the earlier time.

Louis XII., who derived from Valentina Visconti some claims to the Duchy of Milan, entered in 1500 into a league with the Venetians for the purpose of dispossessing Ludovico Sforza of this long disputed inheritance. A French invasion of Italy was the consequence; and at the head of 29,000 men, of whom 16,000 were cavalry, 13,000 infantry, having fifty-eight pieces of artillery in their train, the King entered Lombardy. Though this army was inferior in numbers to the one with which Charles VIII. undertook his expedition, it was evidently superior in composition; for a great part of the infantry were native Frenchmen, more perfectly disciplined, and officered in a great measure by noblemen and men of rank, who began at this time to take appointments of command in the infantry. At the battle of Agnadelle, these troops already distinguished themselves, and La Tremouille could, with good effect, call out to the wavering soldiers, "Recollect, comrades, that the King sees you!" Of the tactical arrangement of these armies it is still, however, impossible to give any satisfactory account.

The long duration of the Italian wars that commenced with the invasion of Naples, brought a species of troops into the field that must have been formidable enough to the countries in which they fought, whatever they may have been to the enemies against whom they contended. These were the so-called *aventuriers*, volunteers—adventurers, in fact, who took the field in bands, under leaders of their own election, and served without pay, satisfied

with the booty they could collect. They generally commenced the action as skirmishers—*enfans perdus*, as they were termed—and were often, on such occasions, accompanied by noblemen and gentlemen, who fought between the two armies. Thus, at Cerissolles, Captain Alisbrand Mendouzza fought Captain de la Mole before the main armies closed in combat. The latter was killed by a spear-wound over the eye, the former pierced through the cheek.

The many wars of Francis I. led, of course, to a great augmentation of the army; and by an ordinance of 1520, seven provincial legions of infantry were ordered to be raised. Every legion consisted of 6000 men, and was divided into six bands or companies—what we now call battalions, in fact—of a thousand men each. A legion was commanded by a colonel, a rank then first instituted, and a battalion by a captain, who, besides other officers, had ten centurions—the captains of the present day—under his orders. A third of the legionary soldiers were armed with arquebuses, another third with halberts, and the rest with spears.

These corps had little but their name to recommend them. Mendicants, idlers, and persons without home or occupation were ordered to be incorporated in them; and as they were numerically too strong for the loose discipline and ill-defined organisation of the period, no great advantage was derived from the formation. The idea to which some imperfect classical recollections had given rise—for a Roman legion included cavalry as well as infantry—was soon relinquished, and the infantry raised as usual by bands of four or five hundred men each. Machiavelli speaks very slightingly of the French infantry of the period, who cannot, he says, be very formidable or much respected even by the King himself, being composed of the very refuse of the population. He makes some exception, indeed, in favour of the Gascons, but still looks upon them as inferior to the tall and handsome Germans—in-

ferior even to the Swiss, who, though ill-looking and short of stature, are yet, he thinks, good soldiers.

After the unfortunate battle of St Quentin, in which the greater part of the French infantry perished, Henry II. had again recourse to the provincial legions of Francis I.; but they do not appear to have succeeded better under the son than they had under the father, for they were rarely completed, and we soon find them spoken of under the new denomination of regiments, containing from fifteen to twenty-five companies each. Of their tactics and organisation we know little; but their discipline must have been slack indeed, for the punishments intended to uphold it were barbarous in the extreme; and Brantôme, speaking of Henry's expedition into Germany, says "que l'on voyait sur les chemins plus de soldats pendus aux branches des arbres que d'oiseaux."

It is under this reign that the cavalry may be said to have completed the change which they had been gradually undergoing. On the institution of the *campagnies d'ordonnances* by Charles VII., many of the nobility, who were liable to do military duty in consequence of the fiefs they held, entered these corps; and as the infantry rose in estimation, many sought appointments of trust in that branch of the service, so that those who remained to perform vassal duty were comparatively few, and often unfit to undergo the hardships of military service. The length, also, to which wars now extended rendered these feudal warriors of little avail, as they were only bound to serve for the space of three months within the realm, and for forty days beyond the frontier. They thus sank rapidly in public estimation, and from being originally men-at-arms were reduced to light cavalry under Francis I., and were actually on two occasions called upon to take the field as infantry. Though once called out so late as 1674, under Louis XIV., it may be said that the reign of Henry II. saw the last of the feudal cavalry of France. The unfor-

tunate death of this sovereign, killed by the splinter of a lance which entered his eye at a tournament, may also have contributed to this result. The melancholy accident tended to bring jousts and chivalrous games out of fashion, and greatly diminished the ardour with which the nobility had addicted themselves to martial exercises.

During the long period of the civil and religious wars that commenced after the death of Francis II., we find no change calling for notice beyond the great increase of auxiliaries—for both parties had numerous bands of Swiss and German mercenaries in their ranks—and the singular decrease of artillery. Charles VIII. and Louis XII. had carried numerous trains of artillery with them across the Alps; and now we see French armies of respectable strength contending on the French soil with only six or eight guns on a side. At the battle of Montcontour the royal army, 25,000 strong, had only eight pieces of artillery in the field. Whether the difficulty of moving artillery had brought that description of force out of fashion, or whether the poverty of the adverse factions prevented them from employing so expensive a force, we have no means of knowing, but would rather suspect the latter to have been the main cause of the deficiency.

Henry IV., or his minister Sully rather, was the restorer of the artillery in France; and when the assassin's knife arrested that great king's projected expedition into Germany, he had a numerous and well-equipped train of artillery ready to take the field. It is still curious, however, that though there were artillery officers in the service, they had, properly speaking, no rank in the army. Nor were there any artillery soldiers or gunners. The guns were worked by men hired for a campaign, and their protection intrusted to the most distinguished troops in the army. Under Charles VIII. and Louis XII. this honourable duty was confided to the Swiss, when the artillery park had also the privilege of a sanctuary, and sheltered thieves, assas-

sins, and other worthies of the kind from pursuit, provided they belonged to the martial fraternity.

At a later period a regiment called the King's Fusileers was raised for the express purpose of protecting the artillery; but it was not till the year 1668 that six companies of actual gunners, *canonniers*, were levied, and then only for the service of the fortresses. The system was soon, however, seen to answer so well, that a regiment of twelve companies was already added in 1693. With what fatal rapidity the force afterwards augmented is known to every reader of military history; and though the Imperial *régime* effected no change in the organisation of the artillery, the troops of that arm amounted in 1814 to 103,335 men.

Ignorant of tactical evolutions, encumbered by heavy armour, the soldier of the sixteenth century had to be posted by his sergeant in the place he was to occupy in the ranks; but how the unwieldy formation of which he formed a part actually fought or moved, we cannot well understand. Sometimes we find the spearmen drawn up in huge bodies from ten to fifteen deep, and flanked at the angles by small parties of arquebusiers, or at a later period by musketeers, thus giving the whole the appearance of a windmill. The arquebusiers were in open and extended order, to admit of their moving to the rear after firing, for the purpose of reloading their unwieldy matchlocks.

On some occasions we find the spearmen formed in the shape of a cross, and the arquebusiers filling the angles, the whole having thus the appearance of a huge square. It was not till a later period that alternate bodies, sometimes alternate files, of spearmen and arquebusiers were formed. The avowed purpose of the spearmen then was to protect the musketeers from the attacks of the men-at-arms. Under fire, the part of these spearmen was to stand in their heavy armour, exposed, without any power of re-

action, to all the shot of the enemy—a formation as incongruous as any of those by which it had been preceded. "The constant increasing power of firearms," says a modern writer on tactics, "marred all these fanciful contrivances; men were ranged in order of battle till the battle began, and then—farewell to all order."*

If we except the knights and nobles of the earlier period, we may safely say that all the troops of whom we have been speaking were levied by bounty, and served for pay and the prospect of booty, which was always taken into account, and often stipulated for. The levy money was small, often merely nominal; and though the pay itself was little enough, it was considerable when compared to the pay of the present day, and always sufficient, when added to the more enticing prospect of plunder, to bring the required number of men into the ranks.

Towards the end of the sixteenth century, the pay of a French infantry soldier was 3¼ sous per day. To the cavalry the pay issued was sixty francs a-month per head, leaving the sum to be divided between the different ranks according to the existing regulation; and as the officers were few in number, there naturally remained a good round sum for the privates. High as this pay now seems, we must recollect that the soldier received nothing else from the state except his arms. Neither clothing nor provisions were issued, nor did the cavalry even receive forage; and it was only at the siege of Amiens, indeed, that for the first time field-hospitals were established. In earlier periods convents were expected to take charge of the sick and wounded who could reach the gates of these hospitable mansions. At one time every convent in the kingdom was bound, indeed, to maintain an invalid soldier.

One great advantage possessed by the French infantry soldiers of the sixteenth century was that they were

* Mitchell's 'Thoughts on Tactics and Military Organisation.'

exempt from carrying their own baggage, a pack-horse being allowed to every four soldiers, who had besides two boys to attend upon them. Could such a practice have been established during the Peninsular War, it would have more than doubled the force of the British infantry.

The end of the sixteenth and commencement of the seventeenth century is singularly distinguished for the number of duels fought between military men of all ranks in the French army. Henry IV. issued strong edicts against the practice, though with little effect, as it seems; for, if we believe Lamenie, no less than four thousand persons were killed in single combats during this prince's reign.

Nor were these combats always single,—they were even fought by whole parties, especially when hostile armies lay near each other. Thus the Belgian Captain Gerhards challenged the French Captain Briante to fight him with twenty mounted comrades on the heath near Frankenstein. The parties met accordingly; their weapons were swords and pistols; and though they were in armour, no less then fifteen were killed on the side of the French, and five on the side of the Belgians; both the leaders were slain.

The seventeenth century, which so much augmented, doubled indeed, the strength of the European armies, also effected great changes in their organisation, and in none more than in the army of France. The lance vanished altogether; first from the ranks of the cavalry, ultimately from the infantry also. Henry IV., who had before introduced dragoons, a sort of mounted infantry, following the example of Maurice of Nassau, deprived the men-at-arms of their spears; judging very properly that, as the constantly augmenting fire of musketry forced the cavalry to become more movable, a single course, run straight forward with lance in rest, could no longer serve their purpose. He was too able a soldier not to see that the lance, distinguished from the javelin, is a two-handed weapon,

ill suited in the *mêlée* to a horseman, who, guiding the reins with his left, has only his right hand disposable. It remained for Napoleon Buonaparte to re-introduce the lance into the French army, the only change he made in the arming of the troops. The first regiment of lancers was levied in 1807, and in 1812 the Imperial army already counted twelve such regiments in its ranks.

In the infantry the lance held its ground longer, and it was not till the year 1703 that it was altogether discarded. And the battle of Spire, fought in 1704, is mentioned as the first in which the French troops charged with bayonets, to the total exclusion of the lance. The bayonet, which all modern armies term their own favourite weapon *par excellence*, and which supplanted the real queen-of-arms, was invented about the year 1640, and had gradually made its way in proportion as the augmenting power of musketry kept the combatants more and more at a distance from each other, and left infantry battles to be decided by firing instead of close hand-to-hand fighting.

Any notice of the many changes introduced by Louis XII. would greatly exceed our limits. The reign of this King may properly be termed the age of French military dandyism, for at the end of every campaign we find crowds of officers leaving their troops in winter quarters, and hastening to Paris to share in the gaiety of the Court and capital. Here, in flowing wigs and ribbons, in laced ruffles, well-embroidered costumes, with swords in splendid baldricks flung negligently and horizontally across the back, the martial *petits maîtres* astonished the citizens, and were as much distinguished for their affectation, frivolity, and dissipation, as they had been for their gallantry in the field. There was no doubt a good deal of folly, and probably some neglect of duty, in this sort of conduct, but it was accompanied by a kind of chivalrous feeling and elegant politeness which in part helped, at least, to redeem its most reprehensible character. This spirit, which was swept away by the

rude manners of the Imperial and Republican *régimes*, still lingered on under Louis XV., and is well evinced in the anecdote related by Voltaire. When the French and English Guards approached each other at Fontenoy, says the poet, Lord James Hay of the latter service stepped forward, and taking off his hat, called aloud—"Gentlemen of the French Guards, fire." "Fire yourselves," was the reply of his gallant adversaries; "we never fire first."

It was Louis XIV. who first regulated the proper precedence of corps and regiments, a subject that had before given rise to disputes, duels, and actual battles. The same monarch also introduced the general use of uniforms, regulated the system of promotion, and defined the duties and authority of the various ranks of officers. Under his reign, promotion was granted according to seniority, by purchase, and by merit or favour. The practice of selling military rank, rather than preferment, had originated in the mode of levying corps for the service of the state, as the captains and colonels who obtained letters of service sold the inferior appointments for their own benefit. In earlier times regular promotion seems to have been entirely unknown; and as late as the reign of Henry II., we find the celebrated Duke of Guise, more than once, appointed to the command of armies, though he had never held any higher military rank than captain of a hundred lances. And all this without the least remonstance on the part of generals or marshals.

As Louis XIV. is frequently mentioned as having forced the different states of Europe to support large standing armies, we may here show what were the forces maintained by his immediate predecessor, as well as by his successor on the throne of France.

Henry IV. had left a regular army of 30,000 infantry and 8000 cavalry, and it appears that in 1630 Louis XIII. had already 70,000 infantry and 24,000 cavalry under arms. And these, when eight years afterwards France

took part in the Thirty Years' War, were augmented to 180,000 infantry and 40,000 cavalry. During his early wars, Louis XIV. seems to have had fewer troops, and does not appear to have had more than 200,000 at his disposal.* Subsequently the number seems to have been fearfully increased, and in 1691 the French army amounted to 446,000 men, besides 25,000 militia raised by a species of conscription for the defence of the kingdom. The line was still levied by voluntary enlistment, the bounty being thirty francs, and the period of service sixteen years. During the war of the Spanish succession, the difficulty of obtaining recruits rendered various modes of coercion necessary.

In the war of the Austrian succession, Louis XV. had 400,000 men on foot, and seems to have maintained the same.

Though the origin of the Royal Guard, *Maison du Roi*, is dated from very ancient times, the corps attained its highest degree of splendour under Louis XIV., when it became the admiration of all martial men. The *Gardes du Corps* was raised by Francis I., and armed and equipped as heavy cavalry, and consisted of four companies under Louis XIV. The light cavalry of the guard, *Chevaux Legers de la Garde*, dated from Henry IV.; the *Gens d'armes* and *Mousquetoirs*, from Louis XIII. These last consisted of one company each, but of sufficient strength to form two squadrons.

The infantry of the Guard consisted of the French Guards, *Gardes Françaises*, first raised in the reduction of Havre in 1563. Though consisting originally of only ten companies, they were soon increased to six battalions of six companies each. The Swiss Guard owed its origin to Charles VIII., and consisted at first of only 100 men, armed with halberts; the corps was gradually augmented,

* Number during the Seven Years' War, including about 20,000 infantry and Würtemberg auxiliaries.

and Louis XIII. increased it to a regiment of twelve companies. The pay of all these troops was very high. The ordinary pay of a private was thirty sous, and on duty forty sous a-day. A captain of the *Garde du Corps* had 24,000 livres a-year; a colonel of the *Garde Française* 10,000 livres; a captain or colonel of one of these corps was already a person of high distinction at the French Court.

On the breaking out of the Revolution, the French Guards were the first to give the example of insubordination, and were cashiered as early as 1789. The household troops—*Màison du Roi*—remained faithful, and were therefore disbanded by the Assembly. The Swiss, as is well known, perished nobly at their post.

Napoleon's Guard was in fact a large army, and counted 102,706 men at the time of his first abdication.

What has been called the martinet or pipeclay system—with its overstrained minutiæ in dress, troublesome accuracy in useless details of service and exercise, that attached vast importance to the tying of queues, placing of buttons, and varnishing of straps, the torment, in fact, of inferior officers and soldiers—never obtained a firm footing,—was never naturalised, so to express it,—in the French army. Supported by corporal punishment, it made some progress towards the end of Louis XV.'s reign, but, like the punishment on which it rested, had already disappeared before the commencement of the Revolution.

The army which so shamefully abandoned the unfortunate Louis XVI. in the hour of need was composed of soldiers raised by voluntary enlistment, and commanded by officers generally, though not exclusively, of noble family. As in the other armies of Europe, gentlemen had been appointed to ensigncies and sub-lieutenancies on the recommendation of men of rank and influence; but this had given rise to so many abuses and to so much corruption, that an order was issued, a few years before the com-

mencement of the troubles, ordering that all applications for commissions should be supported by regularly certified proofs of nobility. This order, which was strictly enforced, is generally mentioned by French writers as having greatly tended to complete that "denationalisation" of the army to which the previous system of corporal punishment had so greatly contributed. It may have been very inconsistent to demand proofs of nobility from gentlemen wishing to enter a profession originally deemed the source, and only source, indeed, of nobility; but we cannot see that the enforcement of an old and certainly not obsolete rule, and the consequences of a practice already abolished, and which had not observably changed the composition of the troops, can justify that shameful dereliction from honour, loyalty, and discipline which unfortunately marked the conduct of the French army at the commencement of the Revolution.

X.

THE BRITISH ARMY IN THE WORLD OF 1850.

THERE is no army, ancient or modern, which, in its advance to general efficiency, has been forced to contend with so many difficulties as the army of Britain. It has not only been fairly called upon to encounter the enemies of the country in the stern fields of war, to brave the dangers of noxious tropical climates—"the yellow plague and maddening blaze of day"—but has been exposed to the persecution of domestic foes, and seen its best interest opposed in the very soil it had protected, and in the very land its actions had raised to greatness.

The dawn of a better prospect is now perhaps opening before us, and certainly comes not too soon; for it was a strange, unaccountable, and assuredly not creditable feeling which so long caused the British people to regard the army and the soldiers of the army with a spirit of marked hostility. It was an artificial and unnatural feeling also; for it was directed not only against the profession to which the peace and security of the country, the acquisition and protection of a vast colonial empire, the source of so much wealth and prosperity, were mainly due, but against brothers, friends, relatives, and countrymen—against those, in fact, whom all the better sentiments of the heart natur-

ally call upon us to cherish and esteem. A hundred and fifty thousand men—far more, indeed, in time of war—taken from the flower of the manly population of the country, were railed at as enemies by parties calling themselves freeborn Britons—though often the veriest slaves of mammon—in utter forgetfulness that the very freedom of which they boasted was solely preserved by the gallantry and high conduct of the very soldiers they were endeavouring to undervalue. Disliking the army, the people were yet extravagant admirers of military prowess—idolaters, almost, of military fame. They mourned with noble and patriotic affection the early disasters of our last great war, and rejoiced in wild enthusiasm when victory again smiled on the old triumphant banner of England. But the brilliant actions performed by British troops—actions that overshadowed the land with the laurels gained in a hundred matchless combats, and raised the empire to the highest pinnacle of power and glory—could not altogether overcome the national hostility to the profession of arms and its members. The origin of this strange anti-military feeling in a naturally martial people may probably be traced to the times of the great Civil War, to the sufferings which the soldiers of both parties inflicted on citizens and cultivators, and, above all, to the mistaken notion which arose at the period that soldiers and armies were the natural tools of tyranny and oppression.

Instead of being allowed to die out with the causes from which it arose, this mischievous belief was long and zealously upheld by pseudo-patriots and hustings declaimers. Avarice, also, the source of so much falsehood, meanness, cruelty, and crime, was early brought in to aid a coward cause, for armies and military establishments were represented as the only obstacles to national retrenchment.

One of the great evils resulting from the anti-military feeling of which we have been speaking was the almost

total neglect of military science in the country. Looked upon as only a stiff, pipeclay, and goose-step pursuit, it was despised by the many and ridiculed by the educated classes, who, satisfied with a knowledge of Greek and Latin, treated every other branch of knowledge with scorn, especially when not recommended by any prospect of grand cash profits. The consequences were most fatal. Military men were almost ashamed of possessing professional knowledge; military literature was totally disregarded, as it is to this day; the higher powers remained ignorant of the best modes of conducting war, and disastrous contests were continued through protracted campaigns, which skill and energy might have brought to a prompt and satisfactory termination.

Not to go back to our ill-conducted American War, we need only point to our last great war against France. The most ardent admirers of Mr Pitt allow that he was a bad war minister, and unaided by military knowlege knew not, great as his genius avowedly was, how to direct the military energies of the country. Nearly all his military enterprises failed. Those undertaken by the Whigs were equally unsuccessful; and it was not till the direction of the Peninsular War fell into the hands of the Duke of Wellington that the military resources of the country ceased to be frittered away in petty expeditions, the very success of which could have brought no real benefit to the general cause. And no sooner was his Grace's hand withdrawn from direct control than disaster again followed in our last American contest. Nor did mismanagement cease here; for as late as 1841 a small British force, termed an army, was, in defiance of the very first and most evident principles of strategy, left at Cabool, far removed from assistance and support, exposed, without an open line of retreat or stronghold on which to fall back, to the assaults of all the wild hordes of Central Asia. Thus, during a long succession of years, and in every quarter of

the globe, torrents of gallant blood were shed, thousands of valuable lives sacrificed, because a class of patriots unknown in history since Hanno the Carthaginian effected the ruin of his country, used their best exertions to render the high qualities and dauntless gallantry of British soldiers as vain and unavailing as possible.

And what, let us now ask, has the country done to avert the possible recurrence of such disasters? *Nothing*, is our answer; and we give it with sorrow and regret. We are not aware of any national measure calculated to extend professional knowledge, and augment the efficiency of the troops in proportion to the rapid progress made by the physical and mechanical sciences that influence the art of war.

The British army may at all hours be called upon to take the field in any quarter of the globe. They may again have to encounter the drilled soldiers of Europe, the riflemen of America, the fierce hordes of Central Asia, or the cunning savages of the Polynesian Islands; there is no situation of difficulty in which they are not liable to be placed, and yet there is not a single work on military science in the English language. There is no standard of what the different arms can effect; no instruction as to the best mode of combining the action of cavalry, artillery, and infantry; no principle is anywhere pointed out, according to which troops should be posted and employed under the thousand different aspects of war and battle. Knowledge upon all these points must come by actual inspiration; there is no guide to help us, nor is any encouragement held out for reflection on the difficult subject. Rules, of course, there can be none; for in war no two cases ever were, or ever will be, exactly alike—a sufficient reason for constant reflection on the force and effect of arms, as well as on the moral strength and physical power of those who bear them. No attempt is made to extract professional truths from the mass of well-defined results—

the only possible mode of arriving at professioual principles. This was not the fault of the officers; for where professional knowledge and merit led to no professional advantages, few were likely to study. Nor was it altogether the fault of the military authorities. Owing to the system of purchase, their patronage was, in a great measure, limited to wealthy officers, rich enough to pay for promotion. From the moment it was seen that money had the power of promoting officers, of little merit and no claim, over the heads of those who had both service and merit to plead in their favour,—from that moment the independence of the military authorities was lost. In a country ruled by some six hundred legislators, such a system could not fail to bring every species of influence into play.

Of promotion we shall probably have ample occasion to speak: at present, we can only say that the method followed in the British army tends as much as possible to discourage merit and professional knowledge; for without money and interest they are not wanted. Of course the reader will see that this is no bar to the admission of merit into the ranks of the army; for the wealthy and influential may have merit as well as their neighbours. It only excludes—unless in cases of mere accident—unsupported merit, and places mediocrity, and often utter incapacity, in positions where the latter should never, and the former as rarely as possible, be seen.

The victories achieved by the matchless gallantry of the troops, the skill, bravery, and devotion of so many distinguished officers, have made us overlook these evils, and the dreadful waste of blood which they have occasioned. And if the commencement of every war found us ill prepared for the contest, the tardy nature of military operations, as formerly carried on, gave us ample time to look about us, and recover from the effects of professional mismanagement. But the progress of science has greatly altered this comfortable state of things. We must now look about us

even in time of peace; for blows may now be struck at the unguarded with a degree of speed almost equal to their deadly effect.

It is time that military ideas should learn to expand. The rulers of nations and commanders of armies must no longer rest in security on the laurels gained by their immediate predecessors. Nothing is more common than to hear Prussian officers declare that Frederick II. lost them the battle of Jena, even as Austrian officers formerly asserted that Prince Eugene had caused the loss of Silesia. The fact simply is, that the military ideas of the Austrians and Prussians had remained perfectly stationary, had not kept pace with the general progress of knowledge, and had continued to look upon the institutions of Frederick and Eugene, admirable in their days, as applicable to all times and all circumstances.

Let it not be supposed that by these remarks we wish to undervalue or deny what has lately been done for the soldier and the profession at large. We think, on the contrary, that a great deal has been done, and in the right direction, though we still fall short of the mark. The origin of the improvements to be presently noticed is, in itself, curious and deserving attention, as it shows how artificial and uncongenial to the gallant spirit of the British people was the anti-military feeling of which we have complained, and how completely that ruinous spirit had been kept alive by writers and declaimers of the so-called liberal school. Some of the leading journals, the 'Times' and 'Quarterly,' having, two or three years ago, taken up the cause of the soldier—for years advocated with feebler powers by the writer of this article—a better spirit instantly showed itself, and a considerable change in public opinion was instantly effected.* It was universally ad-

* The articles in question were ascribed to the Chaplain-General of the Forces. We are not in the secret, but can safely say that the author, whoever he may be, deserves the best thanks of the country and the service.

mitted that much was due to the soldier, and that something ought to be done to improve his condition, and brighten the prospects of his honourable calling.

The improvement which resulted from this altered spirit is well known. The means of education were placed within reach of the soldier, candidates for commissions were subjected to examinations before receiving their appointments, libraries were established, and the barrack accommodation enlarged. Nor was this the only direction in which amendments showed themselves. Owing to the exertions of the Duke of Wellington, a grant was obtained for the sergeants of the army—a measure the value of which will be fully appreciated by all who know the high merit of British non-commissioned officers, and the important services they have rendered.

In the House of Commons also, in the very stronghold of the anti-military feeling of which we have spoken, a better spirit was evinced; and Major Layard, ably supported by Sir De Lacy Evans, was, after honourable and continued exertion, so fortunate as to carry the bill limiting enlistment to ten years' service—a measure that can hardly fail to prove of the greatest benefit to the army.

The reader will easily perceive that the means of education now placed within reach of the soldier, and the examination which candidates for commission and subalterns seeking promotion must undergo, will not of themselves remove the charge brought in this article against the legislature of having neglected to encourage military knowledge in the country. Of the instructions offered to the soldiers it is needless to speak; and the branches of learning in which the candidates for commissions are examined, extend, and very properly, no further than the rudiments of general knowledge which every member of the educated classes should possess. They form a foundation on which those may build who feel disposed to continue their studies, but

they are nothing more, and, the age of the candidates considered, can be nothing more.

There were gentlemen in every regiment who entered the service with far higher attainments than those demanded by the examiners at Sandhurst, but as they proved of no benefit to the possessor, they were soon neglected and allowed to run to waste.

Of the social position of the officers of the army we can only say at present that we think it the best possible. It gives the best security for the honourable discharge of the important duties intrusted to them, and any deviation from which would not only forfeit military rank, but social rank also.

But just, honourable, and advantageous as we consider the social position of the officer to be, even so unjust, prejudicial to the service, and discreditable to the country do we consider that of the soldier to be. England is the only country that ever, whether in ancient or modern times, exerted itself to depress the character of its defenders, and that in exact proportion to the high merit of the men treated with such shameful injustice. When the severe duties performed by the army are compared with the trifling rewards that fall and can fall to the share of the soldier, the contrast should make honest feeling blush and grieve. When we consider that the army has not only conquered vast colonies for the empire, but that they secure the tranquil possession of property to millions, preserve domestic and external peace, and that the most important interests are constantly trusted to their honour and loyalty, we ought to blush as a people for our ingratitude in placing those in the humblest rank to whom even the highest owe so much. To tell us, as some will, that men and professions can only be elevated in the social scale by their own conduct and behaviour, is a mere evasion. In a community like the British, no class or profession, least of all when composed of the humblest ranks, can raise itself in the

scale of society, with the whole weight of national folly and mammon-worship pressing it downwards. There must be an opening for merit to rise; and in regard to the army, this desirable object can only be effected by the good sense and good feeling frankly avowing the injustice, impolicy, and mischievous error of the conduct hitherto pursued towards the soldier—publicly avowing, in fact, his just claim to the gratitude and respect of all ranks in the country. If, even under the present treatment they experience, a writer on tactics could say of the British soldier "that a better description of men than the generality of those composing the British army cannot possibly be found, were the world's surface searched for them,"* what might we not expect were a more generous and enlightened policy adopted towards them?

Having seen some of the causes that retard the progress of military efficiency in the country, let us now see the advantages we derive from the martial qualities of our people, in despite of these unfortunate obstacles.

The private soldier of Britain is distinguished for the highest species of personal courage; when properly led, when confiding in his commanders, his energy and power of active exertion are almost incredible; no danger will daunt him, or shake his self-command; and the sufferings against which he will bear up, and the fatigues he will undergo, can never be appreciated except by those who have witnessed them in the field.

In accuracy and rapidity of movement, the British troops surpass those of all other countries. And though it has lately pleased foreign writers, and Monsieur Thiers among the rest, to represent them as slow and sluggish in their movements, and formidable in the defence of a strong position, a hundred prompt marches and matchless combats—the march under a tropical sun from Umballah to Moodkee, General Sir Walter Gilbert's pursuit of the Aff-

* Mitchell's 'Thoughts on Tactics,' &c.

ghans, the march of the light division to Talavera, the fierce and never-equalled assaults of Badajos and St Sebastian—show that they are as prompt and energetic in the operations of the field, as daring in combat, whether of attack or defence. Many as are the brave and valiant adversaries to whom the British soldier has been opposed, he has never yet encountered his superior in the fair field of fighting men. The plans of war ministers may have proved impracticable, commanders may have been unequal to the tasks imposed upon them, but the soldier has remained unconquered. Though having his faults and failings like other sons of earth—intemperance is his greatest crime—he cannot be surpassed in general good conduct and obedience to his officers; and whenever, on service, scope is given for the display of his natural sagacity and intelligence, they are always found to be of the highest order. The disinterested zeal and generosity soldiers are ever ready to display in the cause of friends and comrades, be the danger or privation ever so great, cannot be too much admired in an age when the opposite feelings are allowed to reign supreme as virtues rather than as vices. As men the soldiers of the British army cannot be surpassed; but the rules of an ungrateful service have hitherto tended to crush rather than improve the best of their moral qualities, while the imperfect system of modern tactics leaves their physical powers undeveloped, and almost unappropriated.

What may be the extent of benefit the service is likely to derive from the measures we have before enumerated, it is not yet easy to foresee. But events which have recently passed before our eyes, which have shaken the political world to its very centre, make it an imperative duty upon us, if we wish to have peace and domestic tranquillity maintained, to render the army as efficient and formidable as possible. 'Knowledge is power, and the country should add, or strive to add, that power to the present force of the

army. Pride and a high moral feeling in troops is power, and we therefore wish to see the soldier's condition improved, his pride raised, and his position in society elevated. We wish to see the nobler qualities of his heart and mind called forth, to see him inspired by that professional enthusiasm before which obstacles vanish, that would make ordinary calculation shrink back in dismay. If in so numerous a profession as the profession of arms, the pay cannot always be rendered equal to that of some of the other professions, different modes of rewarding deserving soldiers can easily be found. In Austria and Prussia, soldiers discharged after creditable service have a preference over ordinary candidates when applying for civil situations which they may be capable of holding. In England the reverse of this rule seems to hold good; and to have served as a soldier, in however meritorious a manner, is almost certain exclusion from civil employment. As the fault of this unjust prejudice never rested with the soldier, we hope to see it give way before the progress of enlightened patriotism.

To the improved moral training of which we have spoken, we wish to see an improved tactical training added. In our estimation the soldier's strength and power of active exertion should be developed by athletic and gymnastic exercises. The infantry soldiers should be rendered skilful in the use of arms as marksmen, the firelock being the only efficient weapon with which they are at present armed.

In regard to training, the cavalry and artillery are better off. The secondary arms—for such the surface of God's fair world has commanded that they should be—are trained on juster principles than the infantry, though the fatally extending use and power of artillery may render it a question whether the whole of the infantry should not receive instructions in artillery service.

But we must conclude, and, as we have not been sparing

of our strictures, we hope to obtain credit for bestowing praise where we think it is due; and a great deal is due on many grounds.

Nothing can exceed the high state of discipline for which the army is distinguished; the administration is perfect in all its parts, and the manner of conducting duty, from the highest to the lowest, is exemplary in the extreme. The utmost urbanity, totally free from foreign martinet pedantry, marks all the orders and communications from the superior to the inferior ranks. The best spirit and disposition pervade all classes, and subordination has taken so firm a root in the service, as to set all attempts to shake it completely at defiance. Every soldier in the ranks knows that in obeying the order of his superior he is obeying the orders of his sovereign, and acting in conformity with the best wishes of all that is high, honourable, and respectable in the land. Intrusted with the ultimate protection of the best institutions of his country, he knows and feels that any deviation from the just rules of discipline and subordination would not only brand him with disgrace and infamy, but would draw down upon his dishonoured head the indignant vengeance of an injured people. In the most distant parts of our vast possessions—on the shores of the Ganges and at the foot of the Himalaya, by the ocean lakes of Canada and in the humblest of the Caribbean isles, in the wilderness of the Cape and the forests of Australia—duty is as regularly performed, and the rights and comforts of the soldier as well attended to, as within sight of the Horse Guards.

The whole of this magnificent system of discipline depends upon the word and signature of the officers, the truth of which is never known to fail; and it is the high and perfect sense of honour which pervades all classes, that can alone preserve the efficiency of an army scattered over every part of the earth. The world has never seen anything so perfect as this chain of discipline: its establish-

ment and preservation reflect the highest credit on the authorities, who by their noble conduct have redeemed so many evils in our military system, and counteracted so much injurious influence constantly exerted to the prejudice of the army.

Our empire extends to every quarter of the globe, the sun never sets within the bounds of our dominions; and yet even in these times, when all civilised nations have learned to assemble and wield their forces with a promptness and efficiency never dreamed of by our immediate ancestors, less than a hundred thousand British soldiers—a smaller army than second-rate Continental states keep on foot—maintain the power and supremacy of their country, unshaken and unassailed, to the utmost verge of these gigantic possessions. It is a noble task nobly performed, and an honour to those engaged in the arduous duty. Feeble in numbers, scattered on so many distant points, the fame and character of the troops can alone keep ambitious and jealous rivals in check. But all who might be disposed to attack the few, know the determined resolution of the men; they know that aid from weakness or treachery is not to be expected—that nothing can be anticipated from a combat against such soldiers but the fierce life-and-death struggle, the prospect of which, fortunately, makes even the boldest injustice pause.

THE END.

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